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SPECIAL REPORT



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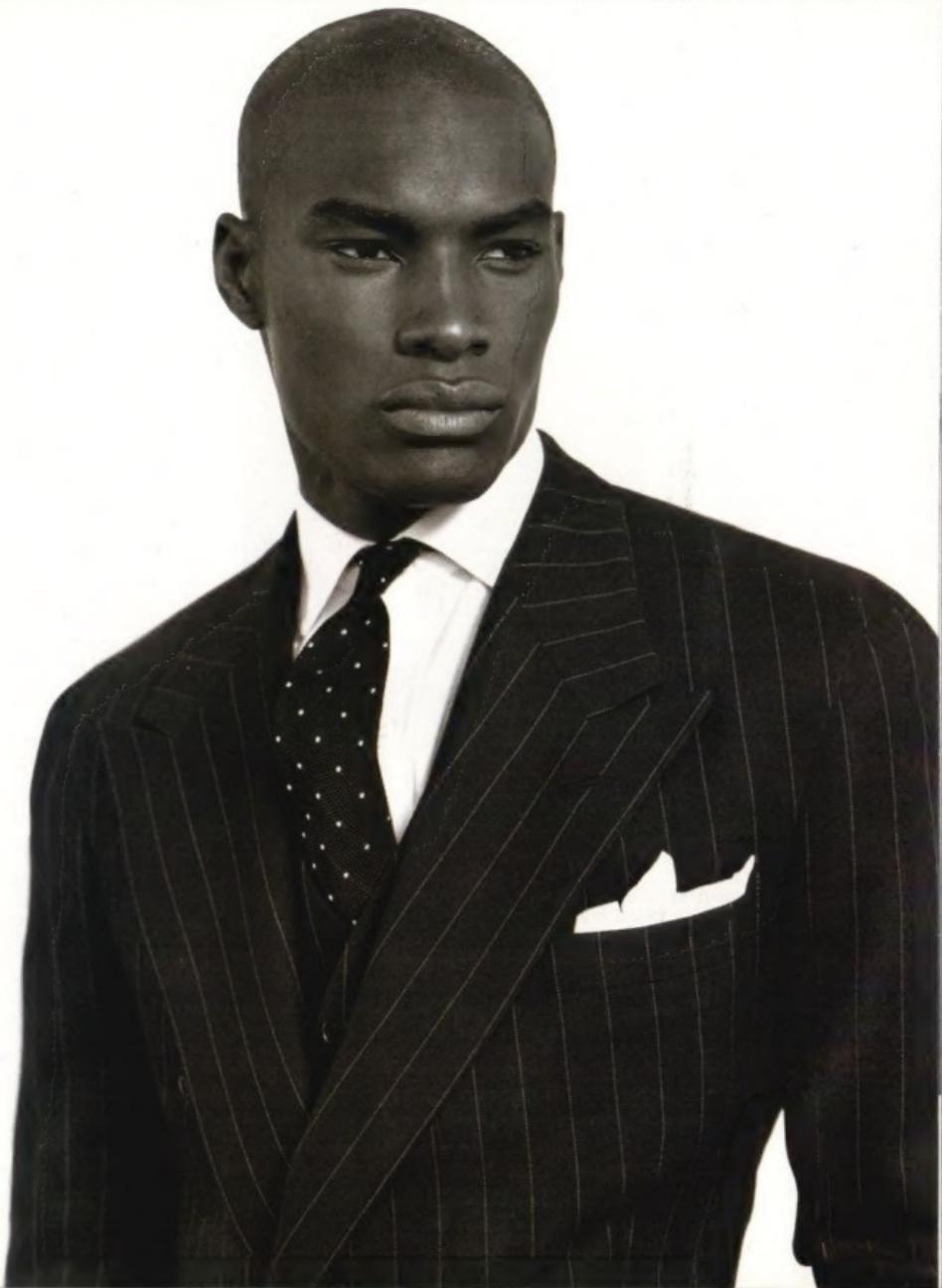
*MSRP starting MSRP of a 1993 Discovery Series II is \$34,775. MSRP of model shown is \$42,875 and includes dual sunroofs, leather appearance, performance GS & rear air. MSRP does not include destination charge and excludes taxes, title, license & options. Optional features currently subject to availability. Actual price depends on market & subject to change. See dealer for details. **MSRP for complete warranty details.

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Yamaguchi Turns Kids' Dreams Into Reality

When Kristi Yamaguchi was a kid headed for skating practice, her young eyes already trained on Olympic glory and a pro career, she would tote along a doll of gold medalist Dorothy Hamill as a symbol of her dreams.

One Olympic gold (1992 in Albertville) and four World Professional Figure Skating championships later, Yamaguchi's dreams have come true. Now she wants to help others have the same experience.

"Always Dream," once just a personal motto she wrote above her autograph, became the message of a mission when Yamaguchi created the Always Dream Foundation in 1996. The foundation assists organizations that have a positive influence on economically and socially disadvantaged children in California, Nevada and Hawaii. (It hopes eventually to work with groups nationwide.)

"Always Dream" was something I wanted to translate into work with kids," she says. "We wanted to give them the encouragement and support they needed to dream big."

The foundation raises money through events, corporate sponsorships, individual donations and Yamaguchi's own endorsement and appearance fees. The Fulfilling Dreams grant-making initiative then distributes funds to organizations that send lists of needed items, such as clothing, educational materials, sports equipment and furniture. Yamaguchi personally signs every check. Always Dream has provided shopping sprees for underprivileged kids to buy back-to-school clothes, planned holiday parties for children's shelters and invited groups to Yamaguchi's performances on the Stars on Ice tour.



"Some kids don't have the resources to do it on their own. That's where we come in."

"It's all an appreciation of the love and support she got from her family when she was growing up," says Dean Osaki, Always Dream's executive director. "She's so level-headed despite her success."

Pat Loomes would agree. Loomes is executive director of the San Leandro, Calif., branch of Girls Inc., an organization that promotes self-sufficiency in young women. Always Dream purchased computers as part of a Girls Inc. educational center for teenage mothers, whom Yamaguchi visited, gifts in tow, for a holiday party last year. Her genuine concern and compassion overwhelmed Loomes. "She stayed with us all day," Loomes says. "Several girls said it was the greatest day of their lives."

This year, Yamaguchi added women's issues to

Always Dream's focus when she produced *A Golden Moment*, a skating concert that she hopes will raise at least \$200,000 for the fight against breast cancer. Recorded in Oakland, across the bay from Yamaguchi's San Francisco home, and scheduled to air nationally in November, Yamaguchi and other former Olympic medalists skated to live performances by a 40-piece orchestra and some of the world's leading female musicians.

But helping children remains Yamaguchi's passion. "All kids have dreams of what they want to be when they grow up," Yamaguchi says. "Some of them don't have the resources to do it on their own. That's where we come in." —Brad Young

For information or to make a contribution, write the Always Dream Foundation, 1203 Preservation Parkway, S-103, Oakland, CA 94612, or visit kristi@yahoo.com.

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CONTRIBUTORS



READ ON: Front, left to right: Bridget Hicks, Ratnesar, Orecklin, Luis Geronimo and Jessica Gonzalez. Back, left to right: Stein and Jovon Lee

Why We Take Time to Read

WRITERS AT TIME ARE AWARE THAT THEIR WORK IS OFTEN USED BY TEACHERS as an educational tool. That's one reason we created TIME FOR KIDS. A number of our journalists have become dual purpose. They donate a couple of hours every Tuesday during the school year to a program called Time to Read. Since its launch in 1985, TIME staff members, as well as those from other Time Inc. publications, have served as reading tutors to local public school students. The pupils read from a variety of our magazines, from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED FOR KIDS TO TEEN PEOPLE, enhancing their learning skills and perhaps developing into discerning interpreters of the news. Staff writers Karl Taro Greenfeld, Joel Stein and Romesh Ratnesar and writer-reporters Michele Orecklin and Jodie Morse are current TIME tutors. Stein, Orecklin and Ratnesar have been working with eighth-grader Jovon Lee since last September. It didn't take long to discover they had a voracious reader on their hands, even if his tastes did tend to lean more toward stories about sports and music than national politics—although long before Jesse Ventura's election as Governor of Minnesota, Jovon had become an expert on The Body's campaign high jinks. But the most harrowing moments for Joel, Romesh and Michele come when Jovon turns a critical eye toward their own pieces in the magazine. "He can be brutal," says Stein. "After Jovon, I'm not afraid of any of my editors here." ■

Our Silicon Valley Summer

GIVEN THE SUMMER OFF FROM TUTORING DUTIES, ORECKLIN, RATNESAR and Stein were sent packing. The three left TIME's New York City office for two weeks to report our cover story: the remarkable business revolution under way in California, where a second wave of entrepreneurs is colonizing Silicon Valley. Why there? Because no place on earth is better equipped to set new businesses into motion than the Valley. And as the Internet has become more developed, the Valley's original generation of techies has given way to M.B.A.s looking to launch their business plans online. Many of them schooled at nearby Stanford University, as did Ratnesar and Stein, who plied their connections and met some of this year's Stanford Business School graduates in mid-launch process. They set up camp in San Francisco and made regular reconnaissance trips into the Valley, meeting major players as well as ancillary characters. Ratnesar and Stein got rare access to start-ups so new they are still hiding behind fake names. And our reporters did not neglect the Valley's peculiar social scene. "What was most striking was how consuming the start-up life is for many of these people," Ratnesar says. "They can't—won't—talk about anything else." ■

MICHAEL L. ABRAHAMSON



J. MADELEINE NASH HAS SPENT THE past 15 years at TIME chasing hurricanes and other science stories. This week the senior correspondent, based in Chicago, reveals why Hurricane Floyd, a huge storm at its height, will pale compared with those that lie ahead. Climate and weather are of particular interest to Nash, who is currently writing a book on those subjects. "Hurricanes," she says, "are one of the great forces of nature. We keep trying to bend them to our will, and we keep trying to make them conform to our own preconceived ideas about how nature should behave. But nature, in my estimation, rules."

TED THIEL/ TIME



JAMES PONIEWOZIK WATCHES SIX hours of TV a day. In most fields that would qualify him as a slack-ing underachiever. But since he's our new television critic, it means he's on the job. Since joining the magazine in July, he has been busy screening pilots for the new fall season. "I like shows that aim high.

They're more interesting if they are either outrageously bad or outrageously good, as opposed to competently reliable," he says. This week, in addition to reviewing the new show *Once Again*, he writes about personal video recorders, which some analysts maintain may change the way we watch TV and the way television pays for itself.

PETER BILINSKI/ TIME



SAM GWYNNE USUALLY OPERATES from Texas as TIME's Austin bureau chief, but for the past few weeks he's been stationed in New York City reporting on laundered Russian money and its alleged appearance at the Bank of New York. An international banker before joining the magazine in 1988,

Gwynne brings rare insight into the world of global finance. And he needs it to follow the tangled trail of tainted cash as it trundles through the world's banks. Of the current situation he says, "I think we're just seeing the tip of the iceberg of how much illegal Russian money moved through American banks."

TIME/ JEFFREY SIEBEL



DAVID VAN BIEMA, TIME'S RELIGION writer, this week reports on the fatal shootings at a church in Fort Worth, Texas, and its similarities, from at least one perspective, to other recent tragedies, such as that at Columbine. "While trying to tell the story of this horrible event, we wanted to address the fact that Evangelical Christians seem to make up a larger proportion of victims of mass killings," Van Biema says. "Evangelicals are used to seeing other minorities described as the targets of discrimination and hate crimes. Now they are beginning to wonder, given these recent sets of murders, whether they themselves shouldn't be seen this way."



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LETTERS



Life on the Edge

"Engaging in risky activities makes us feel alive. It also satisfies a curiosity about our abilities — and how we handle challenges."

TIM MOFFET
Vail, Colo.

YOUR ARTICLE SEEMS TO MAKE "RISK takers" the modern equivalent of Greek heroes [ADVENTURE, Sept. 6]. But such enthusiasm is an assault on the legions of young Americans striving to build a family and career based on something deeper and more enduring than a dopamine surge of pleasure. The risk takers represent a fringe of our society, and while interesting to a point, they are hardly the leaders of a movement.

SEAN P. MAZER
New York City

TAKING RISKS FOCUSES THE MIND. SUCH activities are bracing, to say the least, whether you are a BASE jumper, a surgeon performing a quadruple-bypass operation or an actor executing a sword fight onstage while spouting Shakespeare. Most of us don't have work that is this invigorating. Engaging in risky activities makes us feel alive. It also satisfies a curiosity about our abilities—and how we handle challenges. It can utterly focus your mind. There's nothing like it.

TIM MOFFET
Vail, Colo.

EXTREME SPORTS ARE MOSTLY SOLO PURSUITS that fail to teach the valuable lessons of traditional sports—teamwork, cooperation, good sportsmanship and collegiality. Is this social progress?

JAMES HOPKINS
Guilford, Conn.

A MAN DOESN'T KNOW HIS LIMITS UNLESS he exceeds them. Risk taking separates the men from the boys.

JAMES T. ARBUCKLE
Brookfield, Conn.

YOUR REPORT INCLUDED THE VIEWS OF A gay man who was a proponent of barebacking (having unprotected sex with multiple partners). For him, the rush of such sex outweighs the risk of becoming HIV positive—especially because AIDS, in his eyes, is turning from a fatal disease

into a chronic illness. Lucky for this guy that he is not in South Africa, where there are scant funds to treat HIV patients or pay for anti-AIDS drugs. Here his risk taking would leave him dead. Not every country is able to spend millions of dollars for AIDS drugs so that a generation of spoiled kids can play games with death.

LAURA MARCUS
Nylstrom, South Africa

ALTHOUGH ENGAGING IN ENDEAVORS of risk may certainly be thrilling for the individual, the dangerous consequences (especially of risky sexual behavior) affect the lives of not only the risk takers but also the families, partners and friends. An underlying sense of selfishness and greed pervades many forms of risk that know no limits.

CHARLES LAUTH
New York City

IT IS SOMEWHAT UNSETTLING TO SEE THAT thrill seeking to the point of looking death in the eye is replacing more valuable pursuits—responsibility for others, respect, tolerance and religion.

WERNER RADTKE
Paderborn, Germany

LEWIS AND CLARK, EINSTEIN, GALILEO, Edison and test pilots are risk takers, as are BASE jumpers and other devotees of extreme sports. But there is a crucial difference. Society gets no benefit from the latter group, who are solely concerned with selfish gratification.

GILBERT STORK
Englewood, N.J.

PEOPLE WHO INDULGE IN EXTREME sports are nuts. I played football and then rugby for years. It wasn't the risk that enthralled me. It was that sense of belonging, of being part of a team. Prove how tough I am by jumping off a bridge? Forget it.

PETER HILLYER
North Topsail Beach, N.C.

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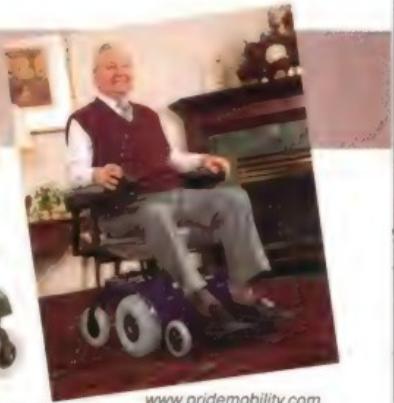
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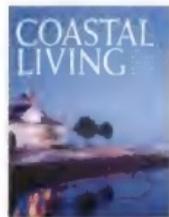
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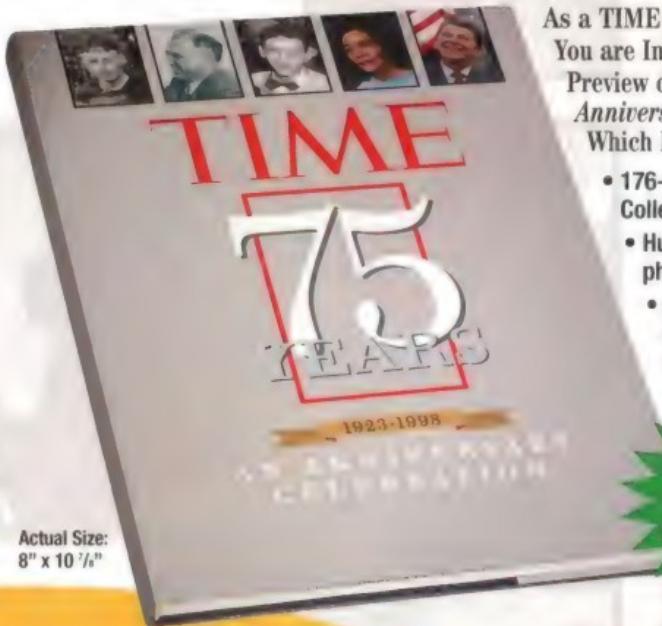
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George Roddy, New York

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Margaret Hunter, Ohio

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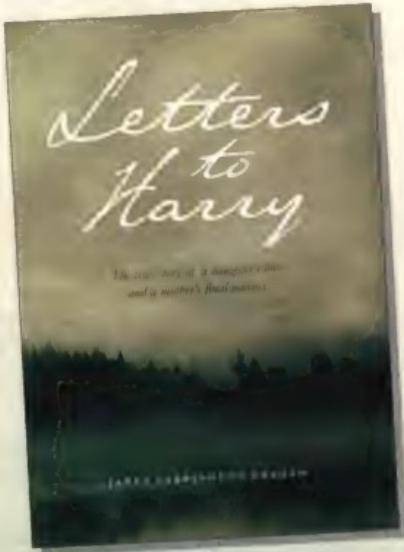
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— Norman Lear

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— Harold H. Bloomfield, M.D.
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— Sam Keen
Author of *To Love and Be Loved*

"(A) collection of sad, tender and introspective letters written to the author's colleague and good friend (spanning) the eight months when her mother was dying from breast cancer...Sensitive and wise."

— Publishers Weekly

THIS NEW TREND OF FACING DANGER HAS one main cause: boredom. There is a big difference between the risks taken by a doctor performing neurosurgery and by a person BASE jumping. The base jumper does it because he or she likes it. The doctor must sometimes take risks when there is no other option.

ERWIN CIJNTJE
Curaçao

I TOOK YOUR QUIZ TO SEE IF I QUALIFY AS a risk taker. I scored very low, indicating that I'm not. But I am 89, a D-day vet and have spent plenty of time on the edge—never for thrills. I did it only because it had to be done. One thing I know: a low scorer lives longer! When I go, I hope to just turn off the lights and close my door.

JOSH ("JUNO") HONAN
Kilkish, Ireland

IN TODAY'S WORLD, MILLIONS OF PEOPLE live in fear every single day of their lives. But there are others, the few who are so bored by their secure, middle-class existence that they jump off bridges or climb

"REAL" RISK TAKING



Many readers felt they could top the derring-do chronicled in TIME's story on risk-taking behavior

[ADVENTURE, Sept. 6]. Consider David Penn of Monona, Wis., who bragged, "I just finished reading about the wimpy who jump off cliffs and bridges. I take real risks. I've had six heart bypasses, and I still eat custard." Others, like Larry Lochner of Fountain Hills, Ariz., suggest that the people who face true danger are on the road: "You want to live life on the edge? Just join the daily commute with thousands of cell-phone-talking, coffee-drinking, cosmetic-applying idiots—all driving way over the speed limit." Cindy Del Pizzo of Marlboro, N.J., vividly seconds that view: "You get sandwiched in between two 18-wheelers barreling down the road at 85 miles an hour. Your car vibrates as the trucks race by; your knuckles turn white from trying to keep the car straight. Once they've passed, you let out a victory whoop, knowing you have once again eluded certain death. Now that's taking a risk!"

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dangerous rocks to flirt with death. Why not channel that urge for risk into something meaningful? Why not go to Angola as a humanitarian worker?

CORNELIA LÖBNER
Schleswig, Germany

THE COMPARISON OF RISKS BETWEEN extreme sports and professions is not an apt one. Dangerous sports are for one's personal thrill or pleasure; risky professions can serve the good of society.

IMOGENE LIM
Nanaimo, B.C.

What Are They Thinking?

ANIMALS CAN NEITHER PONDER NOR reflect, philosophize nor rationalize [NATURE, Sept. 6]. "I think, therefore I am" does not apply to animals. They have no sense of culture, religion, art or self. They lack goals, hopes, ideals, laws and ambitions, all of which are the result of a species' having the ability to think, even at its most basic levels. Any "thought" animals exhibit is simply a form of modified behavior and instinct. No, animals cannot think. How dare anyone even bring up the question?

APRIL PEDERSEN
Reno, Nev.

NOT ONLY HAS MY DACHSHUND DEMONSTRATED THE ABILITY TO THINK AND REASON, SHE HAS EVEN TRAINED ME. When injury prevented her from walking, she devised specific cries and growl tones to indicate thirst, hunger and the need to go out. She would patiently repeat her requests until I got it right. She also exhibits guile in an attempt to get extra food in a manner more sophisticated than begging. The complexity of animal thought is daunting to me. I should become a vegetarian, but my dog would probably disapprove if she received no meat treats.

NANCY ANDERSON
Salinas, Calif.

CAN ANIMALS THINK? MY CAT THINKS SHE runs my life, and at times I believe she's right. Any animal that can remain independent while relying on humans to run to the store every week for tuna and litter definitely has something going on in its little head!

MITCH KATZ
Arlington, Va.

I HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT ANIMALS can think, reason, remember, plan and anticipate—to varying degrees, depending on the species and the individual. Nature is replete with examples of animal behavior that require a great stretch of credibility to explain as instinct or mim-



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Martin Johnson Heade / "Hummingbird and Flower" (1873). Oil on canvas. Collection of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC. © 1999 National Gallery of Art

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icy. The most interesting question is not Do animals think? but What do they think of us humans? We probably won't like the answer.

OLIVIA BASSETT
La Jolla, Calif.

Waco Reignited

THE FBI IS GETTING BURNED FOR ITS handling of the 1993 showdown in Waco with followers of David Koresh [NATION, Sept. 6]. If the fbi has lied repeatedly about what happened in Waco, can it be trusted to tell the truth when it testifies against members of the Waco cult? Juries are expected to assume the honesty of the fbi and other law-enforcement agencies. The repeated lies of the fbi in Waco have made its credibility go up in smoke.

ROBERT NEMOYER
Bridgeview, Ill.

MEMO TO WACO CONSPIRACY THEORISTS: get over it! The guilt for all that occurred at Waco rests squarely on the heads of Koresh and his followers. Had they surrendered to authorities and fought the charges against them in the courts, we would not still be dealing with this nonsense. The Branch Davidians caused the fires, they caused the death of their children, and they must accept the consequences of their actions.

SCOTT ZONA
Miami

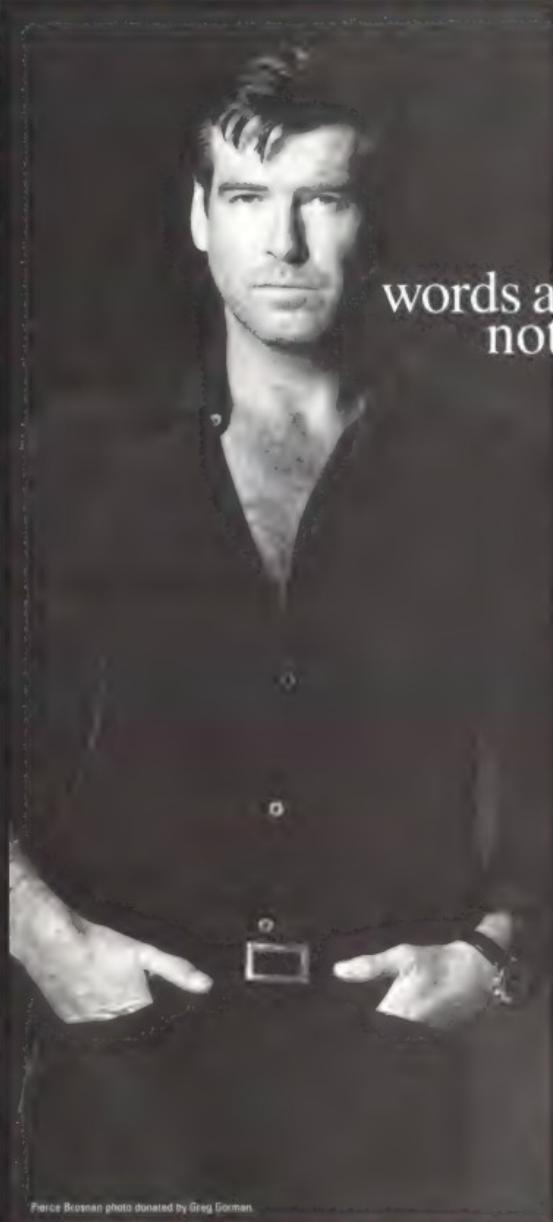
SO, THE FBI FINALLY ADMITS—SIX YEARS after the fact—that it did launch pyrotechnic military tear-gas rounds into the Branch Davidian compound. However, as government caveats go, the devices did not cause any kind of fire or explosion within the besieged domicile. This is like crew members of the *Enola Gay* saying that although they did drop a certain atomic device over Hiroshima in 1945, the inevitable explosion was not a result of anything they did. Rather, the Japanese somehow nuked themselves.

ROBERT GLENN
Edmonds, Wash.

THE AWARD GOES TO ...

Here's our own box-office report, a tally of the mail we've received on cover stories about movies in the past two years:

- | | |
|--|-----|
| ■ <i>Blair Witch Project</i> (Aug. 16) | 159 |
| ■ <i>Phantom Menace</i> (April 26) | 89 |
| ■ <i>Beloved</i> (10/15/98) | 85 |
| ■ <i>Primary Colors</i> (3/16/98) | 57 |
| ■ <i>Truman Show</i> (6/1/98) | 51 |



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NEED KNOWS NO SEASON

Baltimore's No Wasteland

HAVING FOLLOWED THE MAYORAL RACE in Baltimore, Md., from afar, I agree that the crowded field of eccentric candidates seems ripe for parody [POLITICAL SCENE, Sept. 6]. However, to hear TIME tell it, the city is so mired in its problems that there is no hope for change. Certainly, urban flight, racial divides and economic struggles are crucial issues that Baltimore faces, but to portray the city as a wasteland populated only by drug lords and underqualified would-be mayors does a disservice to all those who are committed to working for a better future. Growing up in Baltimore and witnessing the complex issues there inspired me to work for social change in troubled urban areas—not to throw up my hands and give up. I hope that next time you produce a piece that is more than a one-sided satire.

CORINNE FUNK
New York City

IN YOUR REPORT YOU REFERRED TO MY candidacy for mayor and my statement that international travel has given me the background to govern the city. You asked, "Wonder where, exactly, she has been?" As the next mayor of Baltimore, I would have appreciated an in-depth interview with your reporter in order to answer that question.

My international travel includes many cities in Africa, India, Italy and Switzerland and a private audience with the Pope in Rome. TIME, I invite your reporter back to the campaign trail to discuss the solutions to the challenges Baltimore will be facing in the next millennium. The citizens of Baltimore deserve more information than you provided in your article.

(THE REV.) JESSICA DAVIS
Baltimore

I LIVE IN BALTIMORE, WHERE YOU CAN BUY a three-story town house for \$100,000 or a mansion on half an acre for \$300,000. I'm a 15-minute drive from the symphony, the opera, three art museums, a dozen colleges and two new stadiums. Manhattanites and TIME staff members, come on down where life is good!

JOHN MACLAY
Baltimore

Color Me iMac

ARCHITECT CHRISTIAN DE PORTZAMPARC's innovative 23-story building in Manhattan with a faceted, overlapping glass facade [FALL PREVIEW, Sept. 6] is indeed striking, but perhaps he has unknowingly taken a leaf from Apple

Computer's book. With a Bondi Blue color typical of the iMac and a translucent exterior, can this building be mistaken as anything but an iRise? Perhaps later we'll see versions in lime, blueberry, tangerine, grape and strawberry?

DENNIS WINDRIM
Edmonton, Alta.

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POLICY FORUM

Simple Solutions

By Patrick G. Hays

Sometimes our nation's social problems seem so overwhelming that we fear we can never solve them. It's tempting to just give up. But the rising number of uninsured Americans—more than 43.4 million—is one problem Congress can help to solve. Right now.

The challenge is to develop targeted solutions that reach specific people. For example, more than 83 percent of Americans who lack health insurance either have jobs themselves or have spouses or parents who work. Although these uninsured people work, their incomes are too low to afford insurance premiums. This problem is greatest among the smallest businesses, where 35 percent of employees are uninsured. To address the situation, our nation needs to find ways to help small companies offer insurance. Congress can make this happen.

First, the government should provide tax credits for low-income workers in small firms. In addition, Congress should allow the self-employed—along with other people who purchase health insurance outside an employer group—to deduct the full cost of health-insurance premiums from their income taxes.

Finally, lawmakers must resist the many proposed public policy schemes that will increase the cost of health care. These proposals will only make the problems of the uninsured worse.

The government faces a choice: foster solutions today or aggravate an already grievous social problem for tomorrow. Let's urge our lawmakers to make the right decision.

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Mr. Hays is President and CEO of the national Blue Cross and Blue Shield Association.

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Who Should Be the Person of the Century?

TIME's coverage of the 100 most influential people of the 20th century will culminate in December, when we name a single figure as the Person of the Century. To help the magazine's editors make the choice, we are asking a select group of people to tell us whom they would pick. Here is the latest intriguing nomination:



BORN March 14, 1879
1905 Publishes several seminal papers on theoretical physics, including the special theory of relativity that encompasses the famous equation $E=mc^2$.

1916 Proposes general theory of relativity—still central to our understanding of the universe
1921 Wins Nobel Prize in Physics

1933 Immigrates to Princeton, N.J.

1948-55 Seeks international agreement to control nuclear energy
DIES April 18, 1955

ALBERT EINSTEIN The ultimate test of the impact of an individual or a group of individuals is twofold: whether the world they left is qualitatively different from that which they inherited, and what contribution they made to that change. By this standard, the seminal event of the 20th century is the scientific revolution. Einstein's theories of relativity, followed by discoveries by other scientists in the field of quantum mechanics, toppled the existing view of the universe and opened the way to discoveries that eclipse all previous scientific achievements of recorded history.

Not every scientific breakthrough has proved unambiguously benign—unleashing the atom, for example—but all have expanded the human horizon into spheres prior generations could not even imagine. In the process, the growing ability to master the universe has opened a new window into the human soul. Science and metaphysics, the secular and the sacred, have begun to merge. As science comes face to face with infinity—as it is forced to do by Einstein's theories—it deals with a phenomenon it can barely describe and has yet proved unable to explain.

The Einsteinian revolution has produced a paradox: while vastly extending mankind's reach, it has also exposed the essentially finite nature of the human scale. Living as we do on a speck in a universe whose extent is beyond our capacity to fathom, the unprecedented growth of human power has correspondingly created an imperative for humility. It is no accident that during a life of incomparable scientific achievement, Einstein often said, "God does not play dice with the universe."

—Henry A. Kissinger,
former U.S. Secretary of State

READERS LOOK INTO OTHER SCIENTIFIC PURSUITS

Alexander Fleming should be TIME's choice. His discovery of penicillin heralded that of other drugs for the treatment of bacterial infections. Physicians were able to control previously lethal illnesses and dramatically increase life expectancy.

Pascale Barat
Villeneuve-d'Ornon, France

Don't make heroes of politicians and name one of them. How many lives have they saved? My selection is Dr. Jonas Salk, who developed the first polio vaccine, which, along with that

of Dr. Albert Sabin, shielded untold millions from this crippling disease. This vaccine opened the door to wiping out other childhood diseases.

Mrs. Lee Fryman
East Liverpool, Ohio

Only Sigmund Freud has had a practical impact through psychoanalytic therapy and artistic consequences in other areas such as literature, philosophy and art. His work revolutionized the concept of man.

Annette Lagal and Jean Schneider
Paris

Richard Woodbury/Agua Prieta, Mexico

Danger and Alarm on A New Alien Gateway

An Arizona desert has become a conduit for hundreds of thousands of illegals

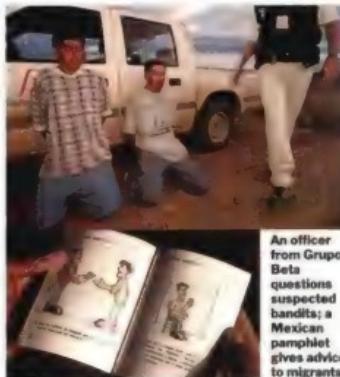
IT'S A MOONLESS NIGHT, AND Jorge Macias Onate, a Mexican border-police officer, knows he'll be busy as he eases his Dodge Ram along his country's porous border with the U.S. Soon his headlights pick out four scraggly youths preparing to scale the 12-ft.-high steel fence that separates the town of Agua Prieta from Douglas, Ariz. As he slows the pickup, the teenagers scatter like rabbits toward the sagebrush. "Wait! Don't run! We're not here to arrest you," yells Macias. "We want to help you. The problem is on the other side."

Macias and two colleagues are members of Grupo Beta, a federal unit set up to protect U.S.-bound migrants from bandits and warn them of dangers north of the fence. The officers can't arrest the youths for trying to cross into the U.S.; that's no crime in Mexico. Instead, the officers hand out bottled water and pamphlets describing the perils that await to the north, including dehydration and scorpions.

Such dangers are especially acute in the remote Sonoran Desert of eastern Arizona. Because of U.S. border-patrol crackdowns elsewhere, the Sonoran section has become the busiest corridor for illegal immigration. So far this year,

U.S. officers have caught 350,000 illegals there, up 25% from last year. Officials estimate that more than twice that number got through to Phoenix and points beyond. As the traffic has mounted, so have the casualties. All told, 154 migrants in the Southwest have died this year from heat exposure, drowning and accidents—a 30% increase over 1998.

None of the warnings seem to faze Arturo Rodriguez, 21, who has traveled three days in a bus from Chiapas with his



cousin Javier and two buddies for a chance at a new life. "I'd rather die than go back," he says. "I can make as much in a month in the fields"—about \$1,100 after taxes—"as in a year back home."

Rodriguez and his friends scout the fence for a hole big enough to wedge through.



Rancher Barnett patrols his 22,000 acres for trespassing illegals, whom he rounds up and delivers to the U.S. border patrol

Strolling with the youths, Officer Macias cautions them to watch out for bandits and flash floods. Farther on, the cops come upon a bedraggled family from Veracruz and talk them out of attempting to ford a flooded arroyo. Though Grupo Beta cannot prevent migrants from crossing, it has moved against the "coyotes" who guide them, arresting 90 in three years. But the special teams themselves are widely suspected, by migrants and U.S. lawmen, of taking payoffs from the smugglers. "They go after us, but they can be paid off," says Juan, 14, a smuggler's apprentice lounging in the courtyard of an Agua Prieta hotel that is busting with people preparing to cross. The youngster collects \$50 a head for leading migrants the last few hundred yards over the border.

Once there, they may meet Roger Barnett, whose 22,000-acre ranch sits astride the migration route to Phoenix. He occasionally dons a badge reading RANCH PATROL and jumps in his pickup with an M-16 rifle and 9-mm pistol to guard his spread against trespassers. By his count, Barnett has

corralled hundreds of aliens and marched them to the border patrol since last year. "It's a jungle out here," says the cattleman, trudging through mesquite fields littered with plastic jugs and soiled diapers left by illegals. Larry Vance, a utility-company technician, climbs a 30-ft.-high watchtower in his backyard to spot aliens crossing his 20 acres. Says he: "You've got to understand that this is an invasion."

The U.S. border patrol has responded by pouring in scores of new agents. The greater surveillance has driven up the cost of guided passage to Phoenix to more than \$1,000—triple the price a few years ago. But still they come. "The only real solution is in Mexico," declares Douglas Mayor Ray Borane. "Their government needs to address the flagrant trafficking of humans for profit." Indeed, the traffic has been an economic boon for Agua Prieta, whose 1998 population of 120,000 has swelled an additional 100,000. In the past two years, 15 hotels have opened or started construction, primarily to provide lodging for U.S.-bound job seekers. One of them, Jose Bueno Montano, 33, who was caught by the U.S. border patrol and returned to Agua Prieta on the two previous nights, vows, "I'll keep coming and trying until I make it."

"I'd rather die than go back." —ARTURO RODRIGUEZ, Mexican citizen hoping to cross the border

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NOTEBOOK

VERBATIM

"They said, 'This is the independent East Timor you wanted ... Leave your crying babies here; the militias will eat them.'"

CHRISTINA DACARTE,
East Timorese refugee, on the
soldiers who accompanied
her to the plane to Australia

"Adhere to the basic economic system with public ownership dominant and diverse forms of ownership developing side-by-side, and 'to each according to his work' as the main distribution form and with other forms as well!"

SLOGAN,
one of 50 Chinese are
permitted to chant during the
P.R.C.'s 50th anniversary

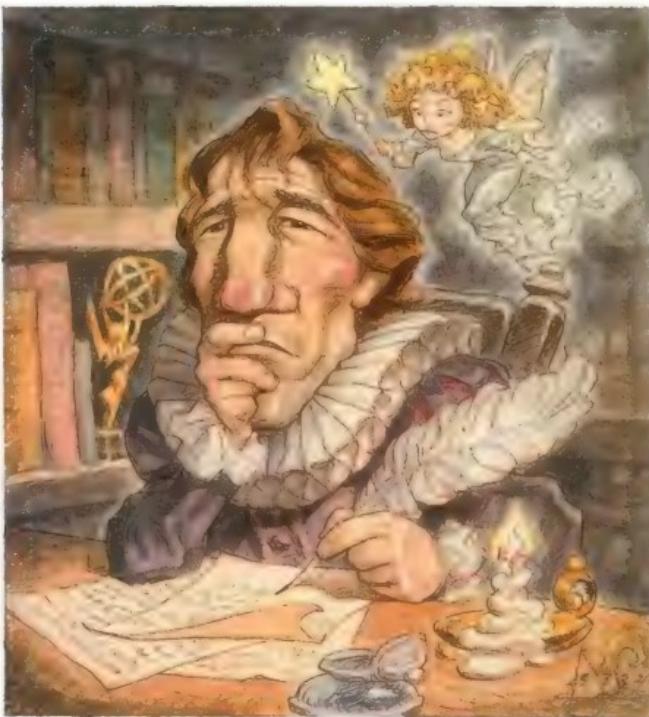
"I'm tired of having sand in my shoes anyway."

SHEILA VANN,
evacuee from coastal South
Carolina, reconsidering
where she lives

"He does this funny thing with his lip."

LUCIANA MORAD,
on her son by Mick Jagger

Sources: DaCarre Washington Post; Slogans, New York
Times, Yann, USA Today, Merck, Reuters



O, FOR A MUSE OF PFEIFFER! Michelle's workaholic husband David E. Kelley ascends the brightest heaven of Emmydom, winning gongs for *Ally McBeal* and *The Practice*. This season he'll script five TV shows and a movie, *Mystery, Alaska*

WINNERS & LOSERS

BILL BRADLEY
Prez wannabe rises in polls. But soon, Mr. Thoughtful, you'll need more specifics, fewer air balls

KEIKO
Free Willy whale readies to return to the wild. Downside: no more complementary plankton

DONALD TRUMP
High-haired huckster pens book, may try for presidency. "Boris, baby, some Russian roulette?"

GEORGE W. BUSH
Texas massacre spotlights Guv's slavish devotion to N.R.A. Where's the "compassion," Big Guy?

L.A.P.D.
Biggest corruption scandal in 60 years rocks cops. Next: Mark Fuhrman, special prosecutor?

JOHN DALY
Golfer falls off wagon, refuses help, loses endorsements. Has Kevin Costner movie all over it?



ENVIRONMENT

Fight over Sludge Starts to Get Dirty

ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION AGENCY chief **CAROL BROWNER** is in for an angry letter from some Congressmen this week. At issue: "serious, perhaps even illegal" behavior on the part of EPA senior scientist **ALAN RUBIN**, author of the 503 Sludge Rule, which declared municipal wastes safe for spreading in forests and farmlands.

What Representative **JOE KNOLLENBERG** (R., Mich.), House science committee chair **JAMES SENENBRENNER** (R., Wis.), Senator **JAMES INHOFF** (R., Okla.) and others want to know is: Has Rubin been engaging in "threatening and harassing" telephone calls and e-mails to the opponents of anti-sludge activists Helaine Shields, Jane Beswick and others? Did Rubin attempt to bribe a waste-treatment-company executive to get him to "refrain from raising concerns" about sludge transportation and stop insisting it be trans-



Lewis, with sludge

ported as hazardous waste? Has Rubin been distributing "selected, preliminary" risk data that appeared to discredit sludge-toxicity findings by EPA scientist David Lewis? The agency has come under fire for harassing its scientists who question regulations.

Now the intimidation may have spread. "I must be on to something, or he wouldn't be coming at me like this," says California dairy farmer and anti-sludge Beswick, who got eight letters from Rubin, one accompanied by a note: "Jane: Ask not for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee!"

Rubin, contacted by TIME, denied all charges. He says he regularly sends communications to those who oppose EPA policy, not to harass or threaten but to inform.

—By Arnold Mann/Washington

EDUCATION

Teachers Are Lagging Behind in Logging On

WITH MORE COMPUTERS THAN EVER READY to be booted up in classrooms across the country, our schools should be turning out thousands of Bill Gates clones. Not so fast. It seems half the screens are dark because the geeks who backed this rush to get computers in schools forgot one key element—training the teachers. *Education Week* magazine has just completed a comprehensive report on

technology in schools that shows teachers don't know what to do with all that RAM. Almost 50% don't use computers at all in teaching, and only 61% percent use the Internet. And the educational software that's out there doesn't provide much promise: 70% of high school teachers said finding useful products is nearly impossible, and the software-savvy give materials that are usable a grade C or lower.

—By Sally B. Donnelly/Washington
Sachs/Philadelphia



Ahead of the teacher?

CAMPAIGN 2000

U.S. Presidency: The Job That Keeps on Giving

GUESTS AT NEXT SUMMER'S REPUBLICAN National Convention in Philadelphia can start planning for the 55 different parties, lighted boat parade and fireworks that will spell out G.O.P. 2000. But they can't start planning where they're going to stay. Edward Rendell, the popular Democratic mayor of Philadelphia, instituted a tough "no whining" policy for local hotels to ensure that Republicans get a warm welcome. Rendell, who intends to run for Governor, notes the convention to go swimmingly. "They're not allowed to book anybody," says Rendell. "Every hotel has guaranteed 90% of its room block for that week. They're not allowed to take one reservation until the Republican National Committee meets next spring with the putative nominee."

Despite the edict, one room has already been booked. The guest? Former President George Bush. He was in Philly giving a speech and asked for the \$1,400-a-night Presidential Suite at the Rittenhouse Hotel. Who could say no? Not David Benton, the tony hostelry's general manager, who has been taking "tongue-in-cheek flak" from his competitors ever since. But the rule that no rooms can be booked still stands, says Rendell, unless "the person asking to book the room is a former President whose son is the leading contender."

—By Andrea

Sachs/Philadelphia



First Guest

THE DRAWING BOARD

IN THE NEWS:

U.S. BATTLES "INTERVENTION FATIGUE"

WITH CARNAGE IN EAST TIMOR, THE U.S. AGAIN MUST DEFINE ITS ROLE AS SUPERPOWER...

OH, GOD—NO!



JOHN Q. PUBLIC

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR SANDY BERGER WAS HIT HARD BY THE NEWS...

THIS IS LIKE BEING FORCED TO CLEAN UP MY DAUGHTER'S DORM ROOM!

ACTUAL ANALOGY HE USED

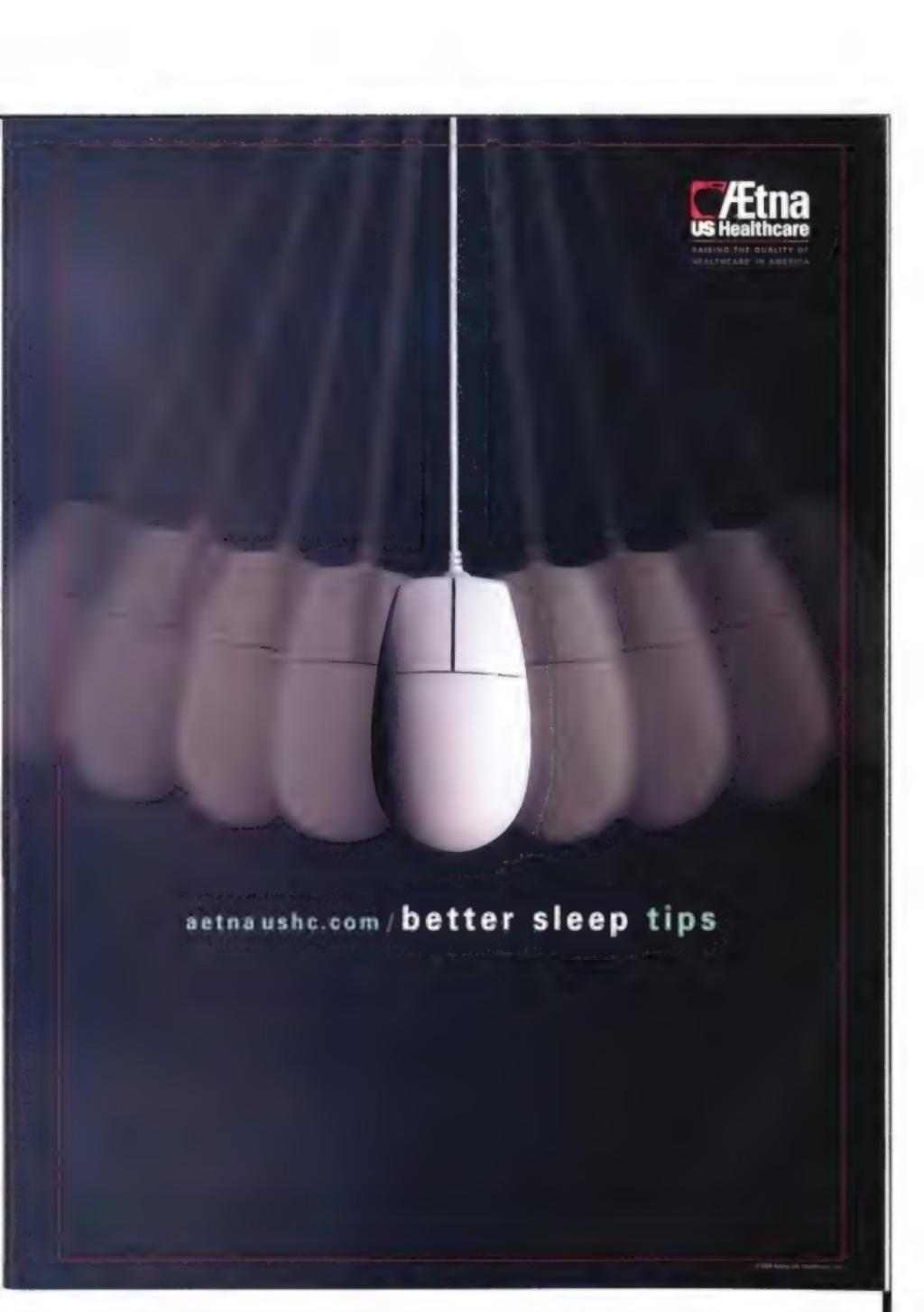
THE EAST TIMORESE WERE QUICK TO RALLY IN SUPPORT OF SYMPATHY TO THE AMERICANS IN THEIR TIME OF CRISIS... OUR HEARTS GO OUT TO YOU!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

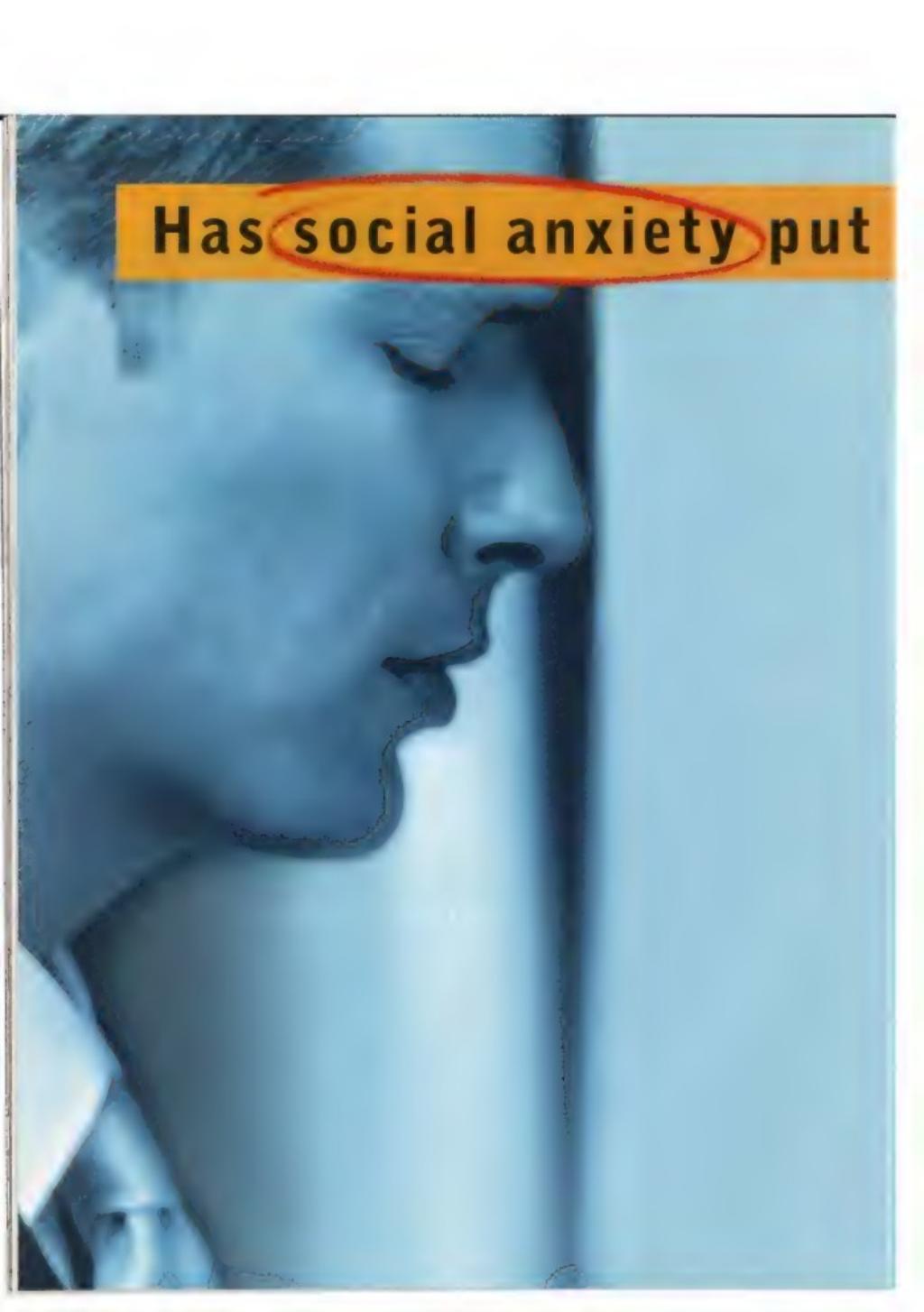




RAISING THE QUALITY OF
HEALTHCARE® IN AMERICA

A computer mouse is positioned vertically in the center of a row of sleeping people, creating a visual metaphor for better sleep tips.

aetna ushc.com / better sleep tips



Has social anxiety put

your life on hold?

YES NO

You are not alone.

Social anxiety disorder affects over 10 million Americans.

Social anxiety disorder is an intense, persistent fear and avoidance of social situations. This extreme fear of being judged or embarrassed can put a life on hold.

Those who suffer may blush, sweat, shake, even experience a pounding heart, around people they think may criticize them. To avoid this embarrassment, some drop out of school. Some refuse to date. Some turn down job promotions or choose unsatisfying jobs beneath their skill level. Their anxiety can affect the decisions they make every day. Who they see, what they do, where they go. The question is not "what do I want to do?" but rather, "what do I feel comfortable doing?" People with social anxiety disorder are at higher risk for depression, alcoholism, even thoughts of suicide.

PAXIL® is the only medication proven effective and approved by the FDA for the treatment of social anxiety disorder.

Once-a-day PAXIL helps correct the chemical imbalance that may be associated with social anxiety disorder, so that you may overcome anxiety and, in time, with your doctor's help, move toward recovery.

Prescription PAXIL is not for everyone. Tell your doctor what medicines you're taking. People taking MAO inhibitors shouldn't take PAXIL. PAXIL is generally well-tolerated. As with many medications, there can be side effects. Side effects may include decreased appetite, dry mouth, sweating, nausea, constipation, sexual side effects in men and women, yawning, tremor or sleepiness. Most people who experience side effects are not bothered enough to stop taking PAXIL.

For more information, call 1-800-454-6163 or visit us at www.paxil.com

Do you suffer from social anxiety disorder?

For more information, talk to your doctor.

1. Does an unreasonable fear of embarrassment cause you to avoid most social interaction?

Yes No

Answering these questions and discussing them with your doctor can help determine if you suffer from social anxiety disorder. Lesser degrees of social anxiety usually do not require medication.

2. Is the anxiety you feel around people so intense it sometimes feels like a panic attack?

3. Has this overwhelming anxiety significantly impaired your work or social life?



YOU MAY WANT TO CUT OUT THIS AD AND SHOW IT TO YOUR DOCTOR.

Ask your doctor about PAXIL today... your life is waiting!™

Please see the following page for important product information.

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If the Spending Cap Doesn't Fit, Share It

FISCAL YEAR 2000 BEGINS OCT. 1, and Congress, unwilling to dip into Social Security surpluses, is desperately searching for an additional \$20 billion to spend without exceeding the already maxed-out 1997 budget caps. A look at the more elegant proposals:

THE 13TH MONTH

Key supporter:

PENNSYLVANIA SENATOR ARLEN SPECTER

How it works: By making the fiscal year longer than a calendar year, Congress can spend up to \$16 billion this year and not count it until 2001.

Small hitch: Kudos for Caesar-style creativity, but what happens next year, when the bills come in?

IT'S AN EMERGENCY!

Key supporter:

HOUSE SPEAKER DENNIS HASTERT

How it works: Call expenditures like the \$4.5 billion allocated for the 2000 Census "emergencies," so they don't count under the 1997 spending caps.

Small hitch: If the Census--held each decade for 210 years--is an emergency, what's Hurricane Floyd?

THE POOR WON'T NOTICE

Key supporter:

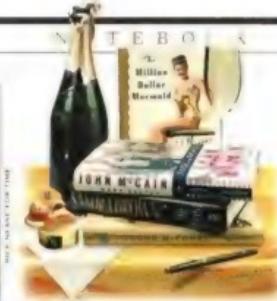
TEXAS REPUBLICAN DICK ARMEDY

How it works: Cut from welfare and housing block grants, or delay paying poor working families billions in earned-income tax credits until next fiscal year.

Small hitch: They'll notice.

GORE

FROM THEIR AL TO OUR AL. Attention, presidential candidates: Is your campaign languishing? Dogged by a reputation for dullness? Then take a tip from Guatemala's popular opposition leader, Alfonse Portillo. A former university professor, Portillo became a hero to voters last week after releasing campaign commercials crowing over having shot and killed two men in self-defense 17 years ago. In the civil war-torn country, that's a badge of honor. But remember, don't try this at home unless the statute of limitations has expired.



Will Write for Food

SEPTEMBER IS BOOK-PARTY SEASON IN New York City. But starving authors who used to move from shindig to shindig to get fed are finding the pickings a bit slim. Publishers have wearied of the big book launch, and now regard it as an unnecessary expense. Before this peculiar cultural event becomes obsolete, Notebook brings you a sociological study:

PARTY FOR:	John McCain's <i>Faith of My Fathers</i>	Frank McCourt's <i>'Tis</i>	Sandra Brown's <i>The Alibi</i>	Esther Williams' <i>Million Dollar Mermaid</i>
WHERE:	The Bloomberg News computer-training room	The Campbell Apartment, a neo-gothic bar	Della Femina, posh East Side restaurant	Elaine's, famous literary haunt
MOST FAMOUS GUEST:	Henry Kissinger	Angela's Ashes star Emily Watson	Designer Arnold Scassi	Gloria Vanderbilt
GOSSIP WRITER:	Cindy Adams	None	Liz Smith	Liz Smith
HOT TOPIC:	The National Committee on U.S.-China relations dinner	How hot the bar was; how nasty the rain was	How full everyone's schedule was	How to keep mascara from running in the pool
TABOO TOPIC:	Other candidates	Reviews for 'Tis	No such thing	Esther revealed all
SPREAD:	Classy: champagne and seafood hors d'oeuvres	Liquid: open bar and hors d'oeuvres	Lavish: fancy drinks, seafood and cheeses	Nongourmet: wine bar and carbohydrate-heavy buffet
OVERHEARD:	"I'm waiting for Graydon Carter to publish my story on him" (Carl Bernstein on McCain)	"Frank said he'd read my article. He didn't say he liked it. He just said he'd read it."	"We did Rocky Mountains, Vail ... the Grand Canyon, Zion National Park..."	"Did Hollywood treat you well?" (posed to Fay Wray): "How's the acting going?" (posed to a young stud)
AUTHOR PLUG:	"I want to inspire young Americans to commit to cause greater than themselves. It's very redemptive for imperf people ... like me."	"I just wanted to show the spiritual, emotional and psychological effects of being brought up in Limerick and moving to America."	"I write to entertain people, so ... anyone looking for a good juicy read would pick up a Sandra Brown novel."	"I wanted to dislodge that image of me being homespun."

UNSEAMLY



WHAT'S THAT ON YOUR DRESS?

When American designers strutted their stuff at the spring collections last week, some unusual motifs emerged. Diane Von Furstenberg showed a dress festooned with marijuana leaves. Miguel Adrover, a newcomer, splattered a frock with newspaper and paint, and Antikwa tried to get at the essence of a woman through dresses decorated with a baby or a pregnant-looking belly. Maybe she should start a maternity line.

CALVIN TRILLIN

Missing the Man in the Middle

ONE REASON THAT SO-CALLED GOTCHA JOURNALISM—campaign coverage dominated by attempts to reveal youthful misbehavior—seems to have arrived so abruptly is that Fifties Guys were skipped when the presidency passed from World War II Guys to Boomers. Two or three presidential elections with Fifties Guys as candidates would have provided a soothing way of putting off such harsh subjects as coke snorting and draft dodging until we'd had time to gain the perspective that comes with a little distance—soothing because Fifties Guys tend not to have engaged in any youthful misbehavior interesting enough for anyone to bother revealing.

Fifties Guys are people who graduated from college in the years from the early Fifties to around 1965, when what is now spoken of as the Sixties started to get in gear. As a Fifties Guy myself, I can testify that going to college in that era had all the excitement of standing at the luggage carousel waiting for your bags to come off the plane.

In our defense, opportunities for disgraceful behavior were limited by circumstances beyond our control. There weren't any shooting wars to slither out of. The term recreational drugs—a term that was invented to make what privileged people do sound less depraved than it would if it were done by poor people—had not been coined. The sort of state lawbreaking that Fifties Guys were associated with was underage drinking. The sort of federal lawbreaking that Fifties Guys were associated with was underage drinking with a fake draft card. Reading about the recent accusations against George W. Bush, I could imagine one of my classmates' say-

ing wistfully, "I might have tried cocaine if I'd ever heard of it."

Fifties Guys got shut out of the White House because a couple of World War II Guys, Ronald Reagan and George Bush, won the presidency when they were old enough to be thinking about retirement, and then a Boomer, Bill Clinton, won when he was still in his 40s. If the World War II Guys hadn't been so reluctant to leave the stage and Bill Clinton had permitted the Fifties Guys to go in the normal order, the electorate still might not have reached the point of talking about who "experimented" with drugs (another usage invented for the privileged).

When Clinton ran again as an incumbent, he might have been expected to face a Fifties Guy—some 58-year-old Governor or 61-year-old Senator or Jack Kemp (Occidental College, class of '57) who got the vice-presidential nomination. Instead, the Republican ticket was led by Bob Dole, another World War II Guy, who was running for President in his 73rd year. Now the leading candidates for 2000, Bush the Younger and Al

Gore, are both Boomers. After 1996, we Fifties Guys had to face the cold, hard fact that our one shot at the White House might have been lost when Michael Dukakis peered out of that tank.

But is it really all over for us unless John McCain's long-shot-maverick strategy has unexpected appeal to those who decide the Republican nomination? Maybe not. The Ames straw poll was led by Bush and Steve Forbes, both Boomers. But who came in a strong third? Elizabeth Dole—Duke, class of '58, and not even a fake draft card among her youthful follies. When it comes to presidential politics, Elizabeth Dole may be the last of the Fifties Guys. ■



RAPPY BIRTHDAY Hip-hop is celebrating its 20th anniversary (Sugar Hill Gang's album *Rapper's Delight* was released this month in 1979). Now that hip-hop has been around for two decades, a generation gap has developed between old-school and new-school rap. How can you tell them apart? Answer: Product placement.

OLD SCHOOL		NEW SCHOOL	
CLOTHES	SHOES	CARS	SHOES
Adidas	"Now, me and my Adidas do the illest things, we like to stomp out pimps with diamond rings." —My Adidas, Run-D.M.C.	Cadillac	"My Cadillac is great, earth's eighth wonder of the world." —Big Black Caddy, Grandmaster Flash
American designers	"Them jeans—Jordache, Sassoon or hub, Calvin Klein—gotta put on my shades 'cause you're makin' me blind." —Them Jeans, Grandmaster Flash	Lexus	"Clothes, uh oh, now your man don't bought Timbs." —CheapSkate, Sporty Thievez
NIKE	"They're like diamonds to me." —Diamonds, Run-D.M.C.	Timberlands	"My soul is possessed by D'Evils in the form of diamonds and Lexuses." —D'Evils, Jay-Z
	"Usually rock the Prada, sometimes Gabanna." —No Time, Lil' Kim	PRADA	"Suited in Chanel, Fox Brown will rock the bells." —Foxy's Bells, Foxy Brown (all lyrics from omaha.com)

MILESTONES

SENTENCED. JONATHAN SCHMITZ, 29, *Jenny Jones* Show guest convicted of murdering Scott Amendure, who revealed on the show that he had a crush on Schmitz; to 25 to 50 years in prison; in Pontiac, Mich. Schmitz's first conviction was overturned on appeal.

RECOVERING. RUTH BADER GINSBURG, 66, Supreme Court Justice, from surgery for colon cancer; in Washington. Ginsburg will remain hospitalized for about a week. It is not clear whether she will be able to return for the high court's new term, which begins Oct. 4.

DIED. W. ARTHUR GARRY JR., 79, the federal judge who in 1974 triggered riots and "white flight" by ordering the desegregation, by student busing, of Boston schools; in Wellesley, Mass.

DIED. HARRY CRANE, 85, stand-up comedian turned screenwriter and co-creator of *The Honeymooners*; in Los Angeles. In a 50-year career, Crane made jokes for the Marx Brothers, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra and others, including Robert F. Kennedy.

DIED. BENJAMIN BLOOM, 86, education pioneer whose findings showed the relationship between early experience and learning, and focused attention on development and home environment; in Chicago.

go. Bloom helped spur Head Start, the program for low-income students established in 1965 by President Johnson.

DIED. CHARLES CRICHTON, 89, British film director of *The Lavender Hill Mob*, among other comedies of the '40s and '50s; in London. Most recently, Crichton was nominated for an Oscar for the farcical 1988 John Cleese blockbuster, *A Fish Called Wanda*, his first feature film in nearly 25 years.

DIED. ENRIQUE ALFEREZ, 98, Mexican-born art-deco sculptor and Pancho Villa comrade whose dozens of sculptures decorate New Orleans; in New Orleans. Before moving to America to study art, Alferez served with the revolutionary forces, which he joined at age 12.

NUMBERS

54: Percentage of Americans who could not name Al Gore when asked who is running for the Democratic nomination for President

46: Percentage who could not name George W. Bush as a Republican candidate



\$100 billion: Estimated yearly cost of providing worldwide access to safe water, adequate nutrition and basic education, according to the International Council on Social Welfare

\$289 billion: Year 2000 Pentagon budget passed last week by the House of Representatives



76 million: Number of Americans who get food poisoning annually

1 million: Number of Americans who become vegetarians each year

1: Rank, in a survey of college freshmen, of "losing my virginity" when asked what was the biggest event in their lives

2: Rank of the fall of the Berlin Wall

Sources: Pew Research Center; AAP Newsfeed; Washington Post; N.Y. Times; People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals; CampusCruiser.com

60-SECOND SYMPOSIUM

First there was a gold card and a gold record. Then platinum records and cards. But Platinum's now a deodorant, so it's time to find a new prestige metal. We asked some experts.



Iridium is rarer, costlier and even more resistant to corrosion than platinum, and its name comes from *iris*, the rainbow, from the lovely play of color in iridium salts. I would love to carry an iridium credit card. —Dr. Oliver Sacks, author

There's going to be a reaction against all this weight-reduction jazz, and ponderous will be the fashion. What better metal as an emblem for that new age than tungsten—the highest melting, the strongest, the ultimate heavy metal. —Roald Hoffmann, department of chemistry, Cornell

If you want to make a statement with a really, really expensive metal, you could go with osmium. My personal favorite is gadolinium. When you say it fast, it sings. On the more fanciful side, californium, for the laid-back customer, einsteinium, for the exceptionally wise money manager, neptunium, for stratospheric credit limits, and, for those just starting out, lead. —Tim Foecke, metallurgist, National Institute of Standards and Technology



NATIONAL A VERY CLOSE CALL

Hurricane Floyd never delivered the catastrophic blow forecasters feared, but that just postpones the inevitable

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

FOR A DAY OR TWO LAST WEEK, IT REALLY LOOKED as though the Big One were finally here. Experts had been warning for years about the imminent arrival of Hurricane X, the killer storm that the law of averages dictates must sooner or later strike the coastal U.S., making such legendary monsters as Andrew, Hugo and Camille seem like mere squalls.

And here came Floyd. It was huge, spanning an astonishing 600 miles. It was intensely powerful, with sustained winds of nearly 155 m.p.h.—a Category 4 hurricane, only one step below the most destructive designation on the charts. Most significant of all, it was bearing down on the Atlantic coastline, putting millions of people and billions of dollars' worth of property directly in harm's way.

Fearing the worst, officials ordered some 3 million residents to leave the shoreline in Florida, Georgia and the Carolinas. The largest such evacuation in the nation's history, it created a media frenzy and massive traffic jams, including a backup on Florida's Interstate 10 that stretched 200 miles. Walt Disney World,



Floyd, enhanced for contrast. High clouds are white, low yellow

TIME

WAIST-DEEP Benjamin Smith

braves wind and water to help save equipment at a firehouse in North Carolina

near Orlando, failed to open for the first time in its history. At the Kennedy Space Center on Cape Canaveral, only a skeleton crew of volunteers was left behind to watch over launch pads and hangered space shuttles, each worth a couple of billion dollars.

A last-minute northward jog by Floyd spared Florida a direct hit, and the hurricane that finally came ashore at Cape Fear, in North Carolina, was far less powerful than the Floyd of just a day earlier. Still, the storm, skirting the coast all the way to Massachusetts, dumped punishing rains from Florida to Maine and triggered widespread flooding. It left at least 41 dead; thousands more had to be rescued from roofs and trees where they had been stranded by rising waters. But that was nothing compared with the havoc that authorities had feared. Floyd came on like a lion but ended up as a—well, not a lamb, exactly. Call it a sheep on steroids with a very bad attitude.

Though Floyd wasn't Hurricane X, the long-awaited Big One is inevitable. Meteorologists believe that we're coming out of a 30-year period of relatively mild hurricanes (see accompanying story). Worse still, the increase in hurricane activity will threaten a coastline that has been experiencing a population explosion of remarkable proportions. More than 139 million people now live in hurricane-vulnerable coastal areas of the U.S., according to the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration.



That number is expected to swell as aging baby boomers finish sending their kids to college and start looking to buy vacation or retirement homes. Explains Orrin Pilkey, professor of earth and ocean sciences at Duke University: "Here's a chance to live out life in the place where you had the best time of your life. With people who come to the beach and look for property, it's almost as if they're in heat."

The rush to the beach started years ago. As far back as the 1970s, Florida officials realized that the state's environmentally sensitive barrier islands, which protect the mainland from the force of incoming storms, were becoming overbuilt. But when officials tried to put the brakes on development, they came up against some hard political realities. The fat revenue stream from condo towers, resorts

FIRST PERSON

Adrift in Floyd: "It Was Like Watching Hope Float Away"

By GERALD KEETH ABOARD THE U.S.S. JOHN F. KENNEDY

There were eight of us aboard the 150-ft. *Gulf Majesty*, pulling a loaded barge about 300 miles outside Jacksonville, Fla., our home port, heading to San Juan, Puerto Rico. We'd been at sea since Saturday, and we were just trying to avoid the storm. Our higher-ups told us to head north and take the long way around.

But then the hurricane took that sudden turn. The bad weather started pounding us Tuesday night. Waves were

completely covering the boat, and we were pitching 46°. By early Wednesday, it started getting really bad. We were in seas of 45-to-55-plus ft., much bigger than anything I'd ever seen. We began getting into real trouble about 3 in the morning, when we started taking on water at the rudder assembly faster than our pumps could keep up.

We decided we'd have to abandon ship. Five minutes before we did, we heard over the radio that the Coast Guard had

somebody on the way. We launched our life raft at about 8 in the morning in 55-ft. seas with 60-knot winds. It wasn't the easiest thing to do. Five men were able to get into it, and we tied it to the tug with a pair of lines. We wanted to pass things from the boat—flares and stuff—to the raft, and then climb in ourselves. But one rope broke, and then the other. It was like watching hope float away.

That left the three of us on board—David Lytle, Tim Chambers and me. We knew we had to get in the water or we'd get sucked under with the boat. To be honest, I was scared to death. We had life jackets on and life rings, but the life rings took off when we jumped, about 15 ft. into the water from the port side. We grabbed a broomstick to stay

together and tried to paddle toward the raft, which was 300 yds. away. It was obvious that wouldn't work, and we knew we had to conserve our energy. Unlike the guys in the raft, we had an emergency locator beacon so the Coast Guard could find us.

The seas were really high, the wind was really high, and the tension was up there too. About 15 minutes after we got into the water, we watched the tug sink. She looked pretty much like the *Titanic*, except the *Gulf Majesty* went down stern first. I'd been with her about two years, and my heart was really in her. My IBM laptop, my guitar, \$500 worth of cigars, and the only picture I had of my father—he died in 1985—went down with the ship.



MASS EXODUS

Traffic inches out of Savannah, Ga., as Floyd approaches. Roads were packed all over the Southeast



BAD ENOUGH

Though Floyd was no Andrew, its punishing winds snapped pilings and toppled vacation homes

and convention hotels made it very difficult to elect antigrowth politicians. Hurricanes were acknowledged to be a danger. But, says Charles Lee, senior vice president of the Florida Audubon Society, "instead of restrictions, you got engineering standards. And from that point on, there really wasn't any limit on growth."

While most of the new construction was strong enough to avoid total destruction by

a hurricane, occupants would need to get off the islands in advance of a major storm. And though four-lane causeways are being built to replace the two-lane drawbridges connecting beach to mainland, it is hardly enough. In Daytona Beach, Fla., where Floyd's near miss still did serious property damage, many people ignored evacuation calls. "Why leave?" says beach resident Jim Samuels. "You can't get to Orlando from

COURTESY OF THE DAYTONA BEACH NEWS-JOURNAL

like five-story buildings—light green, with whitecaps on top. As they broke over me, it all turned a real royal blue, a real pretty, beautiful blue because of the light shining through.

We tried to keep each other's confidence up: "Don't worry ... we're going to make it ... there's no problem." But we were all saying our little prayers. The water wasn't that cold for the first three hours, but then we started losing our body heat.

We were listening and looking for anything. One of the other guys saw a helicopter from the J.F.K., and then as we crested on the next wave, we saw a second one coming. God, that was a beautiful sight. They came over us at about 500 ft., and we popped orange smoke

here even when there's a good basketball game."

The situation in Florida is duplicated on barrier islands up and down the Atlantic Coast. When it's time to evacuate, it doesn't really matter where on these narrow strips of land you live—you're stuck on the same stretch of highway. Some officials now believe that the coastal states may have to toughen their construction standards even more, forcing builders to install hardened bunkers, like aboveground bomb shelters, so residents can stay during a hurricane and take their chances.

Despite the dangers, despite rising insurance premiums, despite the fact that hurricanes roar through every few years, people continue to flock to the seaside. Usually affluent and well educated, says Richard Kadesch, a real estate broker on Hilton Head Island, S.C., "they have a good understanding of what they're getting into." And they're snatching up everything in sight.

Patrick Taylor knows that first-hand. On Sunset Beach in North Carolina, he's selling a half-acre of marsh three-quarters of a mile from the beach. It has no amenities—no water or sewage. Taylor is not even sure what can be built on it. To reach an inlet, you'd have to build a long pier to cross the marsh. He's asking \$20,000 for it, and even as Hurricane Floyd approached last week, Taylor was fielding calls from prospective buyers who had read his classified ad in out-of-state newspapers. "They know a good deal when they see it," he says. —Reported by Brad Liston/Daytona Beach, Melissa August and Delphine Matthieu/Seattle/Washington and Timothy Roche/Atlanta



RESCUE Hours after Keith was saved, a diver reached the life raft

We turned our backs to the waves because our life vest in the front has a little pocket of air you can breathe if you're under water. I could hear each wave

from behind me like a freight train coming. Then it sounded like a jet going past, as it hit me in the back like a 20-lb. sledgehammer. The waves were

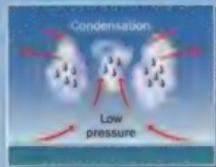
flares. It was about noon. We had floated about 23 miles from where we jumped in.

The helicopters came around in a circle, into the wind, to get better control. Then they lowered a diver on a rope. Navy rescue swimmer Shad Hernandez came into the water about 30 yds. from us. He put a harness on each of us, and we were hauled into the helicopter, which was hovering about 15 ft. above the highest waves. I couldn't even hear it because my ears were so full of water. But when it got close, I could feel the beating of the blades in my chest. I'll tell you, that was a very nice feeling. Shad rode up on the rope with me—we were the last ones out of the water. I just kept saying, "You the man! You the man!" over and over again.

WHERE A HURRICANE GETS ITS FORCE



1 Winds from different directions converge over waters that have warmed to more than 81 F. Water evaporates. The lighter warm air rises above the cooler air like steam from a boiling pot.



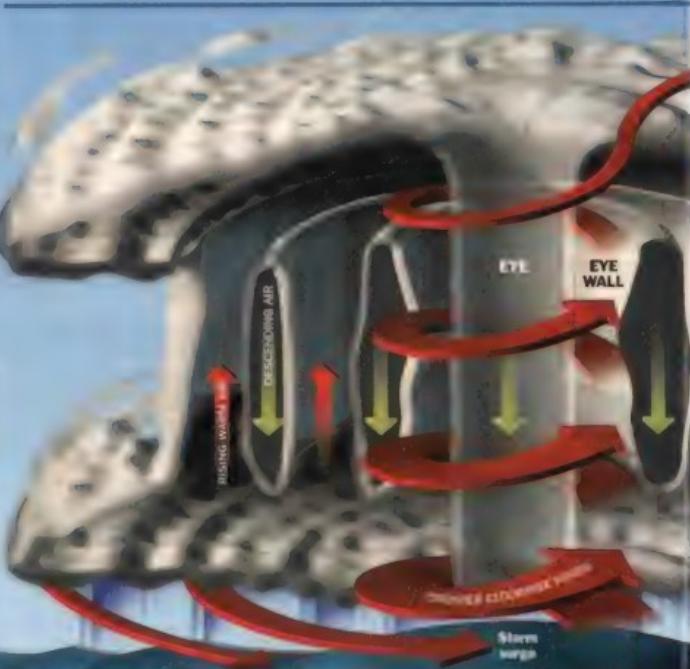
2 As the warm, moist vapor rises, it expands and cools, condensing into cloud droplets and then into rain. The process releases heat locked within the vapor and lowers air pressure, fueling additional showers and thunderstorms.



3 Picking up the direction of the earth's rotation, the winds in these thunderstorms circulate counterclockwise (clockwise in the Southern Hemisphere). Collectively they form a churning mass known as a tropical cyclone.

4 When the spiraling winds reach 74 m.p.h. the storm is called a hurricane. At its core is a chimney-like column of calm air (the eye) around which multiple thunderstorms swirl. The storms that form the eye wall are the most ferocious.

HURRICANES ARE TROPICAL CREATURES THAT begin to stir off the coast of Africa after the summer sun has heated the ocean to the temperature of balmy bathwater. This pool of warm water is essential to the formation of hurricanes, but not their only cause. An incipient disturbance will never mature into a hurricane unless the winds are favorable. That is why the climate cycle that produces El Niño and La Niña plays such a key role. El Niño favors weak easterlies and strong westerlies that shear the tops off swirling storm clouds. La Niña exerts an opposite influence, creating a bed of still air between two wind belts that invites hurricanes to form.



HOW FURIOUS WAS FLOYD?

WIND SPEED (IN THE EYE)	WIND SPEED (EYE WALL)
0-25 m.p.h.	155 m.p.h.

WAIT TILL NEXT TIME

If a little heated water in the Atlantic can create Floyd, what storms will global warming bring?

By J. MADELEINE NASH

HUMAN MEMORIES ARE SHORT, and even as the tattered ghost of Hurricane Floyd finally blew itself out over eastern Canada last weekend, it was easy to forget that it began the week as a meteorological giant—one of the century's largest and most powerful Atlantic storms. If it seems as if hurricanes are getting stronger these days, that's because they are. After a 30-year lull, the U.S. is once again being visited by hurricanes the size of the ones that battered the Eastern seaboard in the 1940s, '50s and '60s. Thanks to an unlucky confluence of events—warm Atlantic waters, brisk trade winds and some strange doings in the eastern Pacific—we're on the cusp of what could be an extended spell of very heavy weather.

Floyd is nothing, scientists warn, compared with what may lie ahead. In the next century, they say, we may see hurricanes that far exceed Floyd's top sustained winds and approach a hurricane's upper limit of 180 m.p.h.—more than capable of sending a 30-ft. wall of water surging inland, flattening houses, inundating coastal cities and stirring the ocean bottom to a depth of 600 ft.

Moreover, that 180-m.p.h. speed limit pertains only to present conditions. There's now a wild card in the climatic deck, observes M.I.T. atmospheric scientist Kerry Emanuel: global warming. Over coming decades, atmospheric pollution and the greenhouse effect are expected to heat not just the air but also the surface of the oceans, and it is the thermal

energy of that water that fuels typhoons and hurricanes. As a rule of thumb, according to Emanuel, wind speeds increase 5 m.p.h. for every additional degree Fahrenheit of water temperature. By that formula, sustained winds in future hurricanes could conceivably top 200 m.p.h.

But even these storms, it should be noted, would look puny compared with the megastorm of unimaginable destructiveness that scientists have dubbed a "hyper-cane." Indeed, some meteorologists speculate that a runaway hypercane, triggered by the splashdown of a giant asteroid, may have been instrumental in wiping out the dinosaurs 65 million years ago.

What makes hurricanes? They are, in essence, just big wind machines that move heat from the equator to the poles. While they do this very efficiently, the same task could be performed by swarms of independent thunderstorms. It takes a certain amount of magic, in other words, to set a hurricane in motion. First, you have to make the thunderstorms, and then "you have to get the thunderstorms dancing," as Florida State University climatologist James O'Brien puts it. "You have to get them dancing in a big circle dance."

In Floyd's case, the dance started when a disturbance high in the atmosphere moved off the coast of Africa and out over the Atlantic. Fueled by the rise of warm, humid air (in places, sea surface temperatures measured a steamy 86°F), the disturbance very quickly spawned a brood of thunderstorms that coalesced in a slow-moving whorl known as a tropical depression. On Sept. 8, as its winds reached 40 m.p.h., Floyd became a tropical storm. On Sept. 10, when its winds topped 74 m.p.h., it became a Category 1 hurricane. A few days later, with winds approaching 155 m.p.h., Floyd



very nearly became a Category 5 storm—the highest category of all.

Meteorologists all agree that the energy powering Floyd—making it bigger than the average hurricane—came from the warmth of the water below. The tropical North Atlantic this fall was unusually warm, as it was during the period of high hurricane activity from the 1940s to the 1960s. Then, between about 1979 and 1995, the tropical North Atlantic cooled, and hurricane activity slackened. Now, notes David Enfield, a researcher at the Atlantic Oceanographic and Meteorological Laboratory in Miami, temperatures in this sector of ocean appear to be trending up once more. Like other oceanographers, Enfield believes this is the result of a natural climate shift, as opposed to human-induced global warming.

While warm water may be essential to the making of a hurricane, it is not sufficient, Colorado State University meteorologist William Gray points out. Gray has pioneered a hurricane-forecasting system that folds in many factors, including the strength of stratospheric winds, large-scale changes in ocean circulation, the amount of rainfall in West Africa and swings between El Niño and La Niña conditions in the equatorial Pacific. Indeed, says Gray, one reason the 1999 hurricane season has been so active is that the latest La Niña has persisted for more than a year.

Why would El Niño (which warms Pacific waters) and La Niña (which cools them) affect hurricanes in an entirely different ocean? The explanation is simple. El Niño enhances the influence of high-level westerly winds that swoop across the Atlantic, decapitating developing storm clouds before hurricanes can spawn. La Niña, by contrast, favors a more easterly flow that allows these clouds to mature into towering turrets, gathering energy as they grow. Florida State's O'Brien and two of his students have recently established that the chance of two or more hurricanes hitting the Eastern U.S. stands at about 25% when El Niño is ascendant but jumps to 75% when La Niña reigns.

Because of the El Niño and La Niña effects, and all those other factors, figuring out what might happen to hurricanes in a warmer world is, well, complicated. "Anything that does happen will likely change only small changes," says Gray. "And no one can say which way these changes will

go." If global warming favors more El Niño and fewer La Niña events, for instance, then the distribution of hurricanes will undoubtedly shift. But while there will be more typhoons in the Pacific and fewer hurricanes in the Atlantic, the total number of major storms is likely to remain the same. Worldwide, scientists think, there will probably continue to be about 80 such events in any given year.



PHOTO BY RICHARD STONE

NOW, THE CLEANUP

This buckled road in Oak Island, N.C., can be repaired. But what's to stop the next hurricane from tearing it up again?

How strong will those storms be? That's harder to estimate, in part because a very big storm is in some ways its own worst enemy. "A hurricane has a noticeable cooling effect on the ocean," explains atmospheric scientist Kevin Trenberth of the National Center for Atmospheric Research (NCAR). Indeed, at a certain stage of its life cycle, a storm of a given size will stir up enough cold water to put a halt to its growth. At that point, scientists say, it has come into equilibrium. Maintaining that balance is especially hard, because if a hurricane stirs up too much cold water, it

will weaken and die. This suicidal tendency no doubt helps account for the fact that Category 5 hurricanes are so rare. Indeed, only two have hit the U.S. during this century, among them the 1969 hurricane named Camille.

How was it that Camille managed to grow so powerful? One reason, says Emanuel, is the path that Camille chose. She (in those days all hurricanes were of

the feminine persuasion) faithfully followed the meanderings of the "loop current," a tributary of the Gulf Stream. It wasn't that the loop current was any warmer than the surrounding water at the surface, notes Emanuel, but its warmth went much deeper. Result: Camille's winds stirred up warm water as opposed to cold, and thus retained their strength.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that global warming does cause the intensity of hurricanes to increase to supercane proportions. How stable would such megastorms be? A hurricane packing 200-m.p.h. winds would be significantly more powerful than Camille, whose top sustained winds were in the 180-m.p.h. range. Such a supercane would be capable, certainly, of taking a catastrophic toll, but its winds would also presumably penetrate to greater depths. Long before making landfall, a supercane might stir up a lethal dose of chilly water. More intense storms, in other words, could prove to be exceedingly fragile entities.

Of course, there are other ways in which global warming might boost the power of hurricanes. It's possible, for instance, that in a warmer world hurricanes might tank up with a lot more rain, which would greatly increase the damage caused by flooding. In addition, storm surges could be expected to become a lot more lethal if, as many anticipate, global sea levels rise.

But as NCAR's Roger Pielke Jr. observes, it's really not necessary to concoct ways to make hurricanes any more threatening than they already are. With or without global warming, there are going to be some whoppers in our future, and unlike Floyd, many of these will prove to be megadisasters. For the days when a big hurricane could make landfall in sparsely populated places are fast disappearing, Pielke notes, and that alone is cause enough for worry.

With reporting by David Bjorkle/New York and Dick Thompson/Washington

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Rosat 2X project, an X-ray cluster sample from Rosat X-ray Catalog No. 1 with some catalogues, a Rosat X-ray

Participants using Windows 10 will receive more detail than those using earlier versions of Windows, as they are likely to experience various system messages that occur if Windows 10 is used.

Performance was compared under 17 different TLR-1/2 agonist treatments using 24 days (20% dilution) or 100% dilution, and 100% of GFP. Data performed without normalization to 24% dilution as representation of a baseline. Results are expressed as mean \pm SEM of three independent experiments.



NATION

TERROR IN THE SANCTUARY

A gunman fires on a church group in Texas. Are Evangelicals the new hate-crime target?

By DAVID VAN BIEMA

HERE IS THE WAY ONE SURVIVOR tells it. When Larry Gene Ashbrook walked into the church sanctuary with his guns—a 9-mm semiautomatic and a .380-cal. one—he paused. He had already started a shooting spree outside that left two dead. But once inside he was approached by one of the teens who had been singing along with a Christian rock 'n' roll praise band. What the youngster offered the black-jacketed killer was heaven, saying, "You need Jesus." Ashbrook, 47, answered, "It's all bulls_____, what you believe!" It was only then that he opened up on the over 100 defenseless worshippers, killing five more, wounding seven, creating martyrs.

Last week's massacre at Wedgewood Baptist Church in Fort Worth, Texas, may not have happened quite that way. That's a version being offered by someone who was there, but it's unconfirmed. Yet even if it is pious invention, it gives a glimpse of the way some evangelical Christians, children and adults alike, are thinking these days about the string of killings around the U.S. in which they have been victims. Last week's toll was added to the count of Christian teens killed at Columbine and three students killed at a 1997 prayer circle in West Paducah, Ky. Many evangelical leaders have begun to see "committed Christians" as the latest victims of hate crimes of the sort perpetrated upon blacks, women and gays. They have also begun to view those attacks in terms of the history of their faith—as acts of Satan, and as part of a persecution that stretches back to the earliest days of Christianity, during which countless believers suffered and died for professing their faith.

It's an explanation that allows the bereaved a certainty and solace in the face of a horrible riddle. And faced with the same endless series of senseless bloodlettings, even more secular precincts of America



CHEERING AND HEALING: Members of Meadowbrook United Methodist youth group attend a special service the day after the shooting at Wedgewood Baptist Church

have been giving such claims a respectful hearing. After the shootings a moist-eyed George W. Bush said, "There seems to be a wave of evil passing through America." Today show's Katie Couric, interviewing Wedgewood's pastor, Al Meredith, listened as he offered the standard explanation for the crime: the killer was "deranged and deluded." Then, almost hesitantly, the pastor noted, "There's some possible theological, religious reasons you may not be interested in." Said Couric: "Well, go ahead." And Meredith explained that because of all the seminary students attending Wedgewood, "if I were Satan, and if I were real, and I wanted to deliver a death knell to the kingdom of God, I would target this church."

THE MAN WORE JEANS AND was smoking a cigarette. The first person he shot was Jeff Laster, a seminarian working as a custodian who asked him to put it out. Next was Sydney Browning, the children's choir director, resting on a sofa in the foyer, followed by a young man who had been selling Christian CDs. In the sanctuary, the shooter found a roomful of adolescents, happily celebrating that morning's observance of See You at the Pole, an annual national event in which Christian teens gather around their school flagpoles before classes to pray. A band called Forty Days was playing a song titled *Alle, alleluia*, when Ashbrook was allegedly invited to accept the Lord. He moved to the back of the sanctuary, banged a door to get his audience's attention, and started firing again.

At first, some of the teens thought it was a joke, a skit "to remind everyone how precious life was," says one of their parents. A youngster saw the boy next to him grab his waist. "It's just a paint gun," claimed the one who got hit. Both of them watched red ooze from a real-looking wound. "It stings," said the injured boy, still not understanding what had happened to him. People dove behind pews. Mary Beth Tally, 17, noticed that her friend Heather McDonald was not hiding. McDonald has Down syndrome. Tally threw herself on McDonald. Ashbrook fired. Even after Tally was shot, she continued to comfort McDonald, trying to keep her quiet. Tally survived with minor wounds.

The murderer paced and yelled at his victims to "be still." He shot and reloaded, shot and reloaded. Only after he pulled a

small pipe bomb from his pocket, lit it and rolled it down the aisle—it exploded harmlessly—did those who could make a break for the doors. Then Ashbrook strolled to a back pew, sat down and shot himself fatally in the temple.

The police and other authorities who searched his home and his life in the next 72 hours found plenty of clues to a deranged mind. The walls had holes punched in them; the toilets had been filled with concrete; a set of journals dating back a decade itemized plots against him. Neighbors would later report about his ranting and exposing himself. Some speculated



PROTECTED: Heather McDonald, 18, being comforted. Her friend was shot while shielding McDonald, who has Down syndrome

that what finally unhinged him was the death in July of his 85-year-old father, who had been the unemployed Ashbrook's sole means of support. What no one found was any connection to the Wedgewood church or its congregation.

Some, however, believe they have an inkling. They suspect that in a secularized America in which they are a minority, evangelical Christians are being martyred for their beliefs. "I think that people are gonna have to count the cost of pursuing their faith in God," says Toby McKeehan, a member of dc Talk, one of the most popular Christian bands. "Something we thought was [just] history—people being killed because they had faith, people being martyred—is suddenly happening before our very eyes." Evangelicals have always admired martyrs, from those murdered by Diocletian to slain missionaries. But interest over the past year has exploded as Christians have made up an increasing proportion of the victims of mass murders.

Last month McKeehan and his bandmates published *Jesus Freaks*, a catalog of martyrs past and present, written for teens. But the most talked-about new account of martyrdom is *She Said Yes*, the moving, nuanced story of Littleton victim Cassie Bernall by her mother Misty. Stores have bought 200,000 copies of the book, which came out last Monday, three days before the Fort Worth shooting. In the evangelical world, Cassie is almost universally considered a martyr. The Fort Worth dead, although their stories are not quite as pointed, will probably be seen similarly.

Such deaths resonate all the more since many conservative Christians increasingly see themselves as persecuted, if not so bloody. Bob Reccord, president of the Southern Baptist North American Mission Board, explains that "when Christians stand for the absolute truth as found in Scripture, and society in general wants to jettison any absolutes, you immediately set up a tension." Until recently, Evangelicals understood that tension to be mostly a matter of legal barriers to school prayer and snide comments in the larger culture. But Reccord now suggests that "you can see where somebody [like Ashbrook] with emotional problems could express it as anger."

Jerry Falwell, as usual, goes a step further. "Most hate crimes in America today are toward African-American or Jewish people or gays or lesbians," he claims. "They are directed at evangelical Christians." He blames Bill Clinton, Hillary Clinton and Janet Reno "for not responding as forcefully to crimes against Evangelicals as they have to other kinds of hate crime."

Evangelicals' perception of themselves as targets has not yet altered their traditional opposition to gun control. Franklin Graham, Billy's son and heir apparent to his organization, says the true problem lies in our sinful nature: "Cain didn't use a gun." Reccord muses, "I think Evangelicals may say there are some things that perhaps need to be addressed through gun control, that guns, or perhaps kinds of guns, can contribute to violence. But they are not the ultimate problem, nor are TV shows or video games. The ultimate problem is inside the heart." And so, Evangelicals believe, is the ultimate answer.

With reporting by
Hillary Hylton/Fort Worth and Emily Mitchell and
Flora Tartakovsky/New York

L.A. Confidential, for Real

Street cops accused of frame-ups in widening scandal

BY THE END OF LAST WEEK, THE SCANDAL swirling around the Los Angeles Police Department was being called the city's worst since the 1930s. But the bad cops of that era, who took bribes of French champagne from madams and cash from bootleggers and gamblers, almost seem like nostalgic Humphrey Bogart types compared with the officers who ruined the life of a 19-year-old kid named Javier Francisco Ovando.

In 1997 a judge sent Ovando to prison for 23 years after two anti-gang squad members, who had allegedly shot him multiple times, claimed he had threatened them with

gun after they shot him. (Authorities aren't speculating as to why the cops shot Ovando, although sources told the *Los Angeles Times* that officials are probing charges the officers stole from drug dealers.)

Some justice came for Ovando last week, as officials began unraveling a scandal that goes beyond him. On Thursday, at the unusual request of the deputy district attorney, a judge dismissed Ovando's case. Ovando returns to what is left of his life and the bittersweet joy of seeing his daughter for the first time. She was born while he was in jail.

To be sure, Ovando was no angel. Though he had no convictions prior to the

one in 1997, he was said to be a member of the 18th Street Gang. He also came to the U.S. illegally (and could be deported). As for Perez, the officer turning on his mates, his testimony will earn him a lighter sentence for stealing cocaine.

But if he's right, many others could go down. Police chief Bernard Parks has already relieved a dozen cops of duty, with pay. They all worked in the Rampart division, which handles a part of town heavily populated by immigrants. Durden was fired recently on charges (separate from the Ovando case) that he planted evidence and made a false arrest. Other cops are suspected of selling drugs, using excessive force or simply keeping the whole mess at Rampart quiet.

The worst disclosures may be to come. The *Los Angeles Times* reported last week that in 1996 nine Rampart officers took part in a shoot-out that left one suspected gang member dead and two people wounded. A review board said those shootings were justified, but now Perez says they were "dirty"; cops may have planted guns on those suspects as well. Federal authorities have joined the investigation, which could stretch to Las Vegas, where some Rampart officers may have partied with a fellow cop after he committed a bank robbery. "Sooner or later, the truth will come out," says Gloria Romero, grandmother of Ovando's daughter.

—By John Cloud, Reported by

James Willwerth/Los Angeles



THE MAN Ovando, inset, was paralyzed in his Rampart arrest

a rifle. L.A.P.D. partners Rafael Perez and Nino Durden had been working undercover in a vacant apartment in a building known as a gang hangout. They said they were forced to shoot Ovando when he burst in. Their story seemed a bit iffy—"He has a semi-automatic with a banana clip, yet they both manage to pull out their pistols and shoot?" asks Tamar Toister, who defended Ovando—but the testimony seemed persuasive, and a jury voted to convict. At sentencing, the judge noted that Ovando showed no remorse.

For good reason. Not only did the officers leave Ovando paralyzed for life, they also framed him, according to a new sworn statement from Perez. He also says Ovando wasn't armed and that officers planted the



ASSISTED SUICIDE A federal ban might deter doctors from treating pain aggressively

Painful Debate

Should Congress prohibit "right-to-die" measures?

T TOOK YEARS FOR OREGONIANS TO SETTLE the prickly question of whether doctors should be able to help people kill themselves. But a majority of the state's voters made clear—twice—that they favor physician-assisted suicides, at least in the limited cases of terminally ill people expected to live less than six months.

The initiatives that approved assisted suicide had all the messy attributes of democracy, including emotional debate and dumb ads, but the state has carried out the law with care. Oregon hasn't become a Hemlock Society convention—only 15 people committed suicide with a doctor's help last year—and other states are mulling similar laws.

Now Congress is hurrying to ruin the people's work. The House Judiciary Committee passed a bill last week that would essentially outlaw assisted suicides. The so-called Pain Relief Promotion Act sounds hilariously uncontroversial, but in fact it would send doctors to jail for life for prescribing controlled substances with the intent of hastening death. The bill now goes to the entire House. Oregon Democrat Ron Wyden has promised a filibuster in the Senate; the President has taken no stand.

Supporters, including Roman Catholic bishops and right-to-lifers, say the bill would reduce demand for assisted suicide by making clear that doctors can treat pain aggressively without being overly scrutinized; moreover, physicians wouldn't be prosecuted if they accidentally killed with huge doses of drugs. But foes, including patient advocates, say it would be too hard to determine if a death caused by painkillers was intentional or not. So cops will try into all cases. "If this bill is passed," says Dr. Nancy Crumpacker, a cancer specialist, "doctors will never again be able to treat suffering people without fear of punishment."

—By

John Cloud and Sally B. Donnelly



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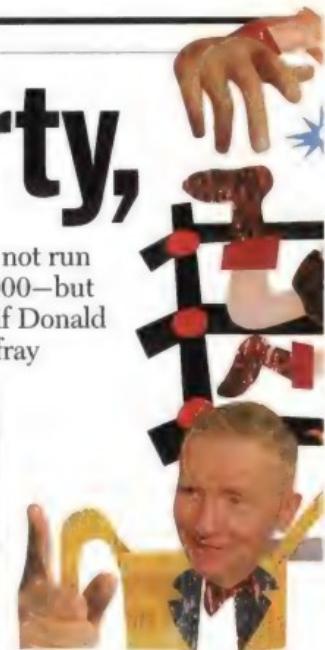
By MICHAEL DUFFY
and MATTHEW COOPER WASHINGTON

MAYBE THE MEETING AT THE Trump Plaza Hotel & Casino is not destined to be remembered along with Yalta and Potsdam as one of history's great summits. But back in 1988, at the World Wrestling Federation's Wrestlemania IV in Atlantic City, Donald Trump met Jesse ("the Body") Ventura. The real estate parvenu was impressed by the wrestler's sense of showmanship. The two remained casual acquaintances over the years—they became pen pals and talked about golf. Eleven years later, they find themselves soulmates: each would deny Patrick J. Buchanan the Reform Party's presidential nomination. Trump is eyeing the race and has ordered up an analysis

of the Reform Party's ballot-access rules.

Trump is not the only big name hovering at the party's edge. Buchanan, former Connecticut Governor Lowell Weicker, Ross Perot and Warren Beatty—each, along with Trump, has considered (casually, at least) a run. And why not? With more than \$12 million in federal matching funds and, perhaps, a chance to be in the presidential debates, the party's nomination is the stage for an angry voice. There's no ideological price of admission. The party, founded by Perot, welcomes earnest centrists eager for entitlement reform as well as anti-new world order conspiracists. So each potential candidate, from the hard left to hard right, can justifiably see it as terra firma.

If Trump wants it, then it's good news for George W. Bush. For months Bush has been worried about Buchanan's entering the race as a spoiler who would pull con-



servative votes from George W. the same way Perot stymied his dad. Indeed, a prominent G.O.P. source tells TIME that a Bush envoy visited Minneapolis recently and spoke to Ventura allies about the Re-

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO

PAT BUCHANAN

Foreign Policy From the Fringe



IN HIS NEW BOOK Pat Buchanan tells us what he would have done if he'd been President when Nazi Germany was waging war on England and France: Nothing. Adolf Hitler, he insists, was somewhat misunderstood. The Nazis only wanted to move east into Russia and Eastern Europe—which posed no threat to U.S. interests—until we got them all riled up. The Holocaust? A bad thing, certainly, but not the kind of problem

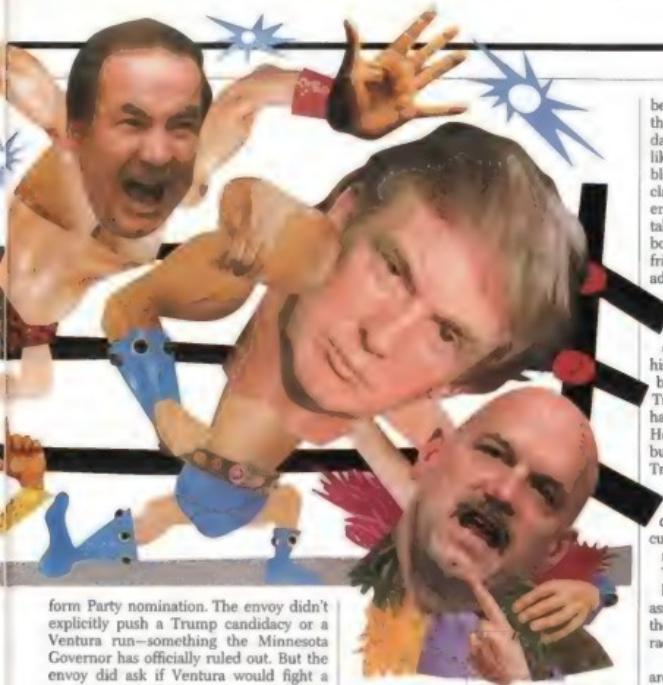
that should drag a nation into war.

The campaign book is a saccharine literary form—think of Jimmy Carter's *Why Not the Best?*—but Buchanan's new foreign policy monograph is every bit as vinegary as its author. It's also a stark reminder of just how far on the fringe of the American political spectrum he is. In *A Republic, Not an Empire*, Buchanan argues for an extreme isolationism that puts him at odds with everyone from Ronald Reagan conservatives to Edward Kennedy liberals. And along the way, he manages to deliver a flurry of jabs and body blows to his favorite punching bags: Jews, Hispanics, blacks, the media and large corporations. In this post-Vietnam age,

most Americans are wary of sending troops overseas. But Buchanan's opposition is sweeping. He is, of course, outraged by Clinton's Kosovo policies ("We have no vital interest in that blood-soaked peninsula..."). But he also attacks the Persian Gulf War, waged by Republican President Bush and backed by 80% of Americans. And the moral quandary of whether, as the world's only superpower, the U.S. has a duty to stop genocide is for Buchanan a no-brainer: unless vital interests like oil are involved, we should mind our own business and let those marked for death fend for themselves.

Along with isolationism, Buchanan dredges up another dark American political tradition: old-fashioned, immi-

grant-bashing nativism. While George W. Bush and other Republicans are courting the Hispanic vote, Buchanan warns that too many black- and brown-skinned people are entering the U.S. ("No nation has ever undergone so radical a demographic alteration and survived"). He lashes out at Jews as too influential (using the kind of rhetoric that led fellow Catholic conservative William Buckley to conclude, in a 1991 *National Review* article, that Buchanan was an anti-Semitic). But he also argues that Greek-Americans, African-Americans and other "hyphenates" are too outspoken on foreign policy—drowning out the white Anglo-Christian voices he sees as truly representative of his America. And who says



TIME last week, "When people talk about the insiders fixing the game, that's exactly what this says."

The Bushies like a Trump candidacy

form Party nomination. The envoy didn't explicitly push a Trump candidacy or a Ventura run—something the Minnesota Governor has officially ruled out. But the envoy did ask if Ventura would fight a Buchanan bid. The answer came back: he would welcome others in the race. (The Bush camp denies even sending an envoy.) Buchanan, of course, bristles at the idea of a Ventura-Trump-Bush alliance. He told

because they think it would pull votes from the Democrats. They may be right. Trump's database of his 6.5 million customers reads like a Democratic mailing list. "They are black, Hispanic, Catholic, white working-class and mostly male," said a Trump adviser. "They stay at our hotels. They play at our tables. They like his plane. They like his boat. They like his house. They like his girlfriends. They all love Trump." The source added, "The Reform Party becomes Gore's worst nightmare, instead of Bush's."

Trump's lobbyist in Washington, Roger Stone, is helping his client consider a race. Stone, known in G.O.P. circles for his dapper dress and libertarian leanings, began urging the Donald to run last spring. Trump wasn't interested. The developer had dabbled in politics at least once before: He spoke in New Hampshire in late 1987 but soon lost interest. Three weeks ago, Trump called Ventura, and the two talked politics. Ventura urged Trump to consider a run, pleading for a nonpolitical to carry the Reform Party flag. They discussed taxes, regulation and campaign-finance reform. Last week Ventura called Trump but did not commit to supporting him. After that call Trump asked Stone to assess how the New Yorker might fare under the ballot rules. "He is going to look at [the race] seriously," Stone told TIME.

What Trump will find is that the rules are complex. "This thing is like a giant calculus problem," Buchanan says. To become the Reform nominee, a candidate must essentially pass a two-part test. First, try to get on the ballot in some 30 states where the Reform Party is not slated al-

there are no new ideas in presidential politics? Buchanan lambastes Armenian-Americans for securing too much U.S. aid for the tiny Republic of Armenia.

—By Adam Cohen

DONALD TRUMP

He's the Dream, In Supersize



POLITICAL CANDIDATES spend millions of dollars on consultants who can sand off the rough edges, buff the family values and come up with a pretested set of nostrums designed to calm the party activists in Iowa and New Hamp-

shire. Follow the rules of the road—never brag, listen to your handlers, hope any controversial thing you ever wrote was pre-data-base, drop the idea that honesty is the best policy—and you might succeed. By these standards, Donald Trump will be the worst candidate in modern history. As the man once responsible for Georgia beauty Marla Maples' famous tabloid headline, *BEST SEX I EVER HAD*, Trump, who has a new book out in January, is used to breaking all the rules.

He gloats. He vamps. He prefers the game to the goal. Darwin is his muse: the Weak must fail. Every thought he has he blurts out. The theme of his book is that he embodies the American Dream—indeed he is the American dream—and he

never lets go of that idea. "You can see a long way from the Trump Tower. I'm having fun making great deals, and I'm living the American Dream." When he's not having fun, he's a wall of worry that the American Dream could turn into a nightmare. "View [the American Dream] another way—toward the future—and I can see thunder and lightning. And I'm not the only one." What's it going to take to save the Dream? He's glad you asked. The answer is, A straight shooter. "Straight shooters are going to rule tomorrow ... I'm going to shoot straight about foreign threats and I'm going to talk plain about the economy and social issues. My bottom line is: If a policy threatens the Dream, we need to go after it."

Back from the brink of bankruptcy, Trump speaks as the world's most successful real estate developer who can save the economy when it crashes and protect us from terrorism. But, alas, in some places the potential candidate goes all focus-group. He promises his version of a chicken in every pot: "I'm going to do everything I can to see that regular Americans can fly as high as their wings will take them." That would be a seductive idea if we could all soar as high as the Donald, who can hop on his private jet and deplane in Palm Beach for his Mar-a-Lago estate. Let's go along for the ride anyway. It'll be nice and bumpy.

—By Margaret Carlson

ready. If a candidate can get on enough ballots, then he's eligible for a national primary—an open-door affair in which any eligible voter who requests a Reform ballot can participate. On paper, at least, the rules are fair. But there's still room for mischief. Republicans or Democrats can sabotage the Reform Party's primary, flooding it with ballots in an effort to nominate someone who would most hurt their opponent.

Who might prevail in the Reform Party's superboult is anyone's guess. Conventional wisdom says that while Buchanan's hawkishness on trade helps get him in the door, he may have trouble explaining to libertarian-minded reformers why he opposes abortion. But conventional wisdom may not apply in Reformland. After all, Ventura has managed to become the party's leading officeholder while being a free trader—something that puts him at odds with a central tenet of the party's platform. Although the winner remains uncertain, so do the candidates. Beatty is said to favor running for the Democratic nomination; Weicker will decide in the next few weeks, but he told TIME, "There's so much on my agenda"; Perot has stepped back for now, yet no one can predict the moves of the mercurial Texan. Teamsters boss James P. Hoffa is thinking about the Veep spot on the Reform ticket, but will not run for President. That leaves Buchanan and Trump.

What would Trump get from a race? He furnishes his brand name and, like Buchanan, he's peddling a book—*The America We Deserve*—due out in January. What does Ventura get out of a Trump bid? The former wrestler objects to Buchanan's social-policy views and may run on the Reform ticket in 2004. Trump is a perfect placeholder. And Ventura genuinely admires Trump. As one Ventura pal puts it, "They're both entrepreneurs who've had wild lives and believe in living their life as an open book. Their views are simpatico." Indeed, Ventura recently snickered that the liberal Beatty should run for President of the "United Socialist States of America." And he touted Trump. "I like what he has to say," Ventura has told friends.

Of course, Trump's odds of being President are akin to hitting the jackpot on two of his slots simultaneously. His finances make the Clintons' look simple; his women outnumber the President's. But third parties aren't really about winning. They're about changing the electoral debate—and influencing who wins in the end. That's why even Bush backers who joke privately about Trump ("He doesn't want to live in the White House; he wants to *develop* it") are relishing his possible appearance in politics. "We love this. We just love it."

With reporting by

James Carney/Washington



Bill Gives Big

Mr. Microsoft will send 20,000 minority students to college

THE HIGH-TECH INDUSTRY THAT'S MAKING people rich and fueling America's great economic surge is often criticized for the low numbers of minorities in its booming work force. All told, African Americans constitute only 7.2% of the nation's computer scientists, Hispanics, only 3.6%. Part of the reason, as Microsoft chairman Bill Gates can tell you, is that there are too few minorities with the education to fill those jobs. Gates and his wife Melinda addressed that problem last week, when they announced that their foundation will make the largest academic donation ever: \$1 billion, which will be distributed over the next 20 years to pay the full tab each year for about 1,000 black, Hispanic, Native American and Asian students seeking degrees in engineering, mathematics, science and education.

"It's clearly the largest gift of its type," says William Gray III, president of the United Negro College Fund, which along with the Hispanic Scholarship Fund and the American Indian College Fund will help distribute the largesse.

LARGESSE Bill and Melinda can't give it away fast enough

To qualify for the Gates Millennium Scholars Program, applicants must maintain a 3.3 grade-point average, write a 500-word essay explaining their career goals and demonstrate economic need. Once selected, students will receive annual funding through graduate school as long as they maintain a cumulative 3.0 grade-point average.

Gates and his wife decided to launch the program after Gray took them on a tour of schools and libraries in Alabama. "They saw the needs facing minority students," says Patty Stoenesifer, co-chair of the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. "The No. 1 issue time and time again was cost."

Black and Hispanic leaders acknowledge that the Gates billion is a big step that will address racial inequities in the math and sciences, but they say more has to be done to prepare students before they even apply. Too few minority high-school kids take science prerequisites, such as calculus and trigonometry, that colleges look for in applicants. Stoenesifer does not disagree. "This certainly is not going to close the gap and solve all the problems," she admits, "but it will have a direct impact on 20,000 students."

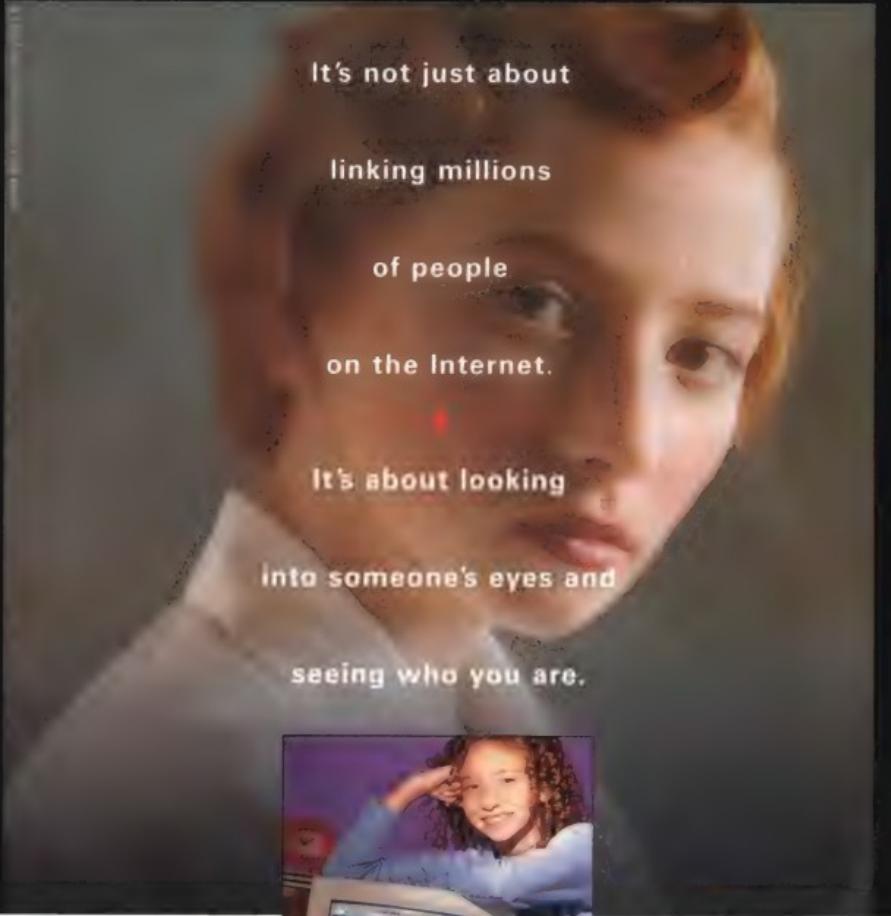
Three years ago, Gates, the richest man in the world with a net worth of \$90 billion, was chided by Time Warner vice chairman Ted Turner and others for not giving away enough of his money. Since then, the Gates Foundation has pledged \$4 billion to various causes.

It has not gone unnoticed that Gates' spate of generosity coincides with the government's antitrust trial against Microsoft, which has not gone well for his company. But by encouraging a more diverse flow of talent into the high-tech workforce, Gates will be helping all tech companies, including Microsoft.

—By Elaine Rivera

Other Major Donors to Minority Education

DONOR	AMOUNT	CAUSE
Lilly Endowment	\$92 million	Hispanic Scholarship Fund and the United Negro College Fund
W.K. Kellogg Foundation (#1)	\$58 million	Higher education for Hispanic and Native American students
Annenberg Foundation (#2)	\$53 million	\$1 million to Louisiana's Xavier Univ.; rest to United Negro College Fund
DeWitt Wallace Fund	\$37 million	Landmark gift to Spelman College for scholarships and programs
Bill and Camille Cosby (#3)	\$20 million	The Camille Olivia Hanks Cosby Academic Center at Spelman College



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NATION

REALIST The Bush guru prefers big-power diplomacy over ideal-driven interventions of Stanford University, is in line to become, if Bush wins, either National Security Adviser, Secretary of State or Secretary of Defense. She would be destined to be—not only because of her race and gender but also because of her wit and spark—a politico-celebrity superstar. "She doesn't seem to try to push herself forward in any particular way," says former Secretary of State George Shultz, who is also advising Bush. "But she has such a level of capability ... that she winds up getting asked to do all sorts of things."

For now, her task is to shape the Bush position on Russia—an area where the campaign hopes to score points against Al Gore. In an interview with TIME last week, Rice chided the Clinton Administration for continuing to support economic assistance to the Russian government despite widespread evidence of graft. "The last thing you wanted to do was accept the rhetoric of reform ... when there's no evidence that the Russians were undertaking any of the difficult steps," she said. And Rice seared the Administration for its coziness with Boris Yeltsin and for allowing its agenda to become "synonymous with the agenda of the President of Russia."

Her approach to Russia reflects the pragmatic realism of the Bush team's world view. In interviews, Rice has gently criticized Secretary of State Madeleine Albright for her triumphalist—"Carrying power quietly is sometimes a good thing," Rice says—and expressed disquiet at seeing the U.S. military mobilized for far-flung humanitarian interventions. Her discomfort with the moralistic rationales for sending troops into Kosovo was reflected in Governor Bush's waffly initial statements. Once the decision to intervene was made, she and Bush supported it but felt it should have been carried out more forcefully. On the use of force, she says Bush will differ from the current Administration "not just on when to use it, but how."

And yet Rice's differences with the Democrats are

Condi Rice Can't Lose

George W. Bush's foreign-policy adviser is a future superstar. But can she save Bush from himself?

By ROMESH RATNESAR

THE SEAS WERE ANGRY, AND EUROPEAN communism was in the throes of collapse. It was December 1989, and George Bush had arrived for a summit with Mikhail Gorbachev on the stormy waters off Malta in the Mediterranean. He introduced the Soviet President to his advisers, stopping near a reed-thin, 35-year-old African-American woman. "This is Condoleezza Rice," Bush told Gorbachev. "She tells me everything I know about the Soviet Union." Gorbachev looked her over-startled, in that setting, by the adviser's race, gender and youth. "I hope you know a lot," he said.

She did. As a staff member of the National Security Council and then as special assistant to the President, Rice helped craft the strategy that brought the cold war to its peaceful end. Now supporters of

George W. Bush are repeating Gorbachev's hope. Since bumbling through an embarrassing round of malapropisms and misstatements that raised questions about his ability to lead the world, Bush has turned to a coterie of foreign policy wonks to help mold his views on international affairs (and teach him the difference between Slovakia and Slovenia). This week Bush will get his first chance to show off what he has learned, when he delivers a speech outlining his plan to revitalize the U.S. military. But he is still dependent on his team of advisers. Foremost among them, as both confidant and spokesperson, is the 44-year-old Condi Rice.

Rice, formerly provost

THE RICE FILE

BORN Nov. 14, 1954, in Birmingham, Ala.
EDUCATION B.A., Ph.D., University of Denver; studied under Josef Korbel, Madeleine Albright's father
CAREER HIGHLIGHTS NSC staff member under George Bush; special assistant to the President; provost of Stanford University
Hobbies Practicing the piano; watching football



ONLY CHILD The young Rice with her parents

not rooted in a great ideological clash. The members of the Bush foreign policy brain trust—all of whom worked in the Reagan or Bush White House—belong to a generation that came of age in the twilight of communism. Rice has been a fixture at confabs of the foreign policy establishment, such as the Aspen Institute, where last month she and her Bush Administration mentor Brent Scowcroft engaged in typically elevated and polite debate with Democratic stalwarts such as Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbot. Rice believes U.S.-Russia relations should be reoriented to focus on security issues like nuclear disarmament rather than political and economic reform; the Administration is already moving in that direction. Although she would halt talk of Russia as a strategic partner, she doesn't seek confrontation. "Sometimes Russia's interests will conflict with ours, and sometimes they will coincide," she says. Nor does she engage in who-lost-Russia attacks. "Russia hasn't been lost."

Indeed, her bipartisan tone leads one former Bush official to note that Rice could have ended up working for a Democratic administration. But Rice would rather see her beloved Stanford football team lose than work for a Democrat. By both upbringing and philosophy, she is a committed Republican realist in the tradition of Kissinger, Scowcroft and Colin Powell. Rice's father, a university administrator, joined the G.O.P. in 1952, at a time when Dixiecrats still ruled the South. In 1960 the six-year-old Rice went into a voting booth and instructed her mother to "pull the elephant." Her mother listened.

Growing up in segregated Birmingham, she recalls hardly knowing that white people existed. Then, in 1963, her friend Denise McNair was killed in the church bombing that helped ignite the civil rights movement. The family moved out of Alabama, eventually relocating to Denver. But living under Jim Crow instilled in Rice an astonishing resilience. "I came out of that not bitter but with a sense of entitlement," she says, "to do whatever I wanted to do, to be whoever I wanted to be."

For most of her youth, she wanted to be a concert pianist; she still practices for an hour a day and gives recitals on the Stanford campus. But after entering the University of Denver at age 15 (she skipped two grades in school), her professional music prospects dimmed, and she began

to feel "an inexplicable pull toward the study of Russia and communism and Eastern Europe."

Her mentor at Denver was the Czech refugee Josef Korbel, Madeleine Albright's father. This coincidence serves to highlight her differences with Albright, who has become the foremost proponent of an ideal-driven foreign policy. While Rice says that in foreign policy "America's values are extremely important," she hews closer to the tradition of Korbel and other realists, such as Hans Morgenthau, who place greater weight on defending strategic interests and tending to the balance of power.

In 1981, before she had even completed her Ph.D., she was offered a professorship



W'S EDUCATION has been gradual, but Rice says he gets "a twinkle in his eye" when he talks foreign affairs

at Stanford. Scowcroft met her in 1986, at a dreary dinner with various foreign policy graybeards. "Here was this young slip of a girl who would speak up unabashedly," he told TIME. "I determined to get to know her." After he was named Bush's NSC adviser, he placed one of his first recruiting calls to Rice.

She mesmerizes colleagues with a mixture of soft-spoken gentility and effusive warmth. But beneath that lies a steely determination. "The roadside is littered with the bodies of those who have underestimated Condi," says Stanford political scientist Coit Blacker, a close friend. Former CIA chief Robert Gates recalls Rice's accosting a Treasury Department official who tried to undermine her authority. "With a smile on her face she sliced and diced him," Gates says. "He was a walking dead man after that." During her bravura six-year tenure as Stanford provost, her aversion to identity politics at times unsettled some faculty and

students. Once, when an African-American student complained that Rice was inattentive to campus minorities, she shot back. "You don't have the standing to question my commitment," she said. "I've been black all my life."

Friends say Rice has no burning desire to return to Washington. "She doesn't have to be Secretary of Defense to be happy," Blacker says. That contentment is a product of her faith: a devout Presbyterian, Rice told White House staff members not to page her during Sunday churchgoing hours. "She is ambitious," says Stanford professor Steve Krasner, a close friend. "But she is also a very religious person who believes there is an element of fate beyond her control."

Her advisory role with the younger Bush began when both were vacationing at his father's compound in Kennebunkport, Me., last summer. His education as a statesman has been gradual: initially the priority was simply "to come to terms with who he was in foreign policy." Robert Zoellick, another adviser, says that when he has sent Bush briefing papers, the Governor "wouldn't spend time on the outline. He would go straight to the questions and answers. It's a very interactive style." But even while trying to cast the best light on her pupil

last week, Rice could not escape making the tutelage sessions sound somewhat remedial. "If I were sitting down across from the Premier of China," Bush would ask members of his team, "what would be the three top things I would focus on with that Premier?"

Rice dismisses the ridicule of Bush's slips—his referring to the people of Kosovo as Kosovians, or Greeks as Grecians—as a "parlor game" played by élites. "Governor Bush has not spent the last 10 years of his life at Council on Foreign Relations meetings," she says. "He's spent the last 10 years of his life building a business and being Governor of a state." And, she says, "the presidency is not just the President. It's a whole team of people who are going to get things done." But as another quick study from Texas, Lyndon Johnson, once learned, a President will have to do more than scurry to advisers whenever questions about America's interventions in the world arise. One of Rice's big challenges now is to help Bush show that he can answer them on his own.

—With reporting by James Carney and Douglas Waller/Washington

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RUSSIA'S RUBL

By JOHANNA MCGEARY

NATASHA GURFINKEL HAD MOXIE. Nothing if not aggressive as a senior vice president in charge of the Bank of New York's East European division, the Russian-born, Princeton-educated businesswoman charmed and cajoled, wined and dined her way to the forefront of the correspondent banking business in the heady days of Russia's breakaway from communism. Muscling out American rivals through her web of Moscow connections, she turned the Bank of New York into the biggest U.S. servicer of Russian accounts, moving along the flood tide of cash rolling out of the ebullient new economy

in return for lucrative bank fees. When she wanted to snatch the business of the rich Moscow-based Inkombank away from Republic National Bank in 1992, says Emanuel Zeltser, a lawyer who worked for the Russian outfit, "Natasha said the Bank of New York would not be so inquisitive" about Inkombank's massive money transfers through New York to obscure offshore companies. "This is how she got a lot of the Russian banks to do business with her," he says. "It was an open secret over there."

On April 23, 1996, under the letterhead of the venerable bank founded by Alexander Hamilton, which made the very first loan to the fledgling U.S. government in the 1780s, Gurfinkel wrote a fulsome letter to Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan, urging the Fed to let Inkombank open a representative office in the U.S. Never mind that 14 months earlier some of the bank's largest shareholders had filed suit charging Inkombank with outright theft of \$40 million in capital. Or that just a month before, the Russian central bank

had issued a harshly critical audit of Inkombank irregularities.

Inkombank never got the license. But it was not until Republic National Bank turned the tables on Gurfinkel by filing a suspicious-transactions report on the extraordinary Russian cash flows through its bank to the Bank of New York in the summer of 1998 that anyone at Hamilton's respected house paid attention to what was going on. And it was not until last month, when the *New York Times* reported that an investigation was in progress, that the U.S. woke up to some ugly truths about Russia. With the bank's cooperation, the Feds are on the trail of at least \$4.2 billion that may have flowed through these accounts.

The Bank of New York irregularity is only one on a list of scandals, involving alleged money laundering, mob operations and corruption in high places, that are suddenly in the spotlight. The stories are old news in Moscow, where the highway robbery that has stripped the country of assets and enriched a handful of cronies capi-

talists has been going on ever since "reform" arrived in 1991. An impoverished, disillusioned populace long ago lost its capacity for outrage. With bombs exploding around their country, looming war in the Caucasus and rumors of a political crisis to worry about, Russians have written off the money scandals as dirty business as usual. But in the U.S. the corruption seems to symbolize reform gone wrong, a wholesale failure of Russia to transform itself into a working free-market democracy. And as the partisan Campaign 2000 machinery in Washington revs up, what better rallying cry for challengers than "Who lost Russia?"

So get ready for a spell of demagoguery. The question is both wrong and arrogant—Russia was never ours to lose—and the real issue is what to do now. But it's already a pundit's dream topic, since it's more fun to lay blame than confront facts and complexity. The "Who lost" phrase is custom cut for G.O.P. presidential contenders to score points against Democratic candidate Al Gore, tagging him as the front man in the Clinton Administration's "failed policy." Capitol Hill is aboil with hearings, beginning this week, aimed at flogging the Administration for everything that's gone wrong in Russia. And the Clinton folks are fighting back with high-spin verbiage, casting the debate as a stark choice between helping Russia and abandoning it, and shifting the focus to another emotional campaign sound bite: "We're safer now, aren't we?"

THE SCANDALS

A NUMBER OF CASES WITH OBSCURE NAMES like Benex and Mabetex are under investigation in Russia, Switzerland and the U.S. They're not connected, but taken together they seem to illustrate the remarkable variety of ways in which Russia was looted. Most so far involve sparse, unproven allegations, and it will take years before anyone knows whether any laws were broken and by whom. All the individuals whose names have surfaced deny any wrongdoing.

The scandal that set off Washington's alarms was the one that touched

THE SHAKEDOWN

home at the Bank of New York. Federal agents were tipped off in August 1998 that unusually large amounts of money were zooming through the bank from Russian sources. Over the next 11 months, with the bank's cooperation, the Feds watched while at least \$4.2 billion passed through several accounts, notably belonging to a mysterious British company called Benex Worldwide, then out to a confusing array of other banks and companies.

The Feds suspect that Benex served as a conduit for capital fleeing Russia, either legitimate or criminal profits, and want to know whether U.S. banks facilitated foreign theft. When the Republic National Bank sent an investigator out to an address in Queens that some of the Benex funds had been wired to, it found nothing there at all. "We have a company that exists only to collect dollars from Russia for transmission elsewhere," says an investigator. "Who the hell knows who's on the other end of the line?"

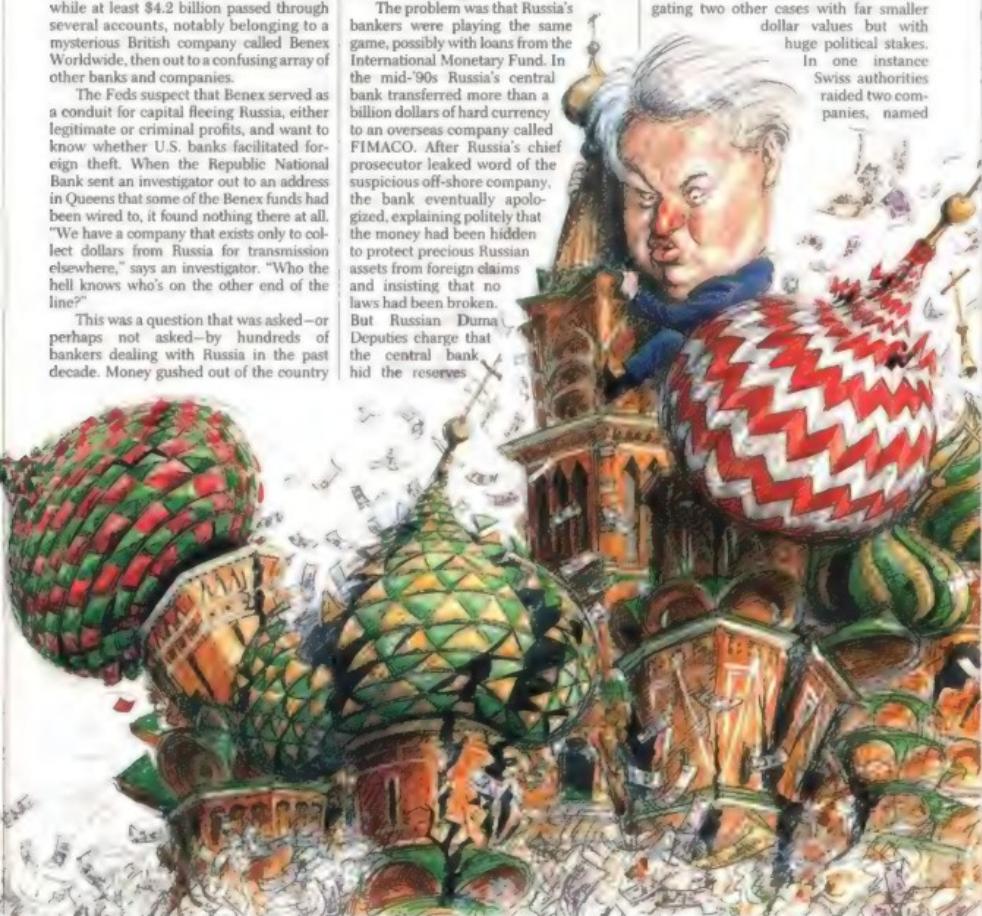
This was a question that was asked—or perhaps not asked—by hundreds of bankers dealing with Russia in the past decade. Money gushed out of the country

for accounts unknown. But it is hard for investigators—to say nothing of politicians—to make a distinction between who was actively helping the Russians rob their economy and who was simply practicing don't-ask banking.

The problem was that Russia's bankers were playing the same game, possibly with loans from the International Monetary Fund. In the mid-'90s Russia's central bank transferred more than a billion dollars of hard currency to an overseas company called FIMACO. After Russia's chief prosecutor leaked word of the suspicious off-shore company, the bank eventually apologized, explaining politely that the money had been hidden to protect precious Russian assets from foreign claims and insisting that no laws had been broken. But Russian Duma Deputies charge that the central bank hid the reserves

to lure more cash from the IMF. The IMF has so far uncovered no evidence of illegal diversion of its loans, but is now looking hard at how Russia has managed the entire \$21 billion it has been lent since 1991.

Swiss and Russian officials are investigating two other cases with far smaller dollar values but with huge political stakes. In one instance Swiss authorities raided two companies, named



Andava and Forus. They were allegedly used by Boris Berezovsky—one of Russia's richest titans and an intimate of Yeltsin who helped bankroll his 1996 re-election, and reputedly handles the Yeltsin family finances—to misappropriate hard-currency receipts diverted from the Russian airline Aeroflot. In the other instance a Swiss-based construction company called Mabetex allegedly paid bribes to government officials, notably Pavel Borodin, another Yeltsin intimate and manager of the Kremlin's vast properties, to win lucrative renovation contracts. One witness has told Swiss authorities he saw credit-card receipts for personal purchases made by Yeltsin and his daughters paid by Mabetex. Yeltsin, Borodin, Benex and Mabetex all deny the accusations. And the Russian President even repeated his denial two weeks ago directly to Clinton.

WHO ROBBED WHOM?

AMERICANS NATURALLY FEEL OUTRAGED AT crime and corruption, but never more so than when these acts seem to undermine our best intentions. We wanted to help Russians build a government, society and economy just like ours, but we don't like to feel swindled in the process. And we don't like it when their crooks use our banks to do it.

What gives the scandals political resonance here is the way they refract the shock that our own effort to stage-manage Russia's successful transformation might have failed. The expectation of quick and miraculous success was naive when applied to a country with a scant history of capitalism, no experience with democracy, and no tradition of the rule of law. Whatever Washington did was a crapshoot. Russians have always cheated the system to survive or thrive, first the Czars, then the Party, now the elected government. Men

GEAR HUG:
Gore, who
drew in
Chernomyrdin,
may pay a
political price.

who were once at home in the old regime hold power in the new, leaving little ground for reform to take root. Since the whole economy collapsed in August 1998, Russian politicians have been more interested in whom to blame than how to get out of the mess.

That may explain why there are virtually no pro-West candidates in the running to replace Yeltsin when a new President is elected in what everyone hopes will be the first-ever peaceful transfer of power next June. The scandals are potent political fodder not only because they discredit Yeltsin but also because they fit into a popular Russian myth that the U.S. somehow engineered the country's woes. As eager as Russians are to blame their own tainted leaders, they also point an accusatory finger at Washington for their failures.

The scandals are only tangentially about what Russia might have stolen from the West. Most of the billions looted or laundered belonged to Russia. The real victims have been the millions of Russian workers and pensioners who are often paid late by a government without the cash to function. The most chilling consequence of that for Americans is not financial but psychological. When Russia repudiated communism in 1991, Western values enjoyed immense admiration and influence. That has vanished as millions of Russians have

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN: FOUR SCANDALS

1. The Bank of New York

WHAT'S ALLEGED In perhaps the biggest money-laundering case in U.S. history, federal investigators claim billions of dirty Russian dollars may have flowed through BNY accounts.

WHO'S INVOLVED The heart of the case is the lucrative and complex relationship between BNY and numerous Russian companies and banks. BNY is looking into the allegations and has fired one officer and suspended another.

MONEY INVOLVED \$4.2 billion



2. Aeroflot

WHAT'S ALLEGED Large amounts of Aeroflot's hard currency were misappropriated by Andava and Forus, two Swiss-based firms that ostensibly provided the airline with financial services.

WHO'S INVOLVED Boris Berezovsky, a Russian businessman and close Yeltsin associate, founded both firms. He and a key Aeroflot executive allegedly diverted millions of the airlines' dollars to overseas accounts. Both men insist they are innocent. Given the politics that often shape prosecution in Russia, the world may never know for sure.

MONEY INVOLVED \$200 million plus



learned to equate reform with corruption and free markets with theft and misery. The hostility to the U.S. that has built up is genuine and pervasive.

There is much to debate about what the U.S. did well or poorly to encourage Russia's transformation. The Clinton Administration hurt itself by steadfastly overlooking Russia's failures. Officials complained privately to Moscow from time to time about rampant corruption, but to listen to them now you'd think it had been at the top of their list for years. Suddenly they are trumpeting Clinton's stern warning recently to the latest Russian Prime Minister that corruption "could eat the heart out of Russian society." Last week Secretary of State Madeleine Albright acknowledged that the "Herculean task" of transforming Russia has not been "fully achieved."

Al Gore had hoped his work on Russia would serve as Exhibit A in proving his readiness to step into the President's job. Now it makes him accountable for the Administration's decisions. He will face questions about where the money that he helped pump into Moscow actually went and about his friendship with Viktor Chernomyrdin while the former Prime Minister was suspected of stashing away millions. Administration officials concede that they underestimated the groundswell of corruption that came with Russian privatization. They had plenty of intelligence about the kleptocratic shenanigans, but didn't want to let it derail more important business like nuclear security

How to Wash a Billion Dollars

HOW DID MONEY LEAVE RUSSIA IN such large quantities? Some of it disappeared when investors got spooked and liquidated bank deposits and moved investment capital from Russia to the West. But a sizable portion of it was laundered, a broad term for converting ill-gotten funds into money that looks legitimate. It often works like the archetypal Mob-owned restaurant that commingles extortion money with its cash receipts, depositing them at the bank as legitimate earnings. The object: to make a crime look like a normal transaction.

Russian banks were especially adept at this. One popular technique was to make a loan to an offshore shell company secretly controlled by bank officers. The company would "invest" this money in another offshore company that was controlled by the same bankers, and would subsequently default on its loan. The company holding

the "invested" money would then whiz it through more banks to completely muddy the trail. Meanwhile, the promissory notes of the defaulting company would be assigned to a third company, which would allow the original bank to carry the loan on its books even though the money was long gone.

Still another tactic involved "tolling." Here theft from a government-owned company would occur when natural resources were sold at below-market prices to a middleman, often controlled by the same people who were selling the goods. The middleman would sell the goods at a higher price, pocketing the difference. That money could be moved through a chain of offshore accounts and then, its origins thoroughly disguised, into the account of a large, respectable bank. This was how much of Russia's natural-resource economy was looted.

and preventing any rollback to communism. It all has the smell of political red meat. Except when you ask the Republicans what they would do differently, the answer is: not much. They offer no fresh ideas, just stricter oversight of loans, more criticism of bad behavior, greater caution toward leaders. No one, not even firebrand Jesse Helms, who is about to launch Senate hearings, would stop all aid or cut Russia adrift.

Candidates like George W. Bush don't disagree with the basic notion of engaging Russia either, so he's left to look for traction with the mushy "I'd manage it better" argument. Even the most skeptical voter can see that it is not in the national interest to let Russia fail and that the U.S. has nothing to gain by abandoning the great, unfinished experiment in reform now. Then Russia might really be lost. —Reported by S.C. Gwynne/New York, Massimo Calabresi and Douglas Waller/Washington and Andrew Muir, Paul Quinn-Judge and Yuri Zarakhovich/Moscow



3. Mabetex

WHAT'S ALLEGED Russian investigators claim the Swiss firm bribed officials to get extensive building and refurbishing work in the Kremlin.
WHO'S INVOLVED Of all the scandals, this is the one that seems to come closest to Yeltsin and his family. Investigators say Yeltsin and his daughters Yelena Okulova and Tatyana Dyachenko each received credit cards from Mabetex, which they then used for personal purchases—a kind of indirect bribery, since Mabetex allegedly paid the bills. A representative for the President denies this.

MONEY INVOLVED \$600,000 to \$800,000

4. Russian Central Bank

WHAT'S ALLEGED Senior bank staff members set up a secret offshore company, FIMACO, allegedly to hide reserves from the IMF in order to get more loans.

WHO'S INVOLVED Russian officials admit that FIMACO sheltered billions of dollars in reserves. Why? Russian politicians charge that bank higher-ups used the money to turn personal profits. But Sergei Dubinin, former central-bank head, argues that the unusual transfers were patriotic, intended to protect the state's dwindling coffers from foreign claims.

MONEY INVOLVED \$5–8 billion



How We Spied on You

Aged spooks gather in Berlin to trade gibes and tales about the golden era of cold war espionage

By CHARLES P. WALLACE BERLIN

HUGH MONTGOMERY COULDN'T RESIST the instincts born of a lifetime spent in the service of the Central Intelligence Agency. Finding himself in the inner sanctum of his former nemesis, Erich Mielke, the Minister of State Security in the defunct East German government, Montgomery covertly flipped up the lid of Mielke's typewriter with practiced expertise and gave the ribbon a quick once-over for latent images. No wonder they called him the spy's spy. A veteran of the CIA's Berlin operations base, Montgomery deftly vaulted over a guard rope, spun around in Mielke's chair with schoolboy glee and ransacked the barren safe. "It's nice to find the seat empty," he said.

It was a triumphal moment for Montgomery, a jowly 75-year-old who was surrounded by fellow veterans of the cold war for a sightseeing tour of Stasi, East Germany's spy agency. The unusual trip through the espionage landmarks of Berlin was part of a conference, "On the Front Lines of the Cold War," sponsored by the CIA's Center for the Study of Intelligence and the Allied Museum in Berlin. "You can't tell the history of the past 50 years in Berlin without the help of intelligence agencies," says Helmut Trotzow, director of the museum.

While the CIA agreed to help declassify documents and gave permission for former agents to speak at the meeting, the main Russian contribution came from Oleg Kalugin, a former major general of the KGB, the Soviet Union's intelligence service, who, because he has broken ranks with his

former bosses, brought only his memories. Adding a patina of covert authenticity, the bulk of the conference took place at Teufelsberg, a once secret complex built on an artificial mountain in a forest near the outskirts of West Berlin. Surrounded by the eerie globes of eavesdropping radio antennas, Teufelsberg was a huge cold war spy station. (These days it's in the hands of local developers, who are hoping to build a spy-themed hotel on the site.)

The old spies gathered with little malice and, if one looked closely, a hint of warmth. Montgomery recalled the early 1950s as the "golden age of human espionage in Berlin." Peter Sichel, a CIA station chief, noted that the more information the spies produced, the more their bosses wanted. "Demand just kept growing," Sichel said. One of the early CIA exploits was Operation Gold, an ingenious tunnel under East Berlin that was used to tap Soviet telephone lines. Unknown to the CIA at the time, however, George Blake, a Russian mole in the British secret service, revealed plans for the tunnel to Moscow Center even before it was built. Blithely, the Soviets waited a year to fill it in, to help protect Blake's identity.

The Americans emphasized the superiority of their technical-intelligence gathering, from both U-2 overflights of the Soviet Union and early

satellite surveillance disguised as a weather-monitoring program. The Russians asserted a huge advantage in human intelligence, with Kalugin claiming that 200 Russian agents had penetrated virtually all branches of the U.S. government by 1948. As one ex-CIA agent joked, all those conspiracy theories of the 1950s turned out to be true after all.

COMING IN FROM THE COLD

Kalugin The KGB
was a better
recruiter of well-
placed traitors

Montgomery But
the CIA always
had the sneaker
eavesdroppers



PHOTO BY JEFFREY L. HARRIS FOR TIME

A Real Le Carré

THE TALE OF MALEVOLENT spymasters, intricate tradecraft and cold-eyed betrayal reads like a John le Carré novel. But *The Sword and the Shield* (Basic Books) has the added twist of being a work of nonfiction, and last week its publication revealed secrets about the KGB's long-secret war against the West that made headlines around the world.

In Bexleyheath, south London, an 87-year-old great-grandmother, Melita Norwood, confirmed that yes, as the book charges, she stole atomic secrets for Moscow for more than 40 years. Authorities in Western Europe and the U.S. learned that the KGB had easily intercepted revealing faxes from major defense firms and buried booby-trapped caches of arms, radios and uniforms to help saboteurs. In Paris, *Le Monde* followed up with a story charging that the current Socialist Party leader in the Senate, Claude Estier, worked secretly for the Soviet bloc starting in 1956. Estier called it a "tissue of nonsense."

The source of the storm is Vasili Mitrokhin, 77, who in 1972 was the officer in charge of checking, sealing and moving to a new headquarters 300,000 files kept by the KGB's foreign intelligence service. Disillusioned by the 1968 Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, he set about copying in long-hand the highly sensitive files in his care and stuffing his notes in metal cases beneath his dacha. By his retirement in 1984 he had a trove of the KGB's deepest secrets, including agent names and accounts of assassinations and covert actions. In 1992 he arranged for British intelligence to whisk him, his family and his trunks of paper to safety. Spy hunters and prosecutors got first crack at the papers, and according to Mitrokhin's co-author, Cambridge University historian Christopher Andrew, a dozen probes of old spies are still active. Mitrokhin wanted to publish his files to reveal to the world the paranoia, cynicism and abuse endemic in Soviet power—the ultimate dissent from a system that died because it could not accept any. —By J.F.O. McAllister/London



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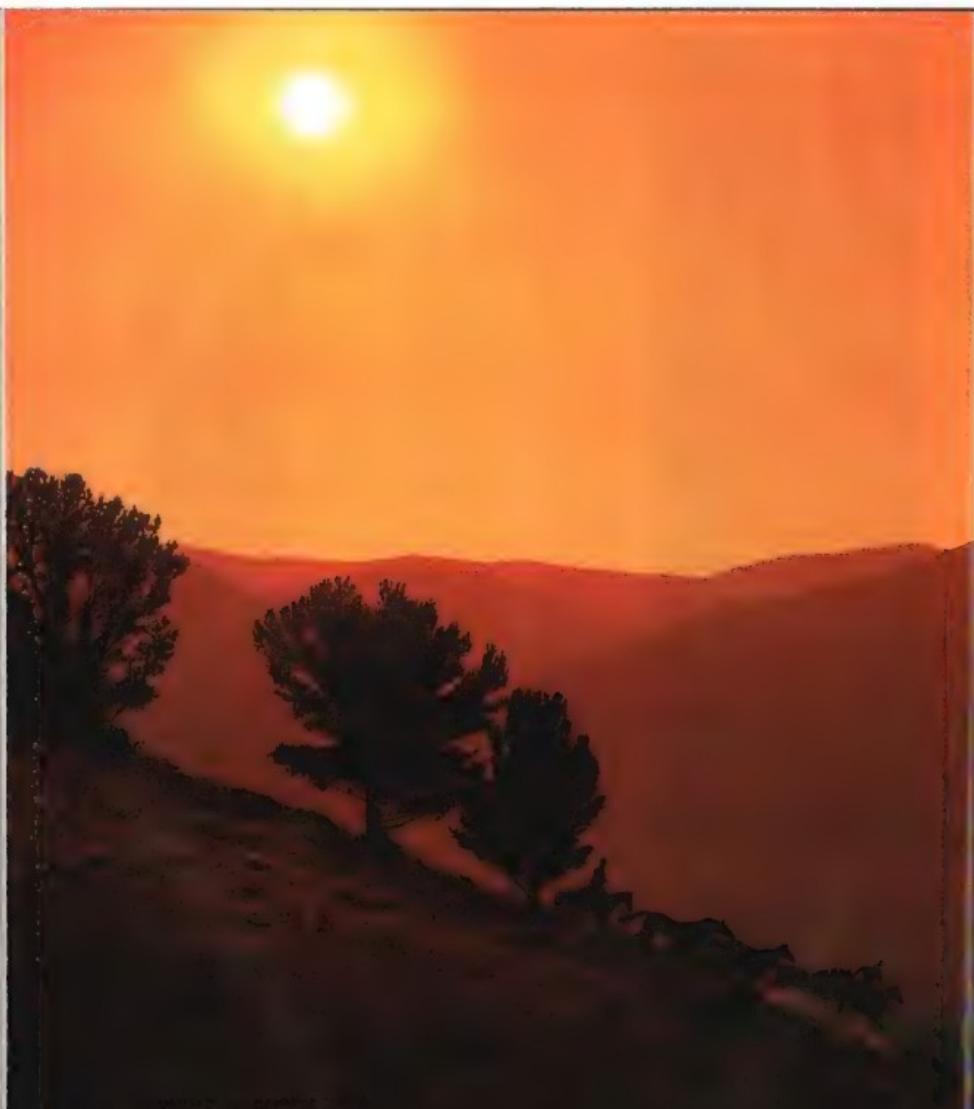
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HERE COME PVRs IS NETWORK TV DOOMED?

Personal video recorders that allow ad-free viewing could change broadcasting

By JAMES PONIEWOZIK

HOW MUCH WOULD YOU PAY NEVER to see another talking frog or battery-powered bunny again? To program your own all-Luke Perry channel? To add impromptu bathroom breaks to live broadcasts? Replay Networks and TiVo, creators of new digital-TV recording devices, are popping the question, working to persuade you to add yet another cube to the towering ziggurat of entertainment—cable box, VCR, DVD and video-game player—on your TV table. They say their new gadgets could just change TV itself in the process, a possibility that has the networks more than a little nervous. Lawyers have been summoned.

Personal video recorders, or PVRs (also called "digital video recorders" and "personal TV"), save programs to internal hard drives that can hold 10 to 30 hours of programs. Sounds like a VCR, but there's a big difference: using a phone line, the players download program schedules that pop up on the screen, where you click on a show rather than punching in times and channels and hoping you got it right. This feature is free with Replay, while TiVo charges \$9.95 a month, \$99 a year or \$199 lifetime. The ReplayTV box, currently sold

only online, starts at \$699; TiVo, recently arrived in retail stores, at \$499.

Manufacturers hope the ease of the interface will win over people who have given up mastering their VCRs. The result, if users embrace it, is the telefuturist's grail: TV on demand. "It takes away the meaning of prime time," says Rob Enderle, an analyst at Giga Information Group. "The time a show is broadcast becomes meaningless." ReplayTV allows users to create "channels" based on search criteria, like home-improvement shows or Steve McQueen movies. TiVo lets you search by category and makes recommendations based on how you have rated other programs.

Equally interesting is what the devices do with live programs. You can rewind or pause in the middle of a broadcast while it keeps recording—say the doorbell rings with the count at 3 and 2 and two runners on—resume watching from that point, then skip





TV TOWER
Personal video recorders, top, are seeking to mount a pile of television peripherals: VCRs, DVD players, cable boxes and video-game machines

ahead to catch up to the live broadcast if you want. And that's not all you can skip. Among the players' most anticipated, and controversial, features are buttons that allow you to flash past commercials at super-high speed.

Analysts give TiVo, which plans to sell shares in an IPO, the early lead in the competition, noting that it has outstripped Replay in sales and investment partnerships. Last week, apparently to boost its deal-making power with Hollywood, Replay named Kim LeMasters, former president of CBS Entertainment, as its chairman and CEO. "They have not brought me in for my ability to figure out what bugs are on the CPU," LeMasters says. "They brought me in for that portfolio I brought from Hollywood and for my different mind-set and my ability to examine the marketplace."

For PVR companies, the money may eventually be, as it was for Microsoft, not in the hardware but the software: the interface, program databases, associated content like TV "magazines" to guide users and advertising. (Neither system currently shows ads, but each has discussed future possibilities, including sponsorships.) "Our strategy is to embed it into other boxes," says TiVo CEO and co-founder Mike Ramsay. "We're going to build it into television sets and DVD players ... It will eventually get embedded into every device." Ultimately, several companies will manufacture the boxes under license. Philips currently makes TiVo's box, and this month TiVo signed another deal with Sony; Replay has a similar agreement with Panasonic.

Replay's LeMasters will also be helpful in negotiating peace with the networks, which are unsure whether to love the new technology or hate it. A number of media companies and TV networks have invested in TiVo and/or Replay. But many of the same players (including Time Warner, parent company of TIME) also formed the Advanced Television Copyright Coalition, which has threatened to sue the companies in the future for nonpayment of copyright license fees. No one, of course, is making such noises anymore about VCRs, which also record copyrighted material.

What spooks the nets is that PVRs

could, theoretically, strip out their ads and insert ads of their own, and ultimately upset the entire system of ad-based TV. "These boxes are not a simple piece of consumer electronics, like a VCR," says Bert Carp, attorney for the coalition.

To hear PVR companies tell it, advertisers should be delighted, since the marriage of TV and online will make possible interactive ads and the ability to purchase products right off the screen. Changing the ads to include contests or other carrots will encourage viewers not to skip them. "Wait till the end of this commercial, and you can win a Ford Explorer," ventures TV analyst Josh Bernoff of Forrester Research.

Some industry observers have suggested that networks, through a combination of legal threats and investments, might try to pressure makers to drop the skip buttons. But analysts predict that as competition increases (Microsoft's WebTV satellite service will offer PVR-like features later in the fall), nothing short of an outright ban will prevent someone from offering such an option.

Now will it take a big shift to affect television's business model. Ads are sold based on demographics. Suppose only relatively well-off, younger, tech-savvy viewers—the kind advertisers crave—adapt to PVRs. Bernoff posits that if *X-Files* fans bypass all those pricey tech ads, such highly acclaimed, high-budgeted programs could migrate to pay cable, replaced by more *America's Favorite Self-Immolations*—cheap programming aimed at downscale audiences.

The next step in broadcasting? TV on demand! On-screen shopping! We've heard this before, of course, from budding interactive TV services that so far have failed to deliver a video revolution. Television remains a defiantly passive medium, even though technology has changed viewing habits. Cable television cut into networks' audiences, and the humble remote created channel surfing. But beyond pushing buttons on keypads, couch potatoes have not proved willing to do much more. PVR sellers can perhaps count on your neighbor with the satellite dish and DVD; they now must convince the rest of us that they have not gone too far. —With reporting by David S. Jackson/Los Angeles



THE PVR DIFFERENCE

- Allows user to choose shows by name rather than channel or time
- Can rewind, replay and pause while recording—and skip past ads
- No videotape-like storage medium

Sergio's First Stand

In this week's Ryder Cup, the Spanish phenom takes on a testy Tiger and other cranky U.S. pros

By ROBERT SULLIVAN



THE RYDER CUP TO BE HELD this week at the Country Club in Brookline, Mass., remains a feverishly awaited golfing event, no thanks to us-spelled U.S. While Europe's players have done their part to create a biennially thrilling competition, some of America's spoiled businessmen pros have voiced annoyance at having to endure three days of nerve-twanging match play for less pay than they'd make finishing 10th at the Greater Billings Open. Boo to them—and bring on Sergio.

Sergio, surname Garcia, is a Tiger use-to-be, a charismatic 19-year-old with a fast grin, faster club-head speed and a palpable love of the game. The son of a Spanish golf pro and a woman who worked in the club-

house shop, Sergio was, only five months ago, an unknown amateur. Now, after a sensational summer campaign in Europe and a thrilling debut at the PGA Championship, he is an idol at home and a phenomenon worldwide. "I just want to play golf and enjoy myself," he says. "I know if I play well, I'll have enough money, so I don't really care about that." He prefers to be known, soccer-like, by one name, Sergio. "He's unbelievable. Electrifying. Captivating." And on the other team.

Garcia captivated the world at the PGA. While chasing Mr. Woods and coming up just a stroke short, Master Sergio accomplished a remarkable thing: he made the world's best player look old at 23. Here was the Spanish lad, eyes closed, slashing at a ball burrowed behind a tree, then sprinting up the fairway and leaping into the air to see the marvelous result. Here, meanwhile, was the American, eyes glassy, agonizing over 5-ft. putts that have in the past—though not this year—been his bête noire.

The PGA Championship was held in Medinah, which is in Illinois, which is in the U.S., but you wouldn't have guessed it by the 18th hole on Sunday, as the olés for Sergio drowned the roars for Tiger. You would have thought the tournament was being staged at Valderrama. Which is in Spain and was, by the way, the site of the last Ryder Cup set-to in 1997. The U.S. squad was heavily favored to win that matchup but lost to Captain Seve Ballesteros' inspired team. The Yanks were heavily favored to win the 1995 Ryder Cup too, but choked.

In Massachusetts the

U.S. squad is again very, very heavily favored. It includes the world's top players—No. 1 Woods, No. 2 David Duval, No. 4 Davis Love III (if his balky back permits) and reigning U.S. Open champ Payne Stewart. The only marquee names on the Euros' bags are current Masters champ Jose Maria Olazabal and the blustery Scot Colin Montgomerie. Stewart told *Golf Digest*, "On paper, they shouldn't [even] be caddying for us."

But,

The But, the Nub, the Crux is this: guys like Ballesteros and Montgomerie and now Sergio love this stuff—one on one, each hole a shoot-out—and many of the U.S. pros do not. The ever helpful Monty explained, "We all come from more of a teamlike society than the Americans. They are brought up to be individuals, which isn't wrong of course. It's just the way they are." Duval can only counter with, "I don't see it as the be-all, end-all," and Woods has said of his Ryder experience, "I played in only one and didn't enjoy it at all." Small wonder. He won only one of his five matches at Valderrama.

Several U.S. pros, Woods and Duval among them, have been griping that they aren't fairly compensated to be embarrassed like that. Well, they're not. Twenty years ago, these matches had no commercial value. Now sources say the event will generate \$63 million in revenues, some \$17 million of which will go to the PGA of America and \$5 million to \$6 million of which will go to the host club. The U.S. players, meanwhile, each get a \$5,000 stipend, which is clearly unfair, whether they plan to invest it in more greater-Orlando real estate or, as Woods and Duval nobly aver, in worthy causes.

Following a team meeting called to discuss the compensation issue, Woods did his Cheshire bit and said, "We had a lovely time," but the well-respected Crenshaw, known as Gentle Ben, was visibly upset and expressed disgust with "a couple of people." Love chipped in, "If five guys say they're not going to play, great, because there's five more guys that are going to play."

Dust settled, the top guys are playing, if grudgingly. They'll probably win. But they aren't making it easy to root for the home team. If dreams come true, and it comes down to Tiger vs. Sergio on Sunday, *mane mane* for the Cup-winning point, it would not be surprising to hear a foreign cry rise above the lush arborvitae of a tony Boston suburb. Olé!

"I love this kid. He's unbelievable. Electrifying. Captivating."

—BEN CRENSHAW

U.S. Ryder Cup captain, on Sergio Garcia, one of the European rivals



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>>> SILICON VALLEY THE SECOND WAVE

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business idea, Silicon Valley's astonishing start-up machine will do the rest



THREE-WAY something oddly charming about the geeks who made up the first wave of Internet entrepreneurs. Social misfits pounding nit code in their computer-science labs—these people deserved professional success. But after the Wright Brothers, you get Frank Lorenzo. And so this summer Silicon Valley was flooded by the Second Wave: fast-talking business-school grads whose interest in technology is limited to how it will make

>>> SILICON VALLEY THE SECOND WAVE

them money. This is Silicon Valley in the IPO age. Geeks are history; they're all capitalists now. Netscape founder Marc Andreessen stars in a Miller Lite ad.

For every screenplay in L.A., there's a business plan in Silicon Valley. All it takes to launch the next Internet giant is a neat idea, a few connections and a lot of luck. Palo Alto even has its own Spago, where venture capitalists have become the Harvey Weinstins and the pitches sound like "It's FogDog meets AskJeeves." Entrepreneurs even have their own snooty publicists. The agents will arrive shortly.

It's not all about the money. If you're an eager 28-year-old business-school graduate and you believe the Internet is going to be bigger than the Industrial Revolution, why not try to become Henry Ford? If you're an entrepreneur, why waste your time in the old world, worrying about manufacturing things and dealing with unions and OSHA inspections, when you can put your company online in three months? Why have a boss when you and three buddies can build your own publicly traded company in two years? Windows this big don't open very often. That's the reason people are flocking to the Valley, from Wall Street and Moscow and Bombay.

But mostly, it's the money.

>>> At a job fair, the employment seekers are the ones who do the interviewing



>>> I'm careful about who I'm handing my résumé

>>> Stanford M.B.A.s may look relaxed, but they're talking shop all BBQ long

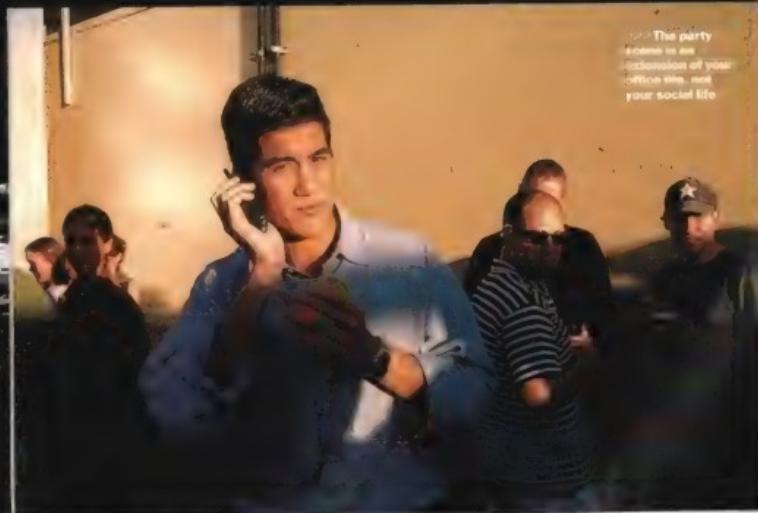


>>> The frantic pace of start-ups like TheMan.com is eased by ad hoc recreation



sumé to. I don't have the bandwidth to meet with everyone. <<< —Job seeker Dave Morris

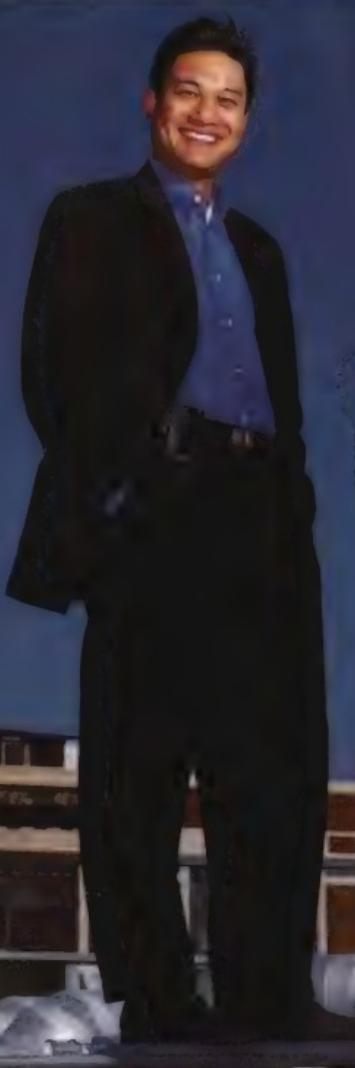
The party scene is an extension of your office life... and your social life



>>>

SILICON VALLEY THE SECOND WAVE

>>> 25% of this year's Super Bowl commercials will



THIS

>>> Calvin Lui of
TheMan.com
takes a rare break
to pose high atop
the SoMa district!

By ROMESH RATNESAR and JOEL STEIN

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A GUY going to a spa on a date?" Calvin Lui, the 27-year-old CEO of Maverick Online, is surveying the company brain trust. Lui has 35 days before the launch of his Internet start-up, a consumer and lifestyle website for men, and he's got another big decision to make.

"I've never done that," says Maverick co-founder Steve Lombardi, "but I'd take it as long as a hot chick was around."

"I wouldn't go to a spa," says Rich Scherwin, the website's editor. "Not unless there was a Japanese woman walking on my back."

Andrew Sugerman, the company's business-development director, admits that he has been to a spa with his wife. "But I would never get a dude to give me a massage.

everyone is in a rush to get the FMA (first-mover advantage), to do it FBC (faster, bigger, cheaper) and to GBF (get big fast). The goal, of course, is the IPO, initial public offering, in which a hot company converts from private ownership to public, selling shares on the stock market and in the process making its founders Maserati rich.

In the second quarter of this year, venture-capital funding in the U.S. increased 77%, to a record \$7.6 billion. More than half went to Internet start-ups. In the wake of the massive IPOs of Web businesses like Amazon.com (\$561 million) and eBay (\$1.9 billion), venture capitalists (VCs) are eager to take a first-round, \$2 million risk on any two guys with a business plan.

Or at least two guys from Stanford's Graduate School of Business, which has become a hot-house for aspiring Internet entrepreneurs. Forty-five students out of this June's graduating class of 360 have already started their own Internet business, more than double the number

WEEK'S MODEL

What does it take to launch the next Internet megabusiness? The new entrepreneurs can do it in 90 days — with a lot of effort, money, and some caffeinated mints

I'm a 100% woman-massage guy," he says.

It takes several more minutes of such debate before Lui makes an executive decision. "All right, getting a massage together is definitely a date," he says. Another testosterone conundrum is solved. The massage date has made the list of 80 assignments that visitors will be able to plan and purchase from Maverick's website—along with the frosty make-your-own-ice-cream date and the steamy strip-poker date.

Unlike their predecessors, Silicon Valley's new entrepreneurs don't spend their time talking about operating systems or Java applications or HTML. They talk about capturing eyeballs, forging strategic partnerships and "making the dogs eat the dog food." In the '80s they would have been financing junk-bond takeovers. Today these lapsed consultants and investment bankers are fleeing six-figure job offers from Wall Street for the opportunity to build their own empires.

The amazing truth is that in Silicon Valley today they can do it cheaper and faster than anyone has ever done it before. The old fortunes—amassed by Bill Gates, Larry Ellison, David Packard—took years, sometimes more than 10 of them. Now we're talking months. Maverick Online is all of 90 days old. Almost all the ideas involve selling stuff over the Internet and require little more inspiration than walking through a mall and adding dot.com to the end of every store's name. But the potential payoff is huge, so

in 1998. The reason is simple. Stanford M.B.A.s spend two years schmoozing A-list Valley executives and VCs—and other people don't. Garth Saloner, a professor at Stanford, says it works like this: "You're 27 years old, you are sitting in an auditorium, there's a billionaire in front of you, and you are thinking 'Gee, why not me?'"

And why not Lui and Lombardi, who hatched their business as a class project with two other Stanford students? Last January, while waiting for take-out rotisserie chicken, Lui, who worked as an investment banker after college, had this epiphany: "It would be good if there were just one Man Store," he told Lombardi. "One aisle with stuff for the first date, and a flower aisle for when you screw up with the girl." Lombardi, a former consultant who played football at Cal Poly, instantly saw Lui's vision and volunteered his own embarrassment. On his first anniversary, he bought stacks of fancy stationery for his wife, who doesn't write letters. Only later did he find out that for their paper anniversary, theater tickets would have been appropriate, not to mention more fun. Why wasn't there a website to tell him that? Lui and Lombardi formed Maverick Online a week later.

They considered keeping the Man Store idea to themselves and submitting an inferior project for the class, but decided to trust their classmates with its broad outline. Over the next six months, Lui and Lombardi worked out of Lombardi's Palo Alto apartment, fitting classes in between meet-

>>> SILICON VALLEY THE SECOND WAVE

>>> In 1998, venture capitalists invested \$14.3 BILLION



>>> Employees of TheMan.com in their work space, thinking up guy stuff to put online.

ings with VCs, designers and prospective employees. Commuting the 35 miles between Stanford and San Francisco, they logged more than 2,800 miles and countless uses of the word passion (typical usage: "At the end of the day, this isn't about money. It comes down to passion"). In May they took their business plan to Information Technology Ventures, a small venture-capital firm, and secured \$2 million in seed money, some of which they used to pay off the \$40,000 tab Lui had amassed on six credit cards.

Two weeks before graduation, they opened an office in San Francisco, rented from Lui's former employer, Lycos. By August, they had 15 employees and a home page. Even by the Valley's standards of secrecy, which make Langley seem gossipy, the founders were notably paranoid, concealing the company behind the stealth name Maverick and insisting that everyone but their parents (probably) sign a three-page nondisclosure agreement before hearing what the company was all about. Last Friday, as its website went live, the company revealed its URL,

and new name: TheMan.com.

Near the front door to the office, Lui and Lombardi have posted a DAYS TO LAUNCH countdown and have promised their staff they will both get TheMan.com tattoos if the company meets its deadlines. Lui, a slicked-hair tornado of optimism and new-economy management techniques, is scarcely aggressive when he's not overbearing. Roughly four minutes into every conversation, he uncaps a Magic Marker and starts scrawling on the nearest whiteboard. He has decorated the otherwise spartan office with motivational quotes from Steve Young, Jerry Garcia and Hannibal ("We must either find a way or make one").

The newest hire is affectionately referred to as the FNG (f--- new guy) and is forced to carry a Rugrats doll and order take-out Chinese food, the nightly company meal. "How do you indoctrinate people into your culture? You baptize them," Lui says. "We want everybody to drink out of the same vat of Kool-Aid." Before leaving on Fridays, employees have to rate themselves publicly, from one to four stars, on

>>> "Dates bore me. Especially with women who aren't in the industry." <<<

Aaron Ross, 27, on his social life

the week's performance. Lui says the fold-out desks and below-average salaries keep his employees "hungry" for the eventual IPO. "We say, 'If you're willing to take a pay cut now so that your equity is worth more later, that's great.' If people don't jump at that, they don't fit." Lui, who keeps a case of caffeinated peppermints near his desk, ends meetings by barking "All right, dudes, let's rock and roll!" and has no shortage of self-assurance, already drawing analogies between TheMan.com and one of his former employers, the Walt Disney Co. "This could be a major, major public company."

But right now TheMan.com is still just another e-commerce start-up trying to urge investors, corporate partners and new recruits to buy in. On one afternoon before the site launched, Lui set up a conference call with an executive from Starwood Hotels, hoping to persuade him to sell getaways through TheMan.com. For the first 10 minutes, Lui refuses to "open the kimono" and reveal details about the company. He rattles off the names of TheMan.com's board members—from Lycos CEO Bob Davis to Eric Weider of Muscle & Fitness magazine—to gain more credibility. "You're a smart guy, you worked at Disney, you went to Stanford business school. I believe you," the executive says. But when he suggests waiting

In the second quarter of '99, \$7.7 BILLION. Valley execs hold \$112 BILLION in stocks and options. Portugal's GDP: \$109 billion.



six months before cementing a partnership, Lui's kimono winds up in a crumpled ball, as he gives away the entire business plan. Even so, the Starwood exec wraps up the call. Lui slumps a little. "I understand that right now we're a zit compared to everybody else," he says. "But in a year, we're not going to be a zit."

TIS IMPOSSIBLE TO SUPPRESS LUI'S bravado. While several employees romp through the office trailing Sugarman's dog, Lui spends Friday afternoon cajoling Erin Kelley, a 28-year-old accountant, to join the company as a financial manager. "Where are you right now?" he asks. Kelley says the hours at her current job allow her to play soccer every night; working 80 hours a week would probably put an end to that. "How long is a soccer game?" Lui asks. "Forty-five minutes," Kelley says. "Well," Lui declares, "you can come back here afterwards."

"I want you to make me a promise," he says, leaning in and sounding like Lyndon Johnson. "If there are any concerns, I want you to let me know. I want you to be open with me." Kelley says, "I'm a woman. My gut's going to tell me what to do." Her gut says, No way.

The labor market in the Valley is so tight that start-up CEOs spend most of their time recruiting. New entrepreneurs speak in religious tones about the importance of bringing in "the A people," of getting the right "office mix," about assembling "the team." (Typical usage: "At the end of the day, it's not the business plan that matters. It's all about the team.") That job is slightly easier for pre-IPO firms, which can lure young bodies with fat equity packages, than it is for larger Valley companies, which can offer more security but less potential reward. Radio stations

are jammed with spots from companies such as Oracle that beg for employees.

Companies operating in stealth mode have a perverse advantage in recruiting. Kris Hagerman, founder of a start-up called Affinia, which helps people sell stuff on their personal websites, uncovered this phenomenon last spring when he set up a table at a career fair at Stanford's business school. He called his company "Trade Routes Inc., a hush-hush Valley start-up." That was it for details. "You're in for a really tough night," a recruiter for an established software company told him, figuring Hagerman would get no takers. Within five minutes, a line started snaking around the table. By the end of the event, Affinia had 150 résumés; the Compaq recruiter left 45 minutes early.

Never before have the unemployed been so cocky. At a job fair at San Francisco's Exploratorium hosted by a headhunting software company called BridgePath, 2,400 applicants approach potential employers from various start-ups. "I'm Danny. What's the two-minute overview?" an applicant with a mouthful of nachos says by way of introduction to Jeff Reed and Pratap Mukherjee, ex-consultants who are launching an online used-car site. Their company, BestOffer.com, like



>>> The founders celebrate TheMan's unveiling last Friday

>>> SILICON VALLEY THE SECOND WAVE

>>> At Affinia, CEO Hagerman enjoys an idea for how to spend cash on marketing.



most of the start-ups at the job fair, is still in stealth mode. Reed and Mukherjee err by being the only company not to hand out free stuff. They should also have hired a deejay, as did Topic; a clown, a juggler and a woman on stilts, as did Trapezo; or simply have run up to everyone the second they walk in and ask, "Are you an engineer?" as Entera is doing. At the fair, Mukherjee runs into job seeker Dave Morris, who interviewed the day before. "I'm being careful about who I'm handing my résumé to. I don't have the bandwidth to meet with everyone," he says.

Mukherjee and Reed's company was born as an entry in an entrepreneurship contest at Stanford. Mukherjee had heard a radio commercial for the auction site eBay, followed by another ad for a used-car center, and thought, What about an auction site for used cars? Reed and Mukherjee pulled the idea out of the competition after reaching the semifinals, opting for secrecy over the paltry \$25,000 prize. Good choice. By the time the winner was announced, Reed and Mukherjee had secured \$2 million from the venture-capital firm Draper Fisher Jurvetson. Their Stanford connections helped. As an undergraduate, Mukherjee lived in a dorm with partner Steve Jurvetson; Reed played Ultimate Frisbee with director

Warren Packard. Without those personal ties, their odds of securing funding would have been slimmer. Out of the 10,000 business plans the firm receives annually, Draper backs 15. "Our first meeting lasted, like, an hour," says Reed, "and we never even talked about the website."

Like a growing number of new Web entrepreneurs, Reed and Mukherjee opened their office in San Francisco's edgy South of Market (SoMa) district—two blocks from Maverick Online—an area that's long been popular with Web designers and multimedia firms. In contrast to most start-ups, people at BestOffer work in offices with doors rather than at makeshift desks. That's about

their only perk. As of September, the employee health plan was to be married to someone who has a health plan.

On the basis of the conversation at one staff meeting, it seems that the company's fortunes will rely not on a killer app but on something called the Fluke, a portable diagnostic tool the company's mechanics can use to analyze a seller's car before it is put up for auction on the BestOffer site. "Why don't more people use the Fluke?" Reed asks BestOffer's seven employees, none of whom know much about computers or cars. "A lot of people are using the Fluke," says an employee, Chris Miller. "Five out of 10 mechanics have a Fluke in their tool box." This gets everyone excited. "We can get a ton of Flukes tomorrow," Ed Difendal says. There is much celebration.

Armed with that good news, Reed and Mukherjee feel confident about a meeting with Packard, their VC. They show Packard their just-completed home page ("Great! I think we can go public now," he jokes), then get reprimanded for offering a prospective marketing hire too much money. Packard suggests they offer \$20,000 less. "You've got to set the trend for everyone else coming in," he says. "You've got to be careful." Mukherjee nods, but looks as if he's been told he's not getting dessert. "People think that entrepreneurs don't have bosses, but that's not really the case," says Mukherjee.

Though you wouldn't guess it from their business-casual demeanor, Reed and Mukherjee have a feverish launch schedule ahead of them, planning to go live early next month. They are rushing to enter a crowded space. eBay has started selling cars, and Mukherjee is doing opposition research on two other auto-related startups, iMobile and CarsDirect.

Other Stanford classmates have been overrun by faster movers. While at Stanford last December, Matt Hobart, 28, began writing a business plan for an online pet-supply company. Bad call. In April, after he

DUBBING: A GLOSSARY OF VALLEYSPEAK

CLICKS AND MORTAR A bricks-and-mortar company that goes online

DUB-DUB-DUB Shorthand for www

FIRST-MOVER ADVANTAGE What you get when you start your website before they do

GRAY-HAIRS Experienced execs hired to

run the day-to-day operations of a start-up

HALO EFFECT The phenomenon of having

people take you seriously because of your

big-name venture capitalist

NDA Non-disclosure agreement; binds the

signature to secrecy so you can negotiate

OPM Other people's money; why you

shouldn't be worried too much about failing

OPEN THE KIMONO To reveal your business idea, normally after demanding that the other person sign an NDA

PLANE-MONEY Signing bonus for execs;

sometimes enough to buy a plane

STEALTH MODE Keeping your business

idea a secret, often using a **STEALTH NAME**

VEST IN PEACE Having sold your start-up to a big company, you quietly wait for your stock options to vest; then you can quit

X Times as big. As in, "We're going to be

Amazon.com 3X"

YACC Yet another calendar component, the most overused idea of the summer

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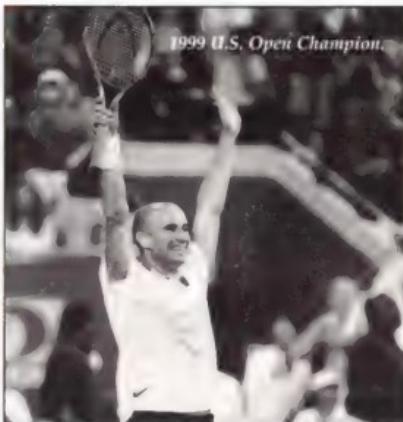


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SILICON VALLEY THE SECOND WAVE <<<

had sealed commitments from investors and future employees, several other pet sites—including Pets.com, Petstore.com, Petsmart.com and Petopia.com—announced that they were preparing to launch. Hobart had no choice but to return the money he had raised and pack it in. "There's no such concept as sitting in a garage and starting a company anymore," he says. "If you have an idea, it's safe to assume that four or five people have the same idea. But it's not the person with the best idea who wins. It's the person who can execute quickly." Hobart is now launching an educational website, TheScience.com, and plans to rent office space in San Francisco from Petopia.com, one of the companies that put him out of business the first time.

E-commerce niches are getting claimed so quickly that there might not be time for business school anymore. Aaron Ross, 27, was an undergraduate at Stanford but turned down a spot in this fall's class at the B school to start his own company, EquipmentLeasing.com. Unable to afford any advertising more expensive than free-beer, Ross threw a happy hour last month on the roof of the Potrero Brewing Co. in San Francisco. He sent out invitations to 30 friends via the party-planning website Evite. Two hundred people showed up. "It's all about the buzz," Ross said, basking in the early-evening sun and in his sudden celebrity. "I can't explain it. It's like magic."

THIS IS WHY PEOPLE COME TO the Bay Area, when they could just as easily launch a dog-food site from Wichita, Kans. Internet entrepreneurs network tirelessly, going to happy hours and barbecues to glad-hand investors and glean tips about how to find law firms, Web designers and publicists. Entrepreneurs from this year's Stanford business-school class gather for a monthly working barbecue that is perhaps the most exclusive ticket in Silicon Valley—so exclusive that the organizers had to take a vote on whether to invite entrepreneurs from the class of 1998.

It's impossible at these gatherings to find anyone talking about anything but one another's Internet start-ups. The new entrepreneurs are oddly proud of knowing nothing about politics, sports or pop culture. And they don't mind admitting that they have no social lives. "Dates bore me," says Ross. "Especially dates with women who aren't in the tech industry. That's my life. If they can't relate to that, then what do we have?"

Perhaps Ross is another potential customer for TheMan.com. So is Lui, for that

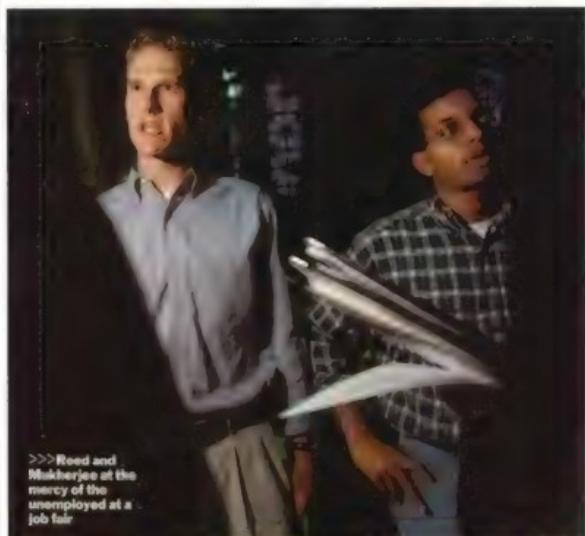
matter. By the time his site launched last Friday, Lui was in his fourth month of self-imposed exile from the real world. Working 17-hour days, he's gone on one date all summer. And that was for work. "I need to stay in touch with the social world, given our topic area," he says. "I'm married to this now."

Soon, thanks to his site, he will be able to create endless numbers of dates in seconds. His company's research has categorized women into seven archetypes, including "the princess," "the career/professional" and "the trendy/wild." The company's team of engineers has figured out a way to make dating as predictable as an episode of *Providence*. "Once we knew what a princess finds romantic," says Lombardi, "then it was number crunching. It's based on a least-squares algorithm, and it tells you what date is the best match." In the future, apparently, no one will have sex.

On one Thursday afternoon 29 days before the launch, TheMan.com's programmers are hammering out the code that will run the website. One of them lets out a whoop, and everyone rushes to huddle around a computer screen. Mouths agape, they look as if they're witnessing a birth, even though most of them have no idea what they're watching. "We have stuff coming in for the first time," yelps Pravin Ku-

mar, the company's 36-year-old chief engineer. "Stuff is coming from and going to the database!" He turns to Lui and gives him a high five. "You're getting that tattoo!"

That tattoo may prove to be the only thing of permanence for Lui and Lombardi. If TheMan.com hits IPO pay dirt in two years, the pair will probably collect their stock options and step aside to let a gray-haired manager run the company. Of course, the chances are high that the company will go under before that. Only 1 in 30 companies that receive venture-capital funding ultimately goes public. But none of the Valley's new entrepreneurs are paying attention to that—in part because many are congenitally optimistic but also because in Silicon Valley there's no such thing as risk. Should people choose not to buy strip-poker date packages over the Internet, Lui and Lombardi can go back to their VC in two years, wiser from their experience, and get even more money for their next idea. Nor is the tattoo a risk. If the entire Internet economy boom goes bust, they can return to their consulting jobs wearing their failed-start-up tattoos like designer labels. Even Kumar, the engineer, embraces the illogic of the system. "No other place rewards failure like Silicon Valley," he says. "If this is the company that makes it big, then great. If not, I'll do it on my own."



>>>Reed and Makhnerjee at the mercy of the unemployed at a job fair

>>> SILICON VALLEY THE SECOND WAVE

>>> There are 250,000 millionaires in Silicon Valley

START ME UP

The post-techie world has new players: women, immigrants and even Republicans



JENNY LEFCOURT, right, and Herrin ditched B-school and paired up to start a bridal site

>>> WOMEN ENTREPRENEURS <<<

Doing It for Themselves

THE PLOT IS FAMILIAR: two ambitious Internet geeks graduate Stanford business school, devise a lucrative idea for an e-business, get funded by a prestigious venture-capital firm, set up shop in dingy offices, hire a lot of people, generate buzz, go public. The 15-month-old Internet start-up Della & James hasn't had its IPO yet, but so far it has nailed down the idea (an online

bridal registry), the VC (Kleiner Perkins), the hiring (15 to 70 employees in six months) and the buzz (everybody in the Valley has heard of Della & James). But there are some twists: their office is more Pottery Barn than grunge. The ambitious geeks didn't bother to graduate Stanford. And they're not geeks; they're two well-adjusted married women.

While the hiring this summer of Carly Fiorina as the

first female CEO of Hewlett-Packard was considered a seismic event among the Valley's pocket-protector set, members of the dot.com generation barely shrugged. For many of them, the boss already is a woman. The boom in e-commerce—and the relative unimportance of engineering expertise, where men have ruled—has produced dozens of young entrepreneurs like Della & James' founders, Jessica DiLullo Herrin and Jenny Lefcourt: business-savvy women running Internet companies that cater mainly to women, peddling everything from wedding gifts

to cosmetics to knitting. "Women are looking for more than a search engine," says Herrin. "They want the shopping experience on the Web. And if you're going to sell to women, you've got to understand women—and there's no better way than to be one."

Having just locked up a sizable second round of venture capital, Della & James (from O. Henry's *The Gift of the Magi*) has become an object of both envy and contempt among other start-ups. ("You can't even call them a start-up anymore," grumbles a friend and fellow entrepreneur.) Herrin, 26, and Lefcourt, 30, come off as the girls who were too smart to talk to you in high school. Herrin had an outline for her wedding-registry business even before she entered Stanford in the fall of 1997. "I wanted to do something entrepreneurial," she says. "The M.B.A. wasn't the end goal." She soon met Lefcourt, who



The average price of a home in Santa Clara County is \$400,000, more than double the national average.

confided that she was exasperated with the nuisance of buying wedding gifts. "I said, 'Oh my god, I have a business plan for that,'" Herrin says. "That was our love-at-first-sight moment."

They skipped spring break—and most of their classes—to finish their plan. In May 1996 they secured VC funding. The next month, they quit Stanford. "It wasn't a hard decision," says Lefcourt, sitting in the company's office, which is luxurious by start-up standards. "The things I was trying to get out of business school I'm getting right here."

Lefcourt and Herrin are poster girls for the Valley's new emphasis on business creativity. "I've never been conscious of being a woman in doing this," says Herrin. But there are still moments when it confronts them. When she walked into a meeting with Kleiner Perkins, Lefcourt "looked around and thought, 'This room is huge and filled with men.' It occurred to me then that I must be a woman." And yet their pitch was convincing precisely because they could explain the nuances of wedding registries to highly credulous men. "We had an instinctive understanding of something they didn't really get," Lefcourt says.

The product line may have factored into the selec-



>>>VCs don't get rich quick. "It's get rich slowly," Chin says. But they still get rich

tion of former Apple executive Rebecca Patton, 43, as CEO. But the crucial issue was to hire an experienced manager to run the place. "The control thing was totally unimportant to us. Several people have told us that's a female characteristic," Herrin says, as if she wouldn't know one way or the other.

—R.R.

>>> VENTURE CAPITALIST <<<

The Man with the Money

IF YOU WANT ERIC CHIN TO be your venture capitalist, you have to pass the beer test. It is a gauge of how cool he thinks you are. "I ask the following: 'Is this someone I want to hang out and have beers with after work and pass up spending time with my wife? I'm going to be an active investor. So I'd better get along with you and respect you.'

At 31 Chin is about to make partner at Information Technology Ventures, a small but rising Palo Alto VC firm. Chin handles the firm's portfolio of seven Internet companies and scours the Valley for others to fund. It's a frenetic job, but Chin crackles with rapid-fire energy. "We're going for the early-stage, high-risk, big hits," he says, piloting his midnight-blue Mercedes down I-280 on a recent

Wednesday. "When I evaluate start-ups I ask, 'Is this a multi-billion-dollar market? Can this be a billion-dollar company?' We want companies that can be industry leaders."

At 2 p.m. he arrives in San Mateo, a 20-min. drive from his Menlo Park office, for a meeting with the founders of iEscrow, a website that provides escrow services for online consumers. Chin's firm has decided to fund iEscrow, and he's here to seal the deal. "How often will we see you?" one of the CEOs asks. "We'll see you at the public offering," Chin says, implying that he doesn't plan to help out much. He's just kidding. "Look, you can tell I have a passion for this. I'm the Internet guy," he says. "My style's very active. That's because I love it. I'm a strong backup for you." Min-

>>> HOT SPOTS <<<

IL FORNAIO, Palo Alto: "Breakfast is the scene" at this upscale Italian eatery, but "make sure your VC pays."

BUCK'S, Woodside: This diner is "till the place to see and be seen"; "Can Steve Jurvetson please eat somewhere else?"

CIRCADIA, S.F.: This "cheap" lounge serves up "awesome sandwiches"; for meetings, "ask for the private room."

SPAGO, Palo Alto, left: "You'll feel like you're in L.A." at this newcomer. "Good for parties," but "Who has this kind of time?"

STARBUCKS, everywhere: "Beware of interviews here" because it means "they don't have an office yet"; some diners claim that "it just means more shares."



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utes later he is instructing them to "hire the Navy SEALs to get things done here. That's what it's all about in building your company: the culture. The fit. Karma." They nod.

On the drive back to Palo Alto, he phones Peter Van Alstine, a classmate from Dartmouth who founded a Boston e-commerce start-up that Chin is backing. When Van Alstine tells Chin how much stock a prospective executive has asked for, Chin nearly swerves off the highway. "Get outta here!" he yells. "He's baked, man! He's getting greedy."

Chin pops into his office long enough to check his e-mail before he meets with the founders of TimeDance, a schedule-planning website that is looking for a second round of venture funding. While he listens to the company's pitch, Chin sips a diet Coke and leans back in his chair, hands clasped behind his head. He interjects constantly with enthusiasms. "This is just dynamite," he says at one point. "I could use this website 50 times a day. This could be ubiquitous." He arranges a second meeting.

Before going home, Chin will sit through a presentation by an online wine shop and have sushi with a man who claims to have a blockbuster e-commerce idea—he just won't tell Chin what it is. Chin will take his chances. Like every young VC in the Valley, he needs to land a big IPO score to become a real player. He's too sure of himself to admit being worried that many of the companies he backs will never make it that far. "It's a guess; it's a bank shot—you throw it on the wall and hope for something," he says. "I'd like to have one big success, but I could just as easily have all failures." He goes on a long, breathless riff: "I mean, I love this. I could do this for the rest of my life. It drives my friends crazy. But it's amazing, cool stuff. If you can be part of the next big revolution—man, that's a trip!"

—R.R.

>>> JOB LISTINGS SITE <<<

I Saw You on Craig's List



>>> Newmark just wanted to provide a community service. Now he's soaking in dough

CRAG NEWMARK IS MAKING MONEY by accident. While everyone else in the Valley is haunted by the phantom revenues they promised their VCs, Newmark is trying to find charities to fund. A 46-year-old ex-software engineer, he runs the online bulletin board Craigslist.org, and if you're anyone in Silicon Valley, you use Craig's List. While head-hunters and job fairs throw tons of resumes your way, a \$45 posting on Craig's List gets you the real talent. And with 180 new listings each day, the site, which gives its profits to charity, has a lot of cash it needs to get rid of.

A self-described "Forrest Gump of the Internet," Newmark started his service in 1995 as an e-mail list of cool events. But now

his site is getting 5 million hits a month, and he's relocating his five-person office from his Haight-Ashbury dining room to a nearby church and planning to launch a New York City branch. He could make much more money, but he won't accept advertisements.

Newmark, who likes to mention his old pocket protector and taped glasses, is surrounded by attractive women at the many parties he attends. In fact, Newmark is popular enough that his half-baked bid to be San Francisco's next mayor (his slogan is "Sucks Less") has received an approving nod from such e-media as *Salon*. But he's not devoting much time to his campaign. "I have the ability to influence people anywhere," he says. "So why bother with mayor?"

—J.B.

>>> SILICON VALLEY THE SECOND WAVE



>>> Luis and Thomas set out to conquer the city by rented motor scooter

>>> SAN FRANCISCO'S E-49ERS <<<

Those Yearning to IPO

THE THREE FRIENDS HAVE been in the same city for only 12 hours. Thomas moved here from Germany. Luis quit his job in Colombia. Amar arrived this morning from Tokyo via Vancouver. Now they are sitting at Elroys, a restaurant on a deserted block in San Francisco, talking about the business they are starting together. "We're so happy right now," Thomas says. "This is an adventure. We're jumping into the cold water, and it feels great." It's surprising that he doesn't go for a Gold Rush analogy, as people here tend to do once per conversation. Surprising too because of the label attached to people like Thomas, Luis and Amar—folks who leave stable jobs, pack up

and head west to pan for Internet riches. They're called e-49ers.

These 49ers are from the Class of '98 at Harvard Business School, where they met. Luis took a six-figure job with the consulting firm McKinsey & Co. in his native Colombia. Amar, who grew up in New Delhi, went to work for a Dallas software company. Austrian-born Thomas worked in Stuttgart, Germany, as assistant to the CEO of Porsche. Every six months he was loaned a new sports car.

The three kept in touch through e-mails and conference calls, and casually bandied around ideas for an Internet business. Then, after spending New Year's together in Japan, they decided to make

their move. In mid-August, Thomas drove his Porsche to his office and handed over the keys. Two hours later, he was on a plane bound for San Francisco. Luis left behind most of his family and a new fiancée. "The only thing that bothered me was that my grandparents are old," he says. "I wondered whether that might be my last goodbye."

One week after arriving in the U.S., they have met with lawyers and potential investors. After spending the day tooling through San Francisco on a rented scooter, they arrive at Elroys elated, having found an apartment and office space. They are so fresh to the Valley that Luis and Thomas still don't have visas to work in the U.S., which

is why they ask that their last names not be published. Their sense of possibility is so corny it's infectious. By the end of dinner, they are even using the right metaphors. "Everybody wants the gold," Thomas says. "The difference between this country and the next one is that here there's no penalty for failing. The thrill of taking part is far more important than whether you win or not. This happens once in a lifetime. Even if we don't make any money, at least we can say we were there." —R.R.



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>>> SILICON VALLEY THE SECOND WAVE

>>> There are more than 2.5 MILLION residents

>>> DATING <<<

Romance Can Wait

PASSION MAY BE THE most overused word in Silicon Valley, but here it's unlikely to refer to romance. While the second-wave émigrés may be socially savvy, the enthusiasm they bring to bear on their businesses is narrowly focused. Distractions, including relationships, are largely unwelcome.

Demographics don't help. According to the U.S. Census Bureau, single men outnumber single women in the Valley by almost 5,500. And even men who should have no problem attracting women—say, good-looking men worth millions of dollars—are dipping into the dating pool. Sabeer Bhatia, 31, the co-founder of Hotmail, made \$200 million when he sold his company to Microsoft in 1998. Rather than retire, or even slow down, Bhatia founded another company, called Arzoo (a Hindi word for—what else?—passion). He has five cars, a penthouse apartment in San Francisco and a stream of (unanswered) e-mail proposals owing to his well-documented success. Yet Bhatia says he dates "less often than the average American male," or about once a month. "If you're involved in a start-up," Bhatia says, "it's hard to get to know anyone or make a commitment to someone else."

Another Silicon Valley-based executive, age 33, bottom lines it this way: "For most people, relationships are simply not time-effective," he says. "People think having relationships with the opposite sex is nice, but if it gets in the way of making \$3 million, forget it. They'll go to bars for a quick hit."

Not surprisingly, the bar scene is thriving, but people

>>> Most singles who hit Spago Thursday nights are more eager to mingle than marry



usually find it hard to get their minds off business. Carolyn DePalmo, also 33, an executive at Cisco Systems in San Jose, often goes out with friends after work, and while she says she hasn't had problems meeting men, she concedes that it is "very common to talk about work, since we're all in related industries. People don't let go of their intensity for their jobs."

At least until that intensity turns to panic. "You do find some men in their 30s who suddenly realize they've spent too much time on their careers," DePalmo says. Bhatia, at least for the moment, remains sanguine. "I work 18 hours a day because it's fun," he says. "I've chosen a certain life, and I've been pretty successful. For right now, success and marriage don't really mix."

—By Michele Orecklin

>>> EARLY RETIREE <<<

Take the Money and...?

HIS IS WHAT TOO MUCH MONEY CAN DO TO A PERSON. Since selling his business to Netscape in March 1996 for "enough to sustain my lifestyle indefinitely," Jayson Adams, 32, has spent a lot of time thinking. An incredible amount of that thinking has taken place at Menlo Park's Cate Borrone, a coffee shop four blocks from his apartment. "Since I was 16 or so, my objective was to start a company and sell it or IPO," he says, sipping a cup of tea.

Now he's not sure what his objective is. "If you don't have a job, you have to confront who you are. If you're not dating, you can usually say, 'It's because I'm working all the time.' Now you can't say that." His business card gives his title as "emeritus."

Almost all of Adams' contempor-



Internet, and more than 5,000 recruiting sites.

29% of the high-tech firms started since 1995 have a Chinese or an Indian CEO.

>>> VIRTUAL ASSISTANTS <<<

Quick, Get Me a Desk!

YOU'VE GOT THAT \$5 million in venture capital. But where do you get health insurance for employees? Where do you get a copier for the office? Heck, where do you get an office?

From Linda Kellogg, if you're lucky. Kellogg is no VC, but in some ways she's just as indispensable. Working as the director of human resources at Venture Law Group, she was constantly being tapped for advice by 28-year-old wonderboy CEOs. "Here's this very bright Harvard M.B.A., who just got \$12 million, asking me where to get phones," she recalls. Hello, business plan.

In 1996 she founded Start-Up Resources, and has since helped 45 companies get up and running—in the past two months alone. Although she charges \$110 an hour, she still turns down six or seven jobs a week.

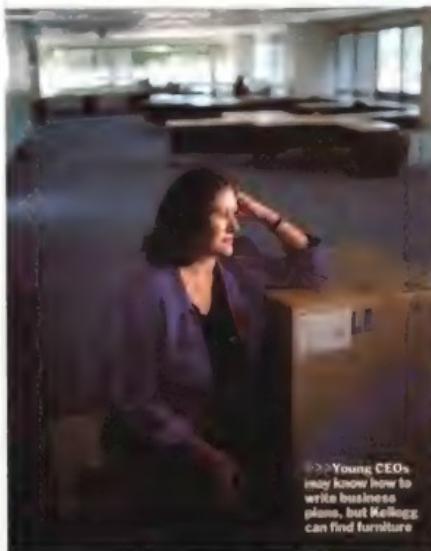
"It was probably harder to get her than to get our VC."

says Kris Hagerman, the CEO of Afinia. "I bought her lunch and pitched her for an hour and a half." Kellogg waived her fee and, VC-like, took equity in lieu of cash.

To outfit her clients, Kellogg scours the papers for news of company relocations

AssistU.com. She set up Kat-mango with health insurance, a bookkeeper and office equipment—some free, all used. Right now, she's a bargain at \$35 an hour.

When young entrepreneurs have their phones working, they can call Terri Spears, who'll hire someone to answer them. A 31-year-old former human-resources director for a San Francisco bank, she founded AskHR.com 18 months ago. She and her five employees



>>> Young CEOs may know how to write business plans, but Kellogg can find furniture

aries, who swore they'd retire, have started new companies. But Adams is steadfast in his refusal to work. So he's going to spend his weekdays this fall commuting to Los Angeles to study guitar, and then fly back for his weekend drawing classes. He knows all kinds of things now, such as what time of the day the supermarket is least crowded. And ever since

reading a tome called *Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television*, he's got a little weird about progress. He doesn't use the Internet or watch TV, and he bikes and walks to most places. He has renounced most technology, except for some wings with speakers attached to them that he built for this year's counter-cultural Burning Man festival.

After his tea, Adams walks across the street, where the millionaire Luddite buys \$20 worth of lottery tickets. —J.S.

>>> Thirtysomething retiree Jayson Adams takes tea with brother Justin

and closings, so she can pick up used desks and chairs. She furnished the 25-person Afinia office for a bit more than \$1,000. The whiteboards were so fresh from a failed start-up they still had the old company's competitive analysis on it. The competitors apparently won.

Anne Ferguson, a legal secretary, the kind who wears her glasses on a chain around her neck, got into the virtual-assistant business after taking an online course from

handle only midsize e-commerce companies. She provides a bureaucracy that will keep their free spirits happy but out of litigation. "A lot of them are very naive when we meet with them," she says. "I tell them, 'You're going to need workers' compensation.'" Then she explains to them what that is.

Virtual assistants are offered full-time jobs from all their clients. No one is interested. "I just tell them, 'You can't afford me,'" explains Kellogg.

J.S.

>>> SILICON VALLEY THE SECOND WAVE

>>> INCUBATING <<<

Ten Webheads in a Pen

WHAT WILL A PACK of recent college grads endure to work at a start-up? A visit to the "offices" of MongoMusic.com in San Mateo reveals the answer: anything.

For two months the company's founders have crammed 10 people into an office the size of a dorm room. There are two computers on each of the four folding tables. The employees wear headphones to muffle the din of co-workers chattering inches away from them. MongoMusic's executives hold management meetings in the middle of the room. A network cable drops from the ceiling and disappears into a hole in the wall, connecting the office to a similar one next door.

where eight more headphoners hunch over keyboards. When the door opens and a stranger walks in, everybody looks up and smiles.

Despite appearances, MongoMusic.com is doing pretty well. The start-up, which will help consumers search for and buy music on the Internet, has raised enough money to move into spacious new digs in Menlo Park next month. Right now, the company is "incubating," renting two rooms in a dreary high-rise for \$3,800 a month from HQ Global, a company that leases temporary office space. There are 10 other start-ups in the building. "It's not very cost-efficient office space," says MongoMusic's 28-year-old CEO, Jeremy Hinman, "unless you pack people in."

No one complains, in part because most of the employees just graduated from college and don't know any better, and in part because, as one says, "we're in the music space, and people think that's cool." If any employees do gripe, Hinman—who recycles old business cards by crossing out his former employer's name and scribbling "MongoMusic.com" on them—can remind them that for six weeks in 1995 he lived in a tent on the roof of a Stanford physics lab. And despite the sweatshop conditions, Hinman is a benign manager. "When 5 o'clock on Friday rolls around, I expect them to be out the door," he says, surveying his callow charges. "I know that at 5 p.m., you can find me in my backyard playing ping pong."



>>> MIGRANT CODER <<<

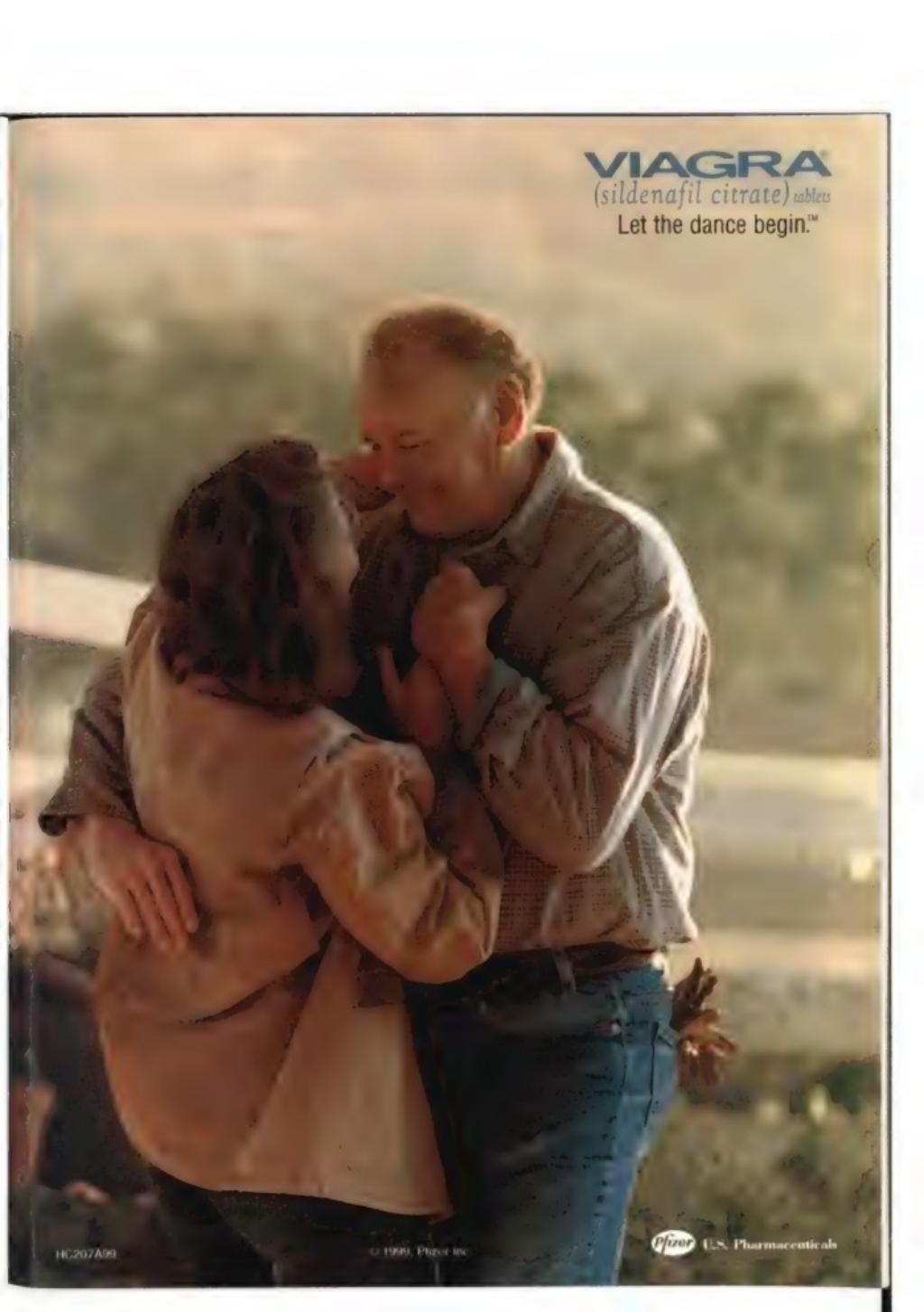
Waiting for The Big Hit

NANDA KAUSHIK HARDLY looks like a loser. He's making good money as an engineer at Corio Inc., a start-up in Woodside. And his face lights up when he talks about his two daughters. Yet he lives in a modest home in the middle-class East Bay, drives a Toyota pickup and wears faded jeans and old Nike high-tops to work. "What I've learned is that the most important thing in life is to have fun and enjoy what you're doing," he says. "That's what I've always looked for, and I'm more and more convinced that I've found it."

Engineers like Kaushik, 39, once regarded as the Valley's geeky proletariat, are in such high demand that many of them shrewdly migrate from one start-up to the next, pulling in six-figure salaries and collecting bushels of potentially lucrative stock options. Kaushik should be rich by now, but thanks to a string of bad luck and bad decisions, he is not. He's worked for seven high-tech companies in 10 years. His first employer was bought by another firm shortly after he was hired. He joined another company in 1992 before it went public, but by 1996 the company was flound-



>>> MongoMusic's employees try to focus as Hinman, center, tries to be heard above the din

A man and a woman are dancing closely in a sunlit, outdoor setting. The man, wearing a light-colored plaid shirt and jeans, has his arm around the woman's waist and is kissing her neck. The woman, wearing a dark top, is leaning into him. The background is blurred, showing warm sunlight and greenery.

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>>> SILICON VALLEY THE SECOND WAVE

dering, and "my options weren't worth anything." Next came a stint as director of engineering for a database firm called ADB Matisse. The company couldn't nail down venture-capital funding and went under after three months.

Kaushik soon landed a job at Oracle, one of the Valley's blue-chip firms. Two years later, he quit to take a job at a hot

start-up called CrossWorlds Software. Had he stayed at Oracle, "I would have made a lot of money. Not multimillions, but not pocket change either." Kaushik left CrossWorlds after a year—the company has yet to have its IPO—to start his own dot.com with three friends. "I thought starting my own company would complete my contribution to the world and my profession," he says. But after

three months of trying to raise funds, Kaushik gave up. "I needed a steady income. The bills don't stop, and I have two daughters," he says. "At this point in my life, I'm not independently wealthy."

Still, Kaushik isn't bitter about his misfortune. "Everywhere I go," he says, "I make a point of learning something new." Launching his own start-up, he says, "seemed like

absolutely the right decision but may have been a stupid one, looking back." So he's returned to programming, a job for hire, although he's confident that his current employer, Corio, will finally hit the IPO payola. At times, though, he can't help sounding weary. "I don't foresee things anymore," he says. "If it happens, great. If not, I can't do anything about it." —R.R.

>>> PUBLICISTS <<<

What's That Buzz I Hear?



ONEY IS TACKY IN SILICON Valley. Equity is always a better way to go. It shows you have faith in the future, belief in your partners and, most important, guts. So it makes sense that p.r. executives—who are as powerful in Silicon Valley as they are in Hollywood—demand stock in their clients' start-ups. But even stock may not be enough. Simone Otus, 39, co-founder of p.r. firm Blanc & Otus, takes on only companies that offer status. "We want to pitch the really hot companies to build our own brand value," she explains from her ancillary San Francisco office overlooking the Bay Bridge. "We look like we're cool because we have TiVo," she adds, referring to the new digital VCR company.

Each week 25 new companies audition to become Blanc & Otus clients. Otus picks up six a year, because even though she pays \$70,000 a year to 28-year-old account executives, she cannot import them from the Midwest fast enough to handle the business. "We could make \$4 million more in business each year," she says.

Niehaus Ryan Wong, a hot shop in South San Francisco, has got as many as 121 inquiries from prospective clients in a week, even though it can take only two a month. Chairman Bill Ryan says he would like to take on more clients, but can't keep enough employees on staff. The dot.coms offer too much money and stock.

Otus has another problem. The women she does hire—and they are mostly women—tend to be well dressed and attractive. And sometimes that leads to romance with wealthy male clients. "If you've got executives and attractive single women, they're going to get together," she says. Steve Ballmer of Microsoft married his p.r. person, and Ken Jacobs at Oracle married the head of p.r. for his company. It's another beautiful virtuous cycle. —J.S.

>>>P.r. guru Simone Otus won't work for just any dot.com. Only the cool need apply

>>> The multitasking Slayton is helping Bush woo high-tech's emerging political class



>>> THE REPUBLICAN <<<

George W.'s Ambassador

GREGORY SLAYTON, CEO of ClickAction Inc., is also running George W. Bush's Silicon Valley campaign, and he's convened a group of 30 well-scrubbed executives for a breakfast at Scott's Seafood Restaurant in Palo Alto. Slayton is decked out in a dark blue suit and a SILICON VALLEY BUSH 2000 baseball cap. When he laughs, he throws his head back and rolls his weight onto his heels. He greets guests by simultaneously shaking their hands, slapping their backs and bellowing, "Buddy how are you man?" Watching him, it's easy to forget that it is not yet 8 in the morning.

Republicans go to work early. This breakfast meeting is intended to be "a brainstorming session," to prepare for a Sept. 30 Bush fund raiser. "The goal for the event is substantial, but it's doable," Slayton says. "The Governor is really relying on us." While it's unusual to meet techies who can even name a presidential candidate, it's rarer still to find people actively campaigning for a Republican. But the Valley's new rich are realizing their political clout, and Bush has gone after their pocketbook issues, like tax cuts and tort reform. It's working: though he has spent only two days in the Valley, Bush has raised more than \$2 million there.

Slayton is still new to the game. Reared as a Democrat, he campaigned for Jimmy Carter in 1980 but lost interest in politics once he got an M.B.A. from Harvard in 1990. After saving a faltering software company, becoming a multimillionaire and finding God, he joined the G.O.P. In 1997 he met the Bushes. "I was always very enthusiastic about W.," he says. "I loved what he's done in Texas, and his dad is a great man. But I had no idea this was going to explode."

Slayton shares Bush's sunny, crowd-pleasing disposition. Enthusiasm comes easy to him. Midway through the breakfast, when Jack Oliver, Bush's national

finance director, calls to tell the group that the Governor won't be phoning in as promised, Slayton reacts as if this is good news. "Thank you so much for calling in, Jack. It's an honor to be part of the team. We're rocking out here." At the end of the event, he's a whirlwind of handshakes and high-fives. He is halfway out the door when he buttonholes an attendee: "Kiddo! Do we have your wife on board for Silicon Valley Bush 2000?" The man nods. "Excellent!"

-R.R.

>>> If Bush wins, we're going to be a contributing factor. <<<

Gregory Slayton, CEO of ClickAction Inc.

>>> SILICON VALLEY THE SECOND WAVE

>>> NOTRICH.COM <<<

HOW I MISSED THE GOLD RUSH

By KARL TARO GREENFELD

THEY ARE GOING TO MAKE 2 MILLION OF THESE LITTLE silicon discs—burn them, in the lingo—and then they will be richer. Their game, *Diablo II*, an Internet-based slasher romp, has been described by at least one game-industry magazine as the "most anticipated in history." *Diablo*, their first game, was among the best selling ever, moving a couple million CD-ROMs, making the game's co-creators, brothers Erich Schaefer, 34, and Max Schaefer, 32, multimillionaires. But what is striking about walking into the Blizzard North building in Menlo Park, Calif., is not the casualness of the offices, the cubicles strewn with toys or the 8-ft. red-and-black *Diablo* mannequin next to the receptionist—that's standard work-is-play, tech-firm vibe. Instead, what makes me stop and wonder is the feeling that I am revisiting my childhood.

I grew up with Erich and Max. We were best friends. And the life they are living—from the games they are designing to the millions they are earning to the expensive homes in which they are living—could also have been mine. Like so many members of Gen X, I too could have participated in the Silicon Valley orgy of wealth creation. Because at Blizzard North, Erich and Max have somehow turned what used to be a clique of adolescent boys—our rabbles of pimply, geeked-out teenagers in Pacific Palisades, Calif.—into a highly profitable, 100-employee, new-economy juggernaut that is currently the focal point of millions of young males eagerly awaiting the Christmas launch of *Diablo II*.

I spent most school-day afternoons with Max and Erich, along with Kenny Williams, who as a bespectacled eighth-grader possessed an uncanny memory for sports trivia. He's now the business-affairs manager. There was Grant Wilson, whom we used to pick on cruelly when he was a freckly, stuttering weed of a 12-year-old, and Chris Root, who spent a year living with the Schaefers after transferring to our high school. They're game designers now. I can remember us all huddled in Erich's darkened bedroom, a Rush album blaring as we rolled 20-sided dice, hunched over the charts, graphs and tables of a *Dungeons & Dragons* expedition. This was the future brain trust of a com-

pany worth hundreds of millions. How could I have missed that?

The games that made Erich and Max rich were derived from those that we played as kids. There's a natural flow to that, but it's irksome to think that if I had just kept playing *Dungeons & Dragons* with them, or *Traveler*, *Squad Leader*, *Top Secret* or any of a dozen other fantasy role-playing (FRP) games, then I too would have millions, get the high-roller treatment in Las Vegas and drive Porsches. And they're not even computer geeks. "We just design games we like to play," Erich says.

This is where I have to admit that Erich and Max were clever in persisting in what I abandoned. When the first computer games were unveiled, the FRP versions were about as exciting as doorbells. No action. There was, I concluded, no future in this. Especially as I was just discovering the opposite sex. Better roles; better fantasies. Erich and Max, sitting in front of their Apple II computer and its 32 K of memory, just didn't seem headed anywhere I wanted to go as a hormonally drenched 16-year-old.

Erich and Max metaphorically stayed in front of that Apple II as Moore's law morphed it into a faster, better computer.

>>> The writer with Erich and Max Schaefer in 1975. Below: Erich, Max and Diablo today



Then came the Net. And after nearly a decade of wandering the techie wilderness, dabbling in desktop publishing and then gradually shifting into game design, the Schaefers struck gold with *Diablo*, the game that could be described as Quake meets *Dungeons & Dragons*. Then, in typical Silly Valley fashion, their company was bought out by a bigger company, which was bought by an even larger company. You know the rest.

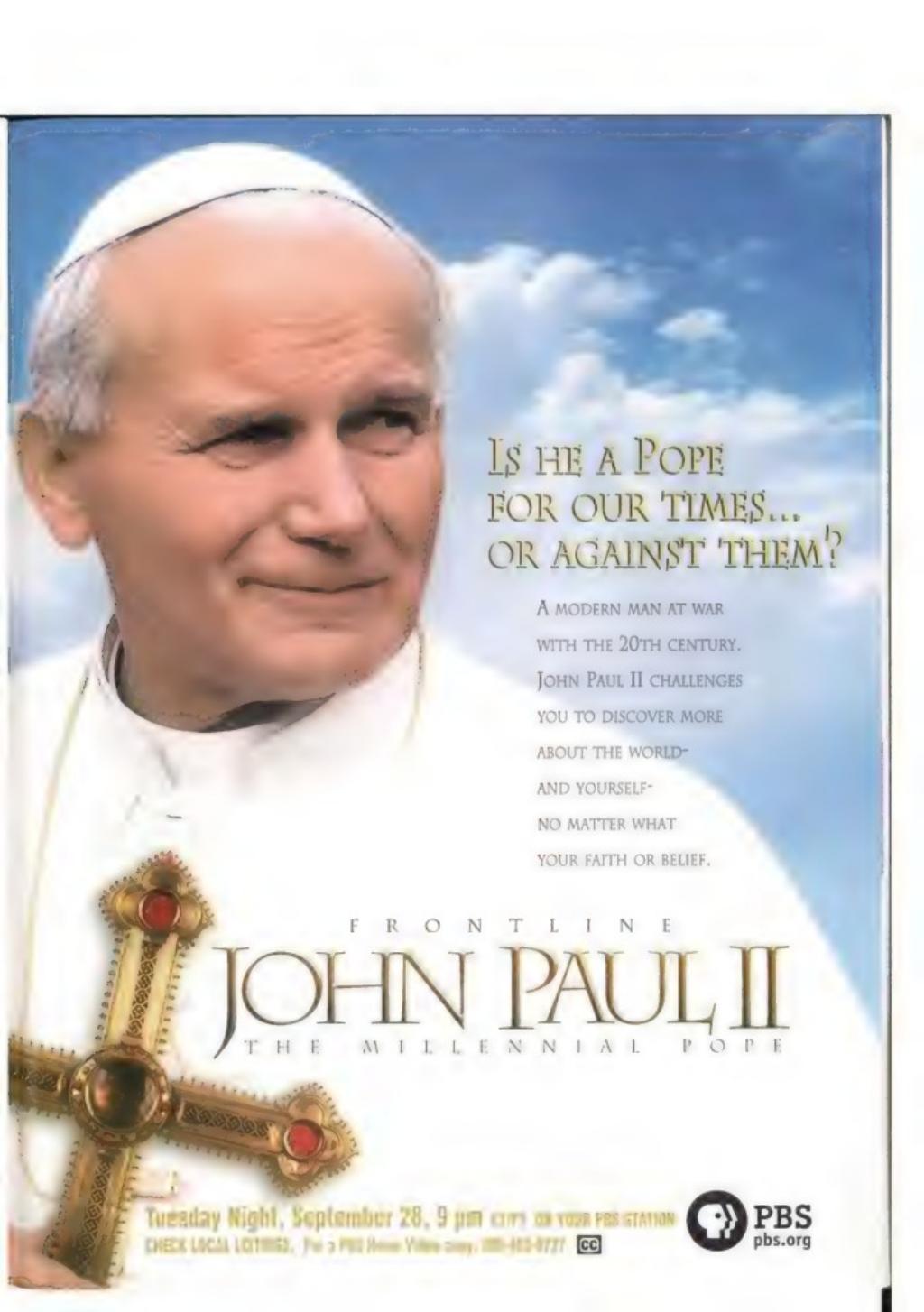
Few things are supposed to be harder in life than to watch your friends become very successful. But when I visit Erich and Max, instead of being consumed by jealousy, I slip into the flow of discussion, debating what kind of weaponry a Paladin should wield or the advantages of the *bec de corbin* over a standard battle ax. The nuances of games come naturally to me.

And spending time with them takes me back to those afternoons at play. That's what these guys do all day, play games. For a moment, I regret the path I took of becoming a writer, of moving to New York City. I should have stayed with them. I should have kept playing games.

But then I think about my smiling baby daughter, four months old. I realize that everything I did I had to do, or I wouldn't have this particular child. And if that meant taking a pass on the greatest creation of wealth in the history of the world, then I played it right.

Although the money sure would have been nice.

>>> The games that made them rich derived from those we played as kids <<<

A close-up portrait of Pope John Paul II, showing him from the chest up. He is wearing his white papal vestments, including a zucchetto and a pectoral. He has a gentle smile and is looking slightly to the right of the camera. The background is a bright blue sky with wispy white clouds.

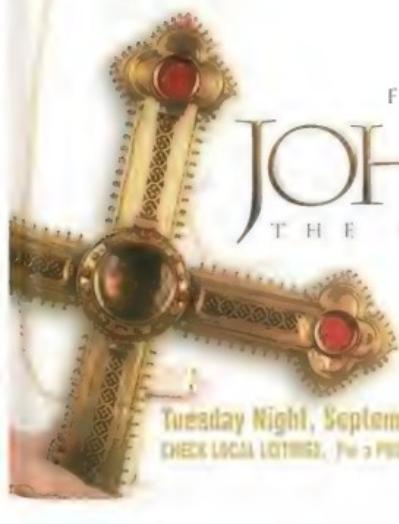
IS HE A POPE
FOR OUR TIMES...
OR AGAINST THEM?

A MODERN MAN AT WAR
WITH THE 20TH CENTURY.
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YOU TO DISCOVER MORE
ABOUT THE WORLD—
AND YOURSELF—
NO MATTER WHAT
YOUR FAITH OR BELIEF.

FRONTLINE

JOHN PAUL II

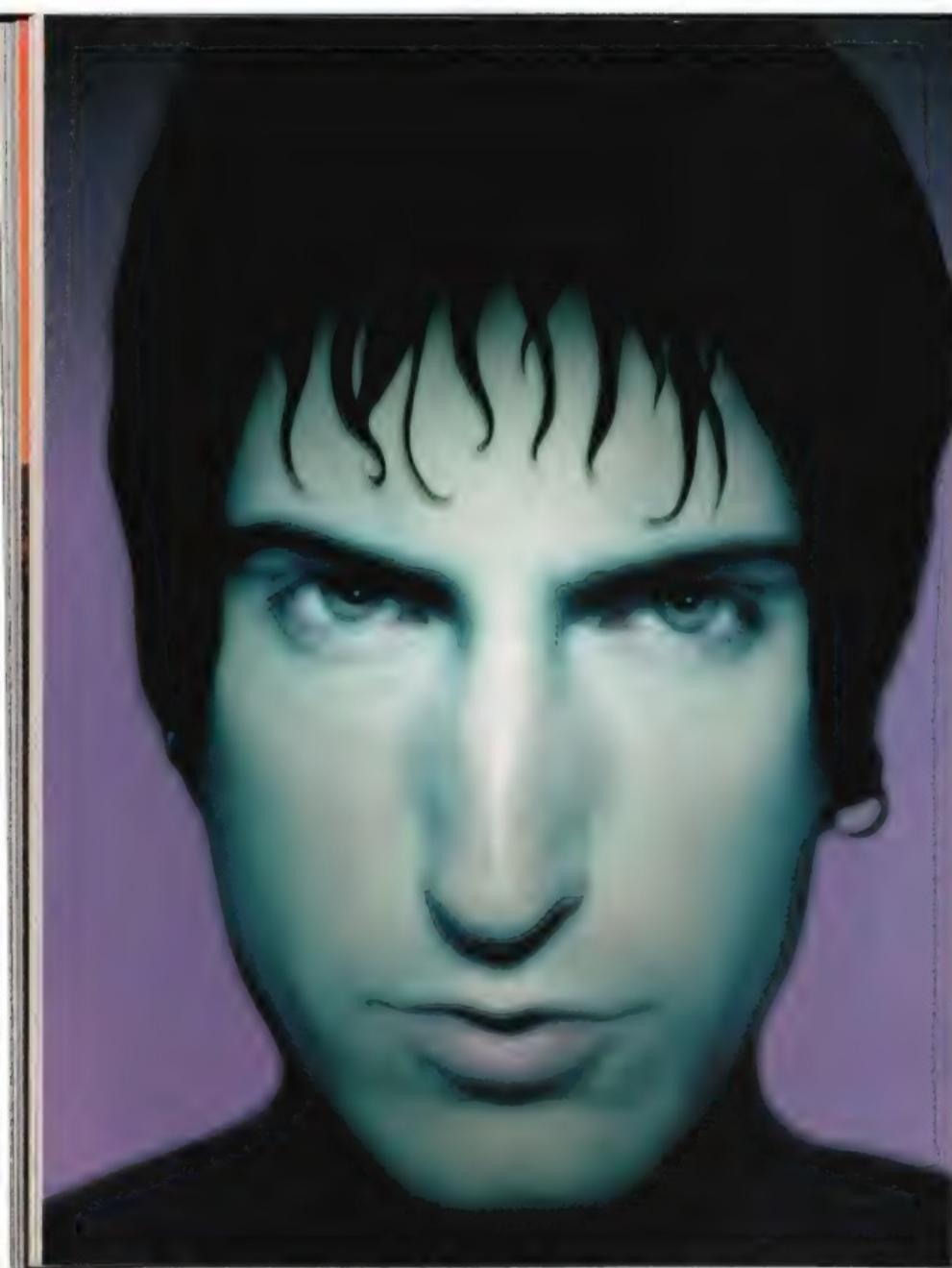
THE MILLENNIAL POPE

A large, ornate gold cross with red gemstones at the ends of the arms, positioned diagonally across the bottom left of the poster.

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MUSIC

By DAVID E. THIGPEN

THE LONG HAIR IS GONE, AND so is the Mephistopheles-style goatee, but the eyes are still the first thing that strikes you about Trent Reznor. Watchful, wary, they gleam like embers, with a shadow of sadness flickering around their rims.

Yet wearing a wrinkled cotton shirt and a grungy pair of jeans, Reznor blends in so easily with the bohemian types streaming past him on a Greenwich Village sidewalk that it's easy to forget he is the auteur behind one of the landmark albums of the decade, 1994's *The Downward Spiral*, as well as an architect of the dark offshoot of heavy metal and punk called industrial rock. His themes of alienation and distress have influenced artists from Marilyn Manson to Oliver Stone. This week Reznor is

ered him with handwritten poems and paintings inspired by his music.

Then, with a Kubrick-like air of mystery, Reznor withdrew into the cocoon of his velvet-walled home, and for the next five years was scarcely heard from. Emerging from his gloomy exile, he has a changed perspective and quite a story to tell about his years cloistered away. And he is packing a few surprises, for *The Fragile* is not just more of the same old musical Sturm und Drang. *"The Fragile"* is a journey out from a place of desperation, "says Reznor. "There are threads of optimism."

The journey the album depicts parallels Reznor's own rocky one. The mind-whammy of sudden celebrity, the devastating 1997 death of the grandmother who raised him in his hometown of Mercer, Pa., and the overwhelming pressure to come up with another hit all converged to push Reznor into a quicksand of depression. "I was in a bad place," he recalls. "I

tracks, but still weighs in at more than 100 minutes spread across two CDs.

The Fragile has very little fat on it, and in the age of the Backstreet Boys, it courageously dares to not pander to radio. The album has an organic feel, with little of the machine-like velocity and crushing density of *Spiral*. Reznor leaves breaks in the sonic wall this time, allowing the songs to breathe. He drives home a subtle message of uplift by filling the open spaces with soft, surprising textures rarely found in rock: cellos, violins, a ukulele here and there, and a tinkling piano—many of those played by Reznor himself, who also does most of the singing.

Reznor is far from defanged. He relishes his stance as a rock outsider. "I still feel like I don't fit in anywhere," he says. He insists that his role will always be cartographer of the murkier depths of the mind. "I'll always feel a passion for what's behind the door." And he remains a trenchant crit-

Industrial rock's auteur was lost. His new CD shows what he found on the hard road back

REZNOR'S REDEMPTION

making a return with a challenging new album, *The Fragile* (Nothing/Interscope), a work that rock fans are awaiting the same way storm chasers anticipate the next hurricane.

Downward Spiral's impact still reverberates through the rock world. Its raging guitars and wallowing percussion are more aggressive than anything that came before. The record was a Kafkaesque critique of an industrial world filled with poison-spewing factories and desolate, ruined people. Its harrowing music, for better or worse, established Reznor and his band, Nine Inch Nails, as one of the few fresh voices rock has produced since Kurt Cobain. But in the view of some social critics, its X-rated imagery made Reznor the spiritual sire of school violence and corrupt-ed youth.

Success brought Reznor, now 34, his own label, Nothing Records, and his own studio, built in an old funeral home near his mansion in New Orleans. Music writers called him rock's savior, while awe-struck fans—Goths, punks, heavy-metal heads and hard-core rockers alike—show-

couldn't work. I couldn't look in the mirror." Seldom listening to radio, tuning in to MTV "only to remind myself not what to do," he shut himself off from the world. For weeks he avoided the studio and spent his time watching Scorsese's *Taxi Driver* again and again. "I was a rat in a cage," he says.

Reznor finally clambered out with the aid of a therapist. "[Therapy] helped me in the sense that it provided an explanation. They said, 'You're not up and down, you're just a quart low.' Not bad." The awareness of his mild depression left him, he says, "not repaired but enlightened. I'm aware of my fragility now, which is a better thing. I'm not afraid to admit it."

It also provided a theme for his new work. Recording of *The Fragile* began two years ago, and within a few months, 45 songs came tumbling out of Reznor. The final selection was whittled down to 23

ic of the record business and the "sound-alike, look-alike meaningless music" that rules today's pop but saps its relevance. He has bigger targets too: America's gun culture and the finger pointing of Washington moralists who blamed musicians for the Columbine massacre, which he blasts as "scapegoating" and "blurring the world of reality and fantasy. I don't have messages of Go kill yourself or Don't kill yourself in my music. People have to be given credit and responsibility for their own actions."

What may most surprise listeners of *The Fragile* is Reznor's disclosure that his rooting around in the dark side has revealed light. Not religion exactly, but spirituality. "I was in a spiritually vacant zone," he says, "and I rounded a corner. I believe there's a purpose and a karma that's real. If it's right for you, embrace it." Embrace the album too, if you dare; but be careful, it's fragile. ■

Encore, Encore



Nearly 70, Radio City Music Hall, a monument of modern design, dresses up again in the high style of its youth

By DANIEL OKRENT

TWAS, WROTE WALTER LIPPmann A few days after Radio City Music Hall opened its doors in 1932, "a pedestal built to sustain a peanut." Describing the entire Rockefeller Center complex in which the Music Hall sat, Lewis Mumford called it "the sorriest failure of imagination and intelligence in modern American architecture." And they were among the kinder critics.

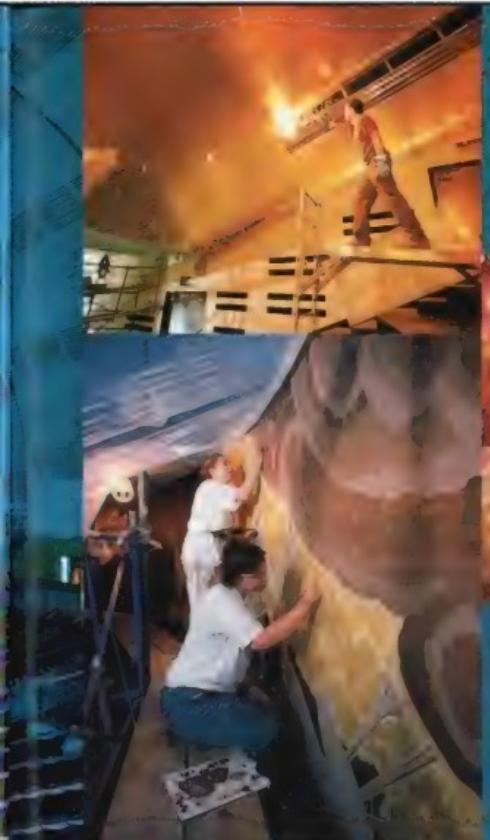
Come the Music Hall's "gala reopening" on Oct. 4, the people who operate the place—Cablevision Systems, through its Madison Square Garden subsidiary—will be hoping that today's judges will be a bit less cranky. After a seven-month restora-

tion that stripped it to its bones and then rebuilt it virtually from ruins, the grand old theater will look strikingly unfamiliar to nearly anyone who has been there before. It will look the way it did 67 years ago.

The Music Hall had three sires—John D. Rockefeller Jr., son of the world's richest man, whose eponymous Depression-defying venture in urban optimism was the greatest accomplishment of his life; S.L. ("Roxy") Rothafel, a monomaniacal showman whose idea of appropriate scale ranged from enormous to gargantuan; and Donald Deskey, a design buccaneer whose best-known work, eclipsing even the Music Hall, would be the Crest toothpaste tube. But what these three unlikely collaborators built, and what renovation

architect Hugh Hardy and his colleagues at Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates have now reinvigorated, changed the course of American interior design.

Given that Deskey had first been inflamed by the idea of the modern at the epochal Paris Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs in 1925—whence the term (and style) Art Deco—the clothing he draped over the muscular lines of the Music Hall was surprisingly American. He commissioned paintings from America's leading modernists, designed hundreds of furniture pieces in novel forms and added new materials—tubular steel, Bakelite, aluminum foil—to the design vocabulary. Up to that point, the fashion in theater decoration might have been characterized as Italian Baroque Moorish Greek Renaissance Pagoda. Pick any two, and you had a movie palace. Deskey resisted Rothafel's bludgeoning insistence on



"Portuguese Rococo" and instead dressed the place for Fred and Ginger, crafting a sleek temple dedicated not to Old World solemnity but to machine-age speed and sheen.

Restoring an interior that in its original condition had never been documented in color photography proved to be nearly an act of archaeology. Hardy tested armfuls of swatches for the mammoth curtain, assessed carpet samples from several continents, appraised scores of variations on the foil wallpaper used in the hall's public areas. Misguided renovations in years past didn't help. The turbid purple-and-brown pattern on the auditorium carpet got that way because the first replacement had been matched to the worn, filthy colors of the original. Hardy's research revealed that in 1932, before 100

ARCHITECT HARDY He says his goal was simple: "I want this place to shine"

million shoes had shuffled through the room in its first nine years, the carpet had been light and buoyant, as if in entirely different colors. Out in the Grand Foyer, a regilded ceiling now gleams above; plummy new fabrics provide a frame for the gold-backed mirrors along the walls; and over the great staircase Ezra Winter's gigantic *The Fountain of Youth* has been restored to such dazzling color that for a



HALL OF WONDERS:
Back in 1932, the
original curtain was itself
the theater's opening act;
its 13 motors lifting and
lowering it to orchestral
accompaniment; 4,000
yds. of fabric were used
to make the new one

GOLDEN AGE: Regilded
ceilings in the lobby areas
replace decades of grime

REFRESHED FOUNTAIN:
The smallest details held
Deskey's attention; every
inch was designed, he
said, in pursuit of "sheer
elegance"

HIDDEN DAZZLE:
Restorers ached over
Winter's mural, peeling
away 1,800 sq. ft. of
yellowed varnish with the
tiniest of instruments

moment one can almost forget what a truly dreadful painting it is—"a wormy intestine floating in a muddy cloud," a contemporary critic described it.

Oddly, the two finest works that Deskey commissioned and Hardy has reinstalled haven't been on display for years. Stuart Davis' witty *Men Without Women* was exiled a few blocks north to the Museum of Modern Art in 1975, when the Music Hall was in such a state of desuetude that at some performances less than 10% of the seats in the immense auditorium were filled. Hardy had a potent ally in his effort to yank the Davis painting back from MOMA. Jerry L. Speyer, the manager and co-owner of Rockefeller Center, is vice chairman of the museum's board.

Also back in its original place—sort of—is a luscious, enveloping four-wall mural by Yasuo Kuniyoshi. For reasons no one will confess to, an earlier renovation had someone bring the Kuniyoshi back to life by painting over it. Entirely. And in a style that someone thought was Kuniyoshi's yet was really more like what you might see on the homemade backdrop of a high school production of *Oklahoma!* But the handsomely repainted version by

Yohannes Aynalem will delight no more than half the Music Hall's audience. It decorates the ladies' powder room on the mezzanine.

Factoring in inflation, the \$70 million that Cablevision spent on the renovation is almost exactly what the entire building cost when new. But while most of us are gaping at Hardy's delicious restoration, Cablevision CEO James L. Dolan will be focused on where the bulk of the money went—into an entirely new electrical system engineered to transmit high-definition-television versions of Music Hall spectacles over his company's cable systems. But what Dolan can't wait to see, he says, is the HDTV view of that other great work of Music Hall art—the Rockettes. ■

Boomer Bards

They've done teens, 20s, 30s—now it's fortysomethings in *Once and Again*

By MICHAEL KRANTZ LOS ANGELES

THREE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO film a sex scene. You can use MTV's strobe-lit quick cuts of gleaming torsos or *Melrose Place's* campy, heaving melodrama. But when Rick and Lily, the fortyish divorcees (O.K., Lily doesn't have hair yet) whose romance fuels the new series *Once and Again* (ABC, Tuesdays at 10 p.m. E.T.), first make love, it's done like this: long, somber takes. Clumsy false starts. Cuddling. Tears. And taking. Lots of talking.

Yes, Ed Zwick and Marshall Herskovitz are back. Three times before—with *thirtysomething*, *My So-Called Life* and *Relativity*—and they are the team of intensely loyal writers who make up the production company Bedford Falls have explored the quiet dramas of ordinary life. Their latest effort, starring the winsome duo of Sela Ward and Billy Campbell, is, like its predecessors, a smart, angsty and intimate reflection of its creators' aesthetic and personal concerns.

But are they anyone else's? No Bedford Falls series has ever cracked the Nielsen Top 20, only *thirtysomething* (1987-91) lasted more than a season. "The highest rating we ever got," Zwick says with a laugh, "was the first 15 minutes of the *thirtysomething* pilot. The numbers dropped by the end of the hour, and they never came back up."

Their influence, though, transcends ratings. *thirtysomething*'s young professionals sitting around chatting about nothing—it must be said—paved the way for successors as varied as *Seinfeld*, *Friends* and *Wasteland*, which debuts on ABC on Oct. 7. And echoes of *My So-Called Life*, this decade's ur-teen drama, resonate in *Dawson's Creek*, *Felicity* and the like. "We consider that show the ultimate standard of quality," says Tony Krantz, CEO of Imagine Televi-

sion, which produces *Felicity*. "Ed and Marshall are role models for us."

Zwick, 46, and Herskovitz, 47, met as American Film Institute students in the mid-'70s and cut their teeth churning out genre work. But the only scenes they cared about, says Zwick, were "the ones where the cop's at home with his wife and kids." When their hit 1983 nuclear-scare TV flick *Special Bulletin* gave them a shot at their own series, Herskovitz recalls, "we said, 'What if we just do the stuff we're interested in?'

And being baby boomers, what they were interested in was themselves. The result was *thirtysomething*, the landmark domestic saga whose characters' exploration of their own emotional landscapes owed a lot to the writers' penchant for self-examination. Not much has changed a decade later. "The minute I told Ed I was separating from my wife in '93," says Herskovitz, "he started to talk about all the stories you could tell."

Like *My So-Called Life* and *Relativity*, the 1996-97 series about twentysome-



PASSAGES Longtime partners Herskovitz, left, and Zwick specialize in talky, intimate dramas about everyday life

thing lovers, *Once and Again* tracks the younger generation as well, observing with typical precision as boomer idealists and cynical Gen-Yers navigate one another's crises and expectations. A daughter's insecurity leads her mother to confront her own sexuality. A father's first serious post-divorce infatuation sparks his daughter's first semi-adult rebellion. A son's condoms end up—well, you'll want to see that for yourself.

At least Zwick and Herskovitz hope you do. "I think the culture is more open now to the vicissitudes of human behavior," says Herskovitz. And in this highly confessional, Oprah-era America, whose very President is an over-emoting boomer man-child, he just might be right. ■



TAKE TWO Ward and Campbell go for the heart

A Show That Loves Too Much

YOU HAVE TO LOVE SECOND-TIME LOVERS LILY MANNING AND Rick Sammler, cursed with time deficits, blessed with complementary beauty—she is flush with earthy warmth, he, all icy-eyed angles. Through their fugitive courtship—making out in back seats and living rooms in rare moments without the kids—you thrill with them. When Lily moans, "I've got two kids. How can I take my clothes off?" you want to buy her a drink. *Once and Again* has the makings of a feel-good hit. What lacks is the complexity and daring of Ed Zwick and Marshall Herskovitz's best work.

You can count on the duo for literate scripts, and they deliver, putting even this season's overused direct-camera-address device to thoughtful (if a bit precious) use. But to realize the show's potential, the creators must end the honeymoon—between the viewers and the characters. *thirtysomething*'s strength lay in its shifting sympathies for the self-absorbed Steadmans, whom we stuck with through sheer exasperation. You have to love *Once and Again*; it will be a great show only if it gets us to do so in spite of ourselves.

—James Poniewozik

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BOOKS

The Absence of Comfort

A Gesture Life elegantly charts the inner life of an emotionally and socially dislocated man



ONE OF THE MANY REWARDS of reading Chang-rae Lee's new novel, *A Gesture Life* (Riverhead Books; 288 pages; \$23.95), is its reticence, a lost virtue at a time when fictional characters (to say nothing of strangers on airplanes) share intimacies as routinely as weather reports.

The imposition of unsolicited self-exposure would be unthinkable to Franklin Hata, a retired medical-supply provider in Bedley Run, an affluent suburb north of New York City. Customers and other downtown merchants call him Doc, in deference to his business. The honorary title is also a well-meaning way of saying, "You may be Japanese, but you have been in town long enough to be one of us."

Hata knows better. He is a Japanese of Korean descent who is used to working hard for acceptance. Yet no one, not even his adopted Korean-born daughter Sunny, knows, or much cares to know, the man behind the Chamber of Commerce smile.

The reader, on the other hand, grows steadily more curious as Hata parcels out memories of his past. It is worlds away from a present that includes troubles with Sunny and a persistent real estate agent who is salivating to list his house, and a bittersweet romance with the widow Mary Burns.

In well-timed flashbacks, we meet Hata as young Lieut. Kurohata, an imperial Japanese army medic whose duties include gynecological examinations of the garrison's Korean comfort women. It's an odious job for a man sensitive enough to fall in love with one of these World War II sex slaves.

Hata's outward and inward lives are patterned like a *trompe l'oeil*, one of those tricky designs in which images emerge or recede with changes of per-

spective. Now a contemporary American suburbia is the focus; now a 1944 Pacific outpost turns the future Bedley Run into background.

The dynamic effect is most obvious in Hata's ties to his long-dead comfort woman and his troublesome daughter. Both are objects of his care and devotion. Both cause him plenty of discomfort. How Hata handles his past and the constant tension between social acceptance and his chronic sense of not belonging finally have little to do with his origins. Chang-rae Lee, whose first novel, 1995's *Native Speaker*, announced the arrival of a new talent, makes sure of Hata's hu-



LEE: Finding the humanity in lonely dreams of oblivion

manity by giving him an inner life independent of ethnicity and suburban status. But the contrast between Hata's appearance and his reality would surely surprise most of his neighbors, especially when he confesses, "I feel I have not really been living anywhere or anytime, not for the future and not in the past and not at all of-the-moment, but rather in the lonely dream of an oblivion."

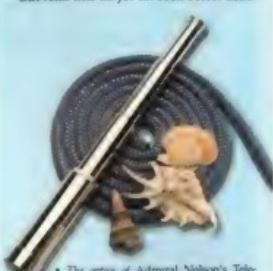
Of the dangers in Hata's war and peace, the physical threats are easier to handle than the emotional perils. On this point, Doc Hata would agree with the granddaddy of quietly affecting writers, Doc Chekhov, who said that any idiot can handle a crisis; it's day-to-day living that wears you out.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

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After All the Smoke Cleared

An in-the-trenches look at how the war against Big Tobacco got won

By LANCE MORROW



OLD THINKING: IF YOU smoke cigarettes, what ever happens to your heart and lungs is your own damned fault. Cigarettes are a legal product, voluntarily purchased and consumed. Don't come whining to the courts when you see a shadow on the X ray. Caveat fumor.

New Thinking: Big Tobacco knowingly sells a defective product that, when used exactly as intended (i.e., you smoke the thing), addicts the consumer to nicotine and eventually sickens and kills him. Big Tobacco should pay billions in damages, not only to smokers and their families but also to state governments to cover the smokers' Medicaid expenses.

In *Assuming the Risk: The Mavericks, the Lawyers, and the Whistle-Blowers Who Beat Big Tobacco* (Little, Brown, \$34.95; \$24.95), Michael Orey, an editor at the *Wall Street Journal*, describes the American journey from a public attitude of "Tough luck, buddy" to the group-grievance activism of the '90s, brought to lucrative fruition in lawsuits—by Mississippi, Minnesota and 38 other states—that have extruded from the tobacco industry the promise of close to \$250 billion, to be paid out over 25 years.

It's a long way from the old mentality to the new—the trip being, in part, a symptom of American cultural change. The transition, as of 1999, is incomplete. Old Thinking still has plenty of adherents. New Thinking may not prove to be entirely a story of virtue triumphant over death-peddling greed; it may instead merely introduce new forms of consumer taxation (higher cigarette prices) and lawyer enrichment, while people go on smoking and dying as before.

Orey dramatizes rather than sermonizes. *Assuming the Risk*, a first-rate exercise of narrative journalism, assembles an eccentric cast of characters. Don Barrett, for example, was a garden-variety

white racist as a student at the University of Mississippi ("I do feel that the Negro is inherently unequal,"

he told a *New York Times* interviewer in 1963, around the time James Meredith was integrating Ole Miss). In the fullness of time, he became a born-again Christian and crusading lawyer who took up the cause of Nathan Horton, a black carpenter and contractor who smoked two packs of Pall Malls a day, developed emphysema and lung cancer and filed suit against the American Tobacco Co. for \$1.5 million in damages in 1986. Horton died in early 1987, but Barrett and the Horton family kept up the fight.

The first court battle ended in a mistrial. On retrial, the jury embraced New Thinking by finding American Tobacco liable for Horton's death—a conceptual breakthrough. But Old Thinking lingered: the jury figured, at the same time, that Horton had obviously brought cancer on himself and awarded zero dollars in damages.

Next came industrial espionage. Orey introduces an engaging, skittish misfit named Merrell Williams, a Ph.D. in theater with an intermittent drinking problem and an inability to hold a job until he

FROM OUR STAFF



Even before his days as executive editor of *ARTnews* and deputy editor of *TIME DIGITAL*, Steven Henry Madoff was a poet. Now he has published his first book of poems, *While We're Here*. His subjects range from the natural world to the personal, from classical to current history. His inspirations are as diverse as a riverbank, a shirt in the closet and Bosnian atrocities.



CAVEAT FUMOR:
Orey produces a
first-rate narrative

went to work as a paralegal doing closely held research for Brown & Williamson Tobacco. The object of Williams' work was to determine what B&W execs knew about the effects of tobacco and when they knew it, to help company lawyers fight future damage claims. Out of a sometimes fuddled sense of righteousness, Williams began smuggling documents from the B&W offices and copying them. The pilfered papers—which among other things documented the company's efforts to market to kids and its knowledge years ago of nicotine's addictive effects—eventually found their way into the national media. Williams' dossier, along with the whistle-blowing of B&W's former chief of research, Jeffrey Wigand (whose story will be told in the upcoming movie *The Insider*), formed the core of the states' case against Big Tobacco.

Finally, Orey focuses on Mississippi attorney general Mike Moore's brainstorm: his novel lawsuit against the entire tobacco industry to recover the state's Medicaid costs. The idea worked with thermonuclear effectiveness, blowing tobacco's safe and unlocking the dirty billions.

It's a fascinating story, though somewhat disgusting, all around, from a moral point of view, being mostly about money and therefore—considering all the ambient death and suffering—strangely beside the point. It is a little difficult, despite Orey's exertions on behalf of the anti-tobacco lawyers, to find heroes in the drama. Riches are redistributed from one class of the venal to another. Mississippi's Medicaid legal team is awarded fees of \$1.43 billion. Dick Scruggs, a leader of the team, buys himself a bigger private plane and a \$200,000 Bentley; he trades in his 61-ft. motor yacht for one 30 ft. longer. Justice triumphs. ■

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BOOKS



ALEXANDER THE GREAT: He might not have been if an assassin hadn't failed

Christianity and Judaism insignificant provincial oddities. There would have been no need for a Martin Luther, no Reformation, no Renaissance, no Enlightenment, no Western culture.

In 1944 General Dwight Eisenhower was prepared to invade Normandy on June 5, but when his weather officer predicted storms over the English Channel, Ike postponed D-day for 24 hours.

What if the Channel weather had not abated on June 6? World War II chronicler and Eisenhower biographer Stephen Ambrose argues that without air cover and paratrooper support, the first waves of Allied troops would have been incapable of fighting. Eisenhower could not have withdrawn them. Hitler could have held his positions, and Operation Overlord, the master plan for reconquering Europe, would have disintegrated. Ike would have lost his job, the Churchill government could have fallen, and President Franklin Roosevelt might have failed in his bid for a fourth term.

Roads Not Taken

What if some of our history had happened a little differently?



MILITARY HISTORY IS A gallimaufry of choices and chance, of opportunities taken, of roads forsaken.

It is this truism that drives *What If?* (Putnam; 305 pages; \$27.95), a collection of essays by 34 military historians, journalists and novelists, all indulging in "counterfactual" conjecture.

In 334 B.C., for example, the 22-year-old Macedonian King Alexander charged with his cavalry into the ranks of Persian forces at the Granicus River in what is now Turkey. A Persian soldier clubbed Alexander with an ax, but before he could deal a second and fatal blow, the King's bodyguard killed him.

What if Alexander had died at Granicus? Goodbye to all the conquests of Alexander the Great, says Princeton historian Josiah Ober. The Persian Empire would have overtaken the known world. The great promise of Hellenism would have lost its way; the growing Roman Empire would have atrophied; Juden would have remained a backwater, Jesus merely "a local religious figure," and

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Even so, Hitler could not have triumphed, says Ambrose. With Britain and the U.S. in disarray, the Soviets might have overrun Germany, Italy and France. The European continent would have fallen to the communists, and the Red Army would have been poised at the English Channel. By this time, the Allies' only recourse would have been the atom bomb.

And so on, with ever more counterfactual supposes, would-haves, might-haves, could-haves, possibly, perhaps, probablys and maybe, in all their dizzying permutations—from Jerusalem in 701 B.C. to China in 1946. *What If?* editor Robert Cowley, who also edits *MHQ: The Quarterly Journal of Military History*, says this exercise is no mere parlor game but makes history "come alive." Others might call it pointless, if mildly interesting. The bloody "factuals" of history are vivid enough without foraging into further imaginings.

By Jesse Bernbaum



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SHORT TAKES

TELEVISION

SNOOPS ABC, Sunday, 9 p.m. E.T. Creator David E. Kelley (*Ally McBeal*) is no stranger to provocative, zeitgeisty premises, and in theory this slick private-eye



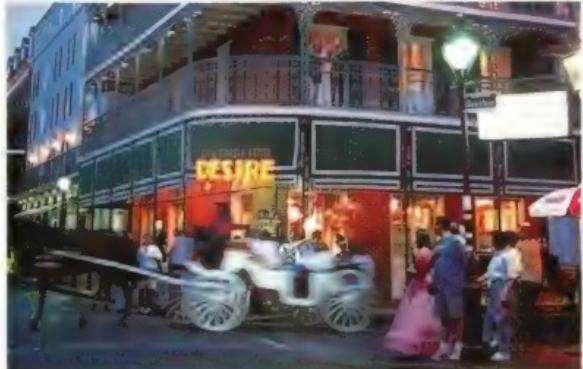
series is a Lewinsky-era doozy: privacy-invasive, sexy investigations by sexy investigators using high-tech, extra-constitutional means. But he's done little more with it yet than find excuses to get his babe-licious P.I.s into halter tops and hooker outfits, a setup spiced up with *Moonlighting*-style banter between Gina Gershon and Paula Marshall. Gershon's sneering, sex-as-a-weapon swagger is an asset, but the product so far is predictable, sometimes amusing eye candy.

—By James Poniewozik

LATER TODAY NBC, weekdays, 9 a.m. E.T. *Lesser Today* would be more apt for this retrograde expansion of NBC's franchise



morning show. The easy-listening fare—dating younger men, how to "test-drive" a dog—isn't really the problem so much as the tone. The ingratiating host trio makes Rosie O'Donnell sound like a shock jock (co-host Florence Henderson seems grateful to be on TV at all: "Good morning! This is so much fun!"). After *The View* proved that homebound audiences like a little sass with their coffee and celebs, *Later* needs a shot of attitude in its cup. Maybe Joy Behar has a friend? —J.P.



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SHORT TAKES

MUSIC

A LOVE LIKE OURS *Barbra Streisand* The time has come for even the most devoted Streisand fans to pack it in. Listening to this loony exercise in self-love is kind of like overhearing two people you know having sex: you really don't want to be there. The package is filled with creamy pictures of Streisand and husband James Brolin—including Streisand in her wedding dress, for God's sake. The disc itself is a sequence of squishy love songs that would embarrass Lionel Richie. Hard to believe that someone who could perpetrate this once had taste. Or sense.

—By Daniel Okrent

CINEMA

BLUE STREAK *Directed by Les Mayfield* About to be busted when a jewel heist goes awry, Miles Logan hides the loot—

a humongous diamond—in a construction site. Released from jail two years later, he discovers the finished building is now a

police station. To recover the gem, he impersonates a cop. It's not a bad concept, and Martin Lawrence is appealing as Logan, who, naturally, has a gift for apprehending burglars. Unfortunately, the writers have no gift for comic writing, so the star is mostly reduced to pulling faces, yelling obscenities and, when all else fails, pointless juking and jiving as he waits for the funny line that rarely arrives.

—By Richard Schickel

THEATER

THE DONKEY SHOW *Created by Diane Paulus and Randy Weiner* The latest entry in New York City's alternative-theater boomlet, this disco version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* takes place in a downtown club where the audience stands while the performers mingle, gyrate, sing '70s hits and enact something vaguely resembling a play by

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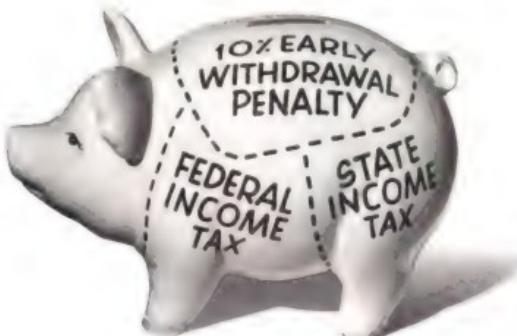
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SHORT TAKES

William Shakespeare. The guys are played by girls in wigs and mustaches; the fairies by guys in loincloths and glitter; and Bottom is a pair of street dudes who together are transformed into the show's title ass. Shakespeare must be spinning, but the retro high spirits are hard to resist.

—By Richard Zoglin

FASHION

VERSUS **Donatella Versace** Few design houses have done as much as Versace to puncture the pesky membrane that separates fashion from celebrity. Witness the number of famous behinds squeezed onto the front bench last week at Versus' Manhattan show: Madonna's, Bon Jovi's, Gretzky's. But Ms. Versace's guest list was more eye-catching than her spring collection. With its angular crop tops, layered skirts and trashy leather ensembles, it looked like the wardrobe of a groupie for a surfer thrash band.

—By Belinda Lisscombe



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN MANNING

GALLERY

DAUGHTER OF ART HISTORY Yasumasa

Morimura In our age of digital sleight of hand, few artists ply their trade more slyly than Yasumasa Morimura. Inserting his



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN MANNING

image into famous works, this Osaka-based master becomes the languorous courtesan (and her maid) in Manet's *Olympia* or—how could he resist?—the *Mona Lisa*. Combining photography, painting and computer manipulation, each piece is a wicked homage, turning art history into a gilded vanity mirror. In his new show at New York City's Luhring Augustine Gallery, the farce is lavish and precise, as Morimura continues his wry, gender-bending ways.

—By Steven Henry Madoff

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PROPECIA is a medical breakthrough—the first pill that effectively treats male pattern hair loss on the vertex (at top of head) and anterior mid-scalp area.

By all measures, the clinical results of PROPECIA in men are impressive.*

- 83% maintained their hair based on hair count (vs. 28% with placebo).
- 66% had visible regrowth as rated by independent dermatologists (vs. 7% with placebo).
- 80% were rated as improved by clinical doctors (vs. 47% with placebo).
- Most men reported an increase in the amount of hair, a decrease in hair loss, and improvement in appearance.

*Based on vertex studies at 24 months of men 18 to 41 with mild to moderate hair loss.

Scientists have recently discovered that men with male pattern hair loss have an increased level of DHT in their scalps. PROPECIA blocks the formation of DHT and, in this way, appears to interrupt a key factor in the development of inherited male pattern hair loss in men.

Importantly, PROPECIA helps grow natural hair—not just peach fuzz—and is as convenient to take as a vitamin: one pill a day.

Only a doctor can determine if PROPECIA is right for you. PROPECIA is for men only. Further, women who are or may potentially be pregnant must not use PROPECIA and should not handle crushed or broken tablets because of the risk of a specific kind of birth defect. (See accompanying Patient Information for details.) PROPECIA tablets are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling.

You may need to take PROPECIA daily for three months or more to see visible results. PROPECIA may not regrow all your hair. And if you stop using this product, you will gradually lose the hair you have gained. There is not sufficient evidence that PROPECIA works for recession at the temporal areas. If you haven't seen results after 12 months of using PROPECIA, further treatment is unlikely to be of benefit.

Like all prescription products, PROPECIA may cause side effects. A very small number of men experienced certain side effects, such as: less desire for sex, difficulty in achieving an erection, and a decrease in the amount of semen. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 2% of men. These side effects were reversible and went away in men who stopped taking PROPECIA.

So start talking to your doctor. And stop thinking further hair loss is inevitable.

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to receive detailed product information, including clinical "before and after" photographs. Please read the next page for additional information about PROPECIA.



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(finasteride)

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Propecia™ (Finasteride) Tablets

PROPECIA™ is for use by MEN ONLY

Please read this leaflet before you start taking PROPECIA. Also, read the information included with PROPECIA each time you renew your prescription, just in case anything has changed. Remember, this leaflet does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss PROPECIA when you start taking your medication and at regular checkups.

What is PROPECIA used for?

PROPECIA is used for the treatment of male pattern hair loss on the vertex and the anterior mid-scalp area.

PROPECIA is for use by MEN ONLY and should NOT be used by women or children.

What is male pattern hair loss?

Male pattern hair loss is a common condition in which men experience thinning of the hair on the scalp. Often, this results in a receding hairline and/or balding on the top of the head. These changes typically begin gradually in men in their 20s.

Doctors believe male pattern hair loss is due to heredity and is dependent on hormonal effects. Doctors refer to this type of hair loss as androgenetic alopecia.

Results of clinical studies:

For 12 months, doctors studied over 1800 men aged 18 to 41 with mild to moderate amounts of ongoing hair loss. All men, whether receiving PROPECIA or placebo (a pill containing no medication), were given finasteride (Merck's Proscar®). Of those men, approximately 1200 with hair loss at the top of the head were studied on an additional 12 months. In general, men who took PROPECIA maintained or increased the number of visible scalp hairs and noticed improvement in their hair in the first year, with the effect maintained in the second year. Hair counts in men who did not take PROPECIA continued to decrease.

In one study, patients were questioned on the growth of body hair. PROPECIA did not appear to affect hair in places other than the scalp.

Will PROPECIA work for me?

For most men, PROPECIA increases the number of scalp hairs, helping to fill in thin or balding areas of the scalp. Men taking PROPECIA noted a slowing of hair loss during two years of use. Although results were seen in men who were unable to grow back all of the hair they have lost, there is not sufficient evidence that PROPECIA works in the treatment of receding hairlines in the temporal area on both sides of the head.

Male pattern hair loss occurs gradually over time. On average, healthy hair grows only about half an inch each month. Therefore, it will take time to see any effect.

You may need to take PROPECIA daily for three months or more before you see a benefit from taking PROPECIA. PROPECIA can only work over the long term if you continue taking it. If the drug has not worked for you in twelve months, further treatment is unlikely to be of benefit. If you stop taking PROPECIA, you will likely lose the hair you have gained within 12 months of stopping treatment. You should discuss this with your doctor.

How should I take PROPECIA?

Follow your doctor's instructions:

- Take one tablet by mouth each day.
- You may take PROPECIA with or without food.
- If you forget to take PROPECIA, do not take an extra tablet. Just take the next tablet as usual.

PROPECIA will not work faster or better if you take it more than once a day.

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 **MERCK & CO., INC.** West Point, PA 19486, USA
Issued January 1998
NDA#0000

Patient Information about PROPECIA®

(Pro-pe-sha)

Generic name: finasteride
(fin-AS-tur-eyed)

Who should NOT take PROPECIA?

- PROPECIA is for the treatment of male pattern hair loss in MEN ONLY and should not be taken by women or children.
- Anyone allergic to any of the ingredients.

A warning about PROPECIA and pregnancy:

- Women who are or may potentially be pregnant:
 - must not use PROPECIA
 - should not handle crushed or broken tablets of PROPECIA.

If a woman who is pregnant with a male baby absorbs the active ingredient in PROPECIA either by swallowing or through the skin, it may cause abnormalities of a male baby's sex organs. If a woman is pregnant, come into contact with the active ingredient in PROPECIA, a doctor should be consulted. PROPECIA tablets are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling, provided that the tablets are not broken or crushed.

What are the possible side effects of PROPECIA?

Like all prescription products, PROPECIA may cause side effects. In clinical studies, side effects from PROPECIA were uncommon and did not affect most men. A small number of men experienced certain sexual side effects. These men reported one or more of the following less desire for sex, difficulty in achieving an erection, and a decrease in the amount of semen. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 2% of men. These side effects went away in men who stopped taking PROPECIA. They also disappeared in most men very commonly taking PROPECIA.

In general use, the following have been reported infrequently: allergic reactions including rash, itching, hives and swelling of the lips and face; problems with ejaculation; breast tenderness and enlargement; and testicular pain.

Tell your doctor promptly about these or any other unusual side effects.

- PROPECIA contains a blood test called PSA (Prostate Specific Antigen) for the screening of prostate cancer. If you have a PSA test done, you should tell your doctor that you are taking PROPECIA.

Storage and handling:

Keep PROPECIA in the original container and keep the container closed. Store it in a dry place at room temperature. PROPECIA tablets are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling, provided that the tablets are not broken or crushed.

Do not give your PROPECIA tablets to anyone else. It has been prescribed only for you. Keep PROPECIA and all medications out of the reach of children.

THIS LEAFLET PROVIDES A SUMMARY OF INFORMATION ABOUT PROPECIA. IF AFTER READING THIS LEAFLET YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS OR ARE NOT SURE ABOUT ANYTHING, ASK YOUR DOCTOR.

1-800-436-7375, Monday through Friday, 8:30 A.M. TO 7:00 P.M. (ET).

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Q+A Chyna

Chyna, the first woman to be No. 1 contender in the World Wrestling Federation, appears on UPN's *WWF Smackdown*.

Q. Are you embarrassed to be on UPN?

A. Are you kidding? We're going to make that network.

Q. What can you bench-press?

A. My biggest has been 365 lbs.

Q. What do you weigh?

A. 201.

Q. Wow. At what age did you decide to get giant fake breasts and wrestle men?

A. I decided to wrestle men before I decided to get giant breasts. Once I started making the big bucks, I could get out and get some big breasts.

Q. How much did they cost?

A. Mine cost \$6,000. They're worth it. I look at them like a real estate investment. I could turn around and sell them on eBay for so much more.

Q. If the rival World Championship Wrestling offered you \$5,000 more, would you switch leagues?

A. The money, unless it was so unbelievable, doesn't play a factor. The WCW couldn't do anything with me. They don't know how to market their talent.

Q. You were a bartender for a while. Was your specialty drink "Whippin' Butt"?

A. I bartended in a hole in the wall in Florida. Besides what I do now, it was the most amount of money I ever made. Q. Were you bummed when someone told you the correct spelling of China?

A. What I was embarrassed about was this ugly stripper that lived down the street from me whose name was also Chyna.

Q. What kind of town were you living in that's filled with wrestlers and strippers?

A. Londonderry, New Hampshire.

Q. You wrestled your boyfriend Triple H. Is this a new form of couples therapy?

A. No. It was strictly professional.

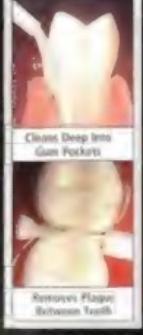
Q. Did you beat him?

A. I think he might have let me beat him.

Q. That's love, when you let another professional wrestler beat you. —By Joel Stein

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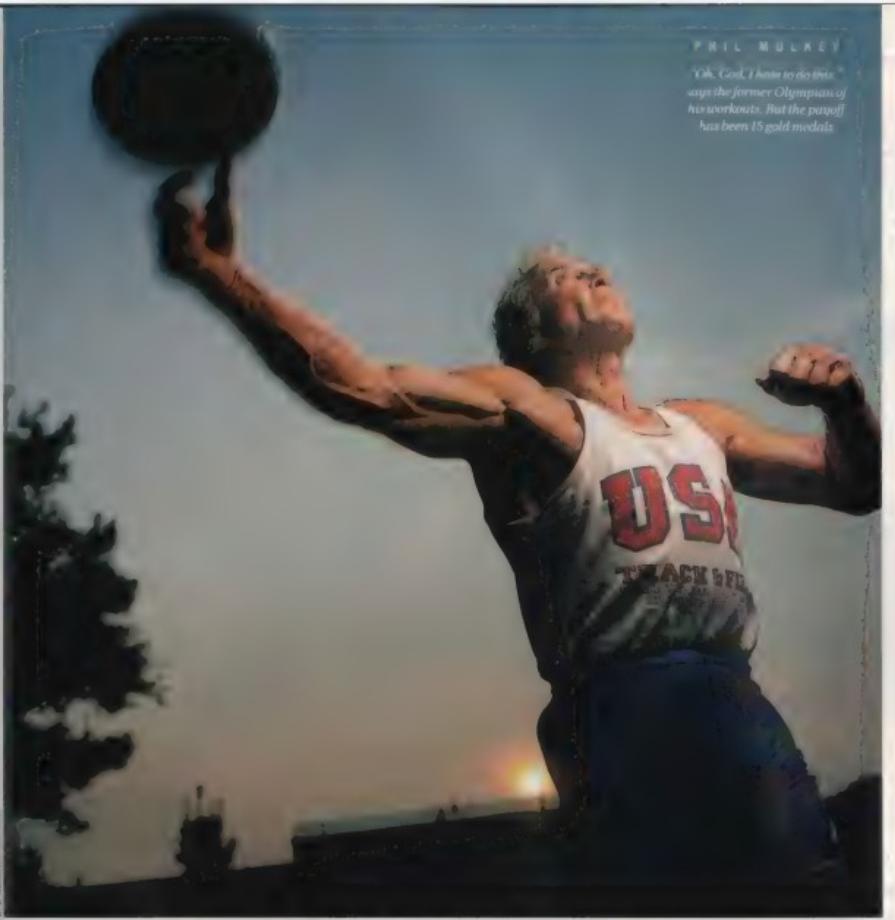
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PHIL MULKEY

"Yah, God, I have to do this," says the former Olympian of his workouts. But the payoff has been 15 gold medals.

TIME SELECT SENIOR OLYMPICS

IN THE LONG RUN

The Senior Games in Orlando, Fla., next month will put older but fitter athletes on display

By LEE SMITH

Not all that long ago, conventional medical wisdom was that the human body crumbled gradually before it collapsed completely. But as recent research has demonstrated, physical decline can not only be slowed, it can also be reversed. Even those in their 90s can build muscles and increase their aerobic capacity. "You can die healthy," says Dr. Peter Jokl, professor of orthopedics and rehabilitation at the Yale University School of Medicine. Yes, and in the meantime, if you take care of yourself and train properly, you can be a competitive athlete.

Those who think Jokl is talking about playing a few rounds of golf might want to drop in on the 1999 Senior

Olympics, formally known as the National Senior Games, scheduled this year from Oct. 19 through 29 in Orlando, Fla. Begun a dozen years ago as a competition among 2,500 older athletes and played every other year since, the Senior Olympics has become a growing showcase for mature athletic talent. This year more than 12,000 men and women ages 50 or older—37 of them in their 90s—will compete in 18 sports from archery to volleyball.

What are the limitations of a senior athlete? Ligaments and tendons lose some of their fluid content and become less flexible with age. Muscles in older people don't use sugar as well, so the ability to respond with a burst of activity declines.

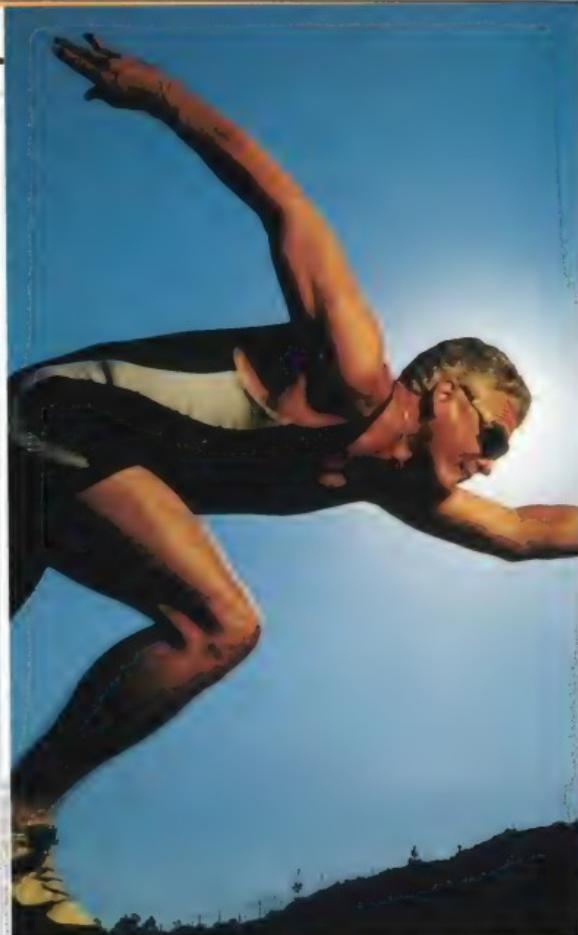
Even so, better fed and more scientifically conditioned than any previous generation, today's senior athletes are stretching their bodies' performance beyond what was once thought possible. Some are even winning phantom races against young champions of the past, swimming and running faster, jumping higher and farther than Olympic medal winners in their prime early in the century. One bettered Johnny Weissmuller, who went on to become Hollywood's most famous Tarzan (see chart).

A number of Senior Olympics competitors were high school and college All-Americans a generation or two ago. But many others are no more than moderately talented late bloomers. A fierce competitive spirit drives some. Others are attracted to the Games largely because of the camaraderie or as a way of keeping life fresh and exhilarating: "Because there's always an event coming up," says swimmer Bob Bailie, 64, of The Woodlands, Texas. "A senior athlete always has a date with the future." Here are the stories of five of them.

PHIL MULKEY

An Olympian dreads practice, eats fast food—and wins

Luckily for ordinary competitors with ambitions to win, relatively few former Olympians or other world-class athletes appear at the Senior Games. Perhaps they don't want to smudge the public memory of their heroic youth. Phil Mulkey, 66, is an exception—a former Olympian who will compete in the Games who has an additional explanation for the absence of other stars of long ago. "Part of the reason may be that they are just worn out," he says. The ordeals of a young superathlete's training and competition have an aftermath. "I can tell you that my bones, my joints, my muscles hurt," says Mulkey.



A skinny, resourceful farm kid in Missouri, Mulkey used the head of a post maul as a shot put, a plow disk as a discus, a pitchfork handle as a javelin. He cut a bamboo tree into a pole and vaulted onto the garage. That was the beginning of a career that took him to the 1960 Olympics in Rome. Going into the finals in the decathlon, he needed only to clear his usual height of 14 ft. 10 in., in the pole vault to win a bronze medal. But he pulled a groin muscle and had to withdraw.

Despite that devastating defeat, he never lost his passion for sports. Mulkey

continued to compete through the '60s winning national titles as a decathlete. Along the way, he got married, raised four children, became a school headmaster and later tried his hand at several businesses in Atlanta.

To prepare for the Senior Games, Mulkey sprints daily along the streets of Marietta, Ga., outside Atlanta, and pole vaults an average of three times a week. He then down a breakfast that would turn a health faddist ashen: scrambled eggs, sausage and biscuits and two hot cakes at a local fast-food spot. Vitamins

66 The 'racehorses' looked out and saw the women runners 85 and older, the slowest center

DALE HERRING

When Dale Herring competes, he's like a kid again. He runs with 100-m dashes and big sprints with 275 lbs. on his shoulders.

TIME SELECT

guy out there." Or perhaps the best. Since 1989, he has won 15 gold medals and has set 14 national Senior Games records in pole vault, high jump, long jump, discus and shot put.

DALE HERRING

He sprinted around a curve and found himself back in his youth

Mission Viejo, Calif., has a lofty level of Olympic consciousness. Greg Louganis used to work out at the local multipool swimming complex. The bicycle races of the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics ran on its roads. So acute is Mission Viejo's awareness of sports that keeping athletic talent a secret is impossible. Dale Herring, 53, went out for his usual walk and jog with his wife Kathryn one morning a few years ago; on impulse, he decided to sprint around a curve, something he had not done in 30 years. Inevitably, he was spotted. The observer, a collegiate coach, urged Herring to run competitively.

Once again, athletics are shaping his life, as they did when he was a youthful basketball, softball and track star. He trains as many as six days a week with one or two extreme workouts that include 60-m sprints, a 300-m blowout and leg squats with 275 lbs. on his shoulders. He has a litany of advice for senior beginners: Start gradually and rest at least three days a week. Sprinters who have not run since college can expect two years of training before their muscles, tendons and nervous systems are working at peak. After a hard workout or meet, the body starts crashing; it must take in protein in the next 30 to 45 min. or it will not rebound for the next day's activities. If you do not start lifting weights by age 50, you will lose 10% of your muscle mass by 60.

As he gets older, Herring gets faster: at 53, he runs the 100 m in 12.2 sec. and the 200 m in 25.3 sec.—comparable to the best high school female sprinters today. One of his best moments, however, had nothing to do with individual triumph. It came during the '97 Games in Tucson, Ariz. He and his eight rivals in the 50-to-54 men's 100-m race were approaching

the starting line, their thoughts turned inward. They were the stars, the race-horses. They looked up and saw that just ahead of them, the women 85 and older—the slowest contenders on the field—were starting their 100 m. "Spontaneously, we jumped up and down and cheered them on—"Go! Go!" recalls Herring. "Then we fell into silence and blasted down the course. When we crossed the finish line, the ladies were there, cheering like crazy."



NICE CHAMBERS SANCHEZ

The focused lady with a low tolerance for nonsense has been standing up to all comers since she was 12.

for us. It was really great." That's senior gamesmanship.

ALICE SANCHEZ

"The Digger" buries opponents and careless teammates

For Alice Chambers Sanchez, 66, life rarely strays far from the volleyball court. There was the time 32 years ago when a big guy named Jess started horsing around on the court when she wanted to get serious about the game. "If you don't want to play volleyball," she told him, "get your ass off the court." He did, but he returned a few days later, intrigued by the focused lady with a low tolerance for nonsense and an inclination for direct expression. They chatted, they batted the ball, they fell in love—and they got married.

Alice has been standing up to boys—and girls—since she was 12. She played

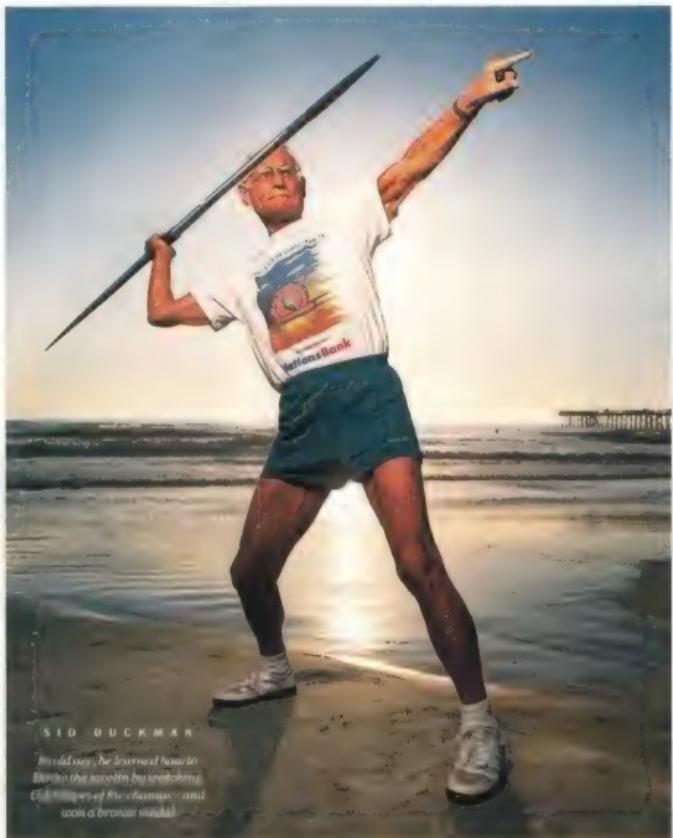
and C are the only supplements he takes.

Pain is a constant—sharper on some days than others. "Some things I dread," he says, "like coming down the runway for the first pole vault. I say, oh, God, I hate to do this. Once you begin to loosen up, it's O.K."

Mulkey does not put himself through agony for the sake of fitness or fellowship. He goes to the Senior Games to win. Before and after the competition, he is sociable, but not during. "The adrenalin gets going, and how can you combine that with cordiality?" he asks. "I'm the worst

on the field. 'We jumped up and down and cheered them on—Go! Go!' " —DALE HERRING

TIME SELECT SENIOR OLYMPICS



SID DUCKMAN

In old age, he learned how to begin the javelin by unhooking the memory of the champs—and won a bronze medal.

softball and football with the guys and was president of the girls' athletic association. She dreamed of being an Olympian, going to college and then teaching or coaching. The dream ended when she married for the first time at 18 and had four children in four years. By age 32, she was divorced and getting no help from her ex-husband. With the grit she showed on the sports field, she refused to accept welfare and took a job, working for 25 years at an aluminum plant, handling the mail and switchboard, and writing the company newspaper.

Through the toughest times, she stuck

with sports and in 1963 began playing competitive volleyball. She has taken part in 36 U.S. national tournaments and, on the beaches and in the gyms of southern California, is known as a relentless opponent who can take on and outwit women much younger than she is. "I can read them," she says. "When they put up their hands to hit, I know just about where the ball is going to go." Sanchez remains fearless about pursuing shots that are about to hit the ground and does so without the benefit of protective kneepads, pluck that has earned her the nickname "the Digging Machine."

"I'm not tolerant of many mistakes, and I don't play for fun. I play to win." —ALICE SANCHEZ

She is as tough on her five teammates as she is on her opponents. "I'm not tolerant of many mistakes," she says, "and I don't play for fun. I play to win." Over the years she has fired a dozen or so teammates, mostly for having outside egos. The Pasadena Mavericks, a team on which she is both the oldest player and the captain, went undefeated in winning the Games championship in both '95 and '97.

SID DUCKMAN

A hard-luck senior, knocked down by cancer, refuses to quit

There is a senior counterpart to Lance Armstrong, who overcame testicular cancer to win the Tour de France bicycle championship this year. He is Sid Duckman, 80, who has traveled a long road of medical catastrophe: a 1½-ft. section of his colon was removed in the early '80s because of cancer. A decade later, he underwent 35 radium treatments for prostate cancer. This summer his spleen and left kidney, also cancerous, were taken out.

Duckman, a high jumper, long jumper and javelin thrower, has been slowed down from time to time but never stopped. As a young man growing up in Bayonne, N.J., he could toss a football 65 yds. He briefly hoped for a career in professional baseball, but he didn't perform well under big-time pressure. Instead he worked days in the local General Motors plant, studied for a bachelor's degree at night and became a schoolteacher.

After retiring in 1985 to Daytona Beach, Fla., he focused his attention again on sports, concentrating first on the long jump and the high jump. His arm remained as strong as his legs. "I can still throw a softball 35 yds.," he says. So five years ago, he decided to test his arm with the javelin. "I was terrible," he says. "Accurate, but no length." He trained for jumping at a local high school, but for understandable liability reasons, the school did not offer javelin instruction. So Duckman

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TIME SELECT SENIOR OLYMPICS

watched videotapes of the best javelin throwers in the world and slowed the action to study their style. He won a bronze medal in the '95 Games with a toss of 81 ft. 7 in.

The comeback from his most recent surgery has been frustrating. Against his urologist's advice, Duckman began exercising as soon as he could get to the track. "You don't know me," he told the doctor. As it turned out, the doctor did. Duckman was too weak for his presurgical routine. So now he is building up slowly as he gets ready for the October competition. He started with short, quarter-mile walks around his condominium, mixing that routine with both swimming and running in the pool. He can once again pump out 16 push-ups, more than, he notes, young recruits must do when they join the Army. "You can imagine how long it takes an 80-year-old to get into shape," says Duckman. Yes. What is unimaginable would be Duckman's not wanting to.

MIKE FRESHLEY

An athlete who needed a hypnotist can now see victory on his own

When he was a high school athlete, Mike Freshley asked a friend's father to hypnotize him before track meets and convince him that he could leap impossible distances. Under the spell, he long-jumped 23 ft. 3 in.—2 ft. better than the school record. At 58, Freshley, now a swimmer, no longer needs a hypnotist. Fully conscious, he can visualize heats in advance and see victory. His imagination is usually on target. In a Masters meet last year, he swam the most demand-

ing race in the sport, the 400-m medley, in 6 min. flat, the best time in his 55-to-59 age group. This year he sees himself setting a record in the Seniors 200-m medley.

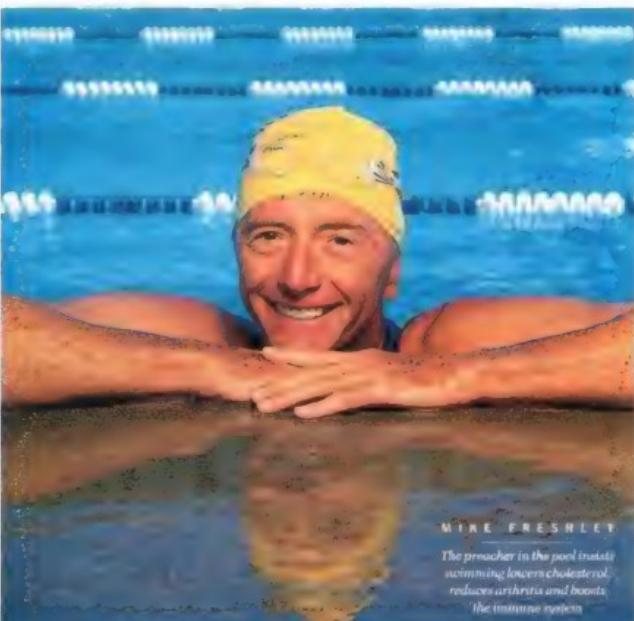
Beyond clairvoyance, Freshley brings extraordinary discipline to his training, a practice developed in his youth. Drafted into the Army after college, he became one of an élite 15 on the all-military pentathlon team. (General George Patton was once a

member.) Training was 10 to 12 grueling hours a day of riding, swimming, fencing, shooting, and running. Even his current regimen would stagger most people: four or five swims a week, sometimes including a 1-mile ocean race, two 20-mile bike rides, two weight-lifting sessions, as much as 3 hrs. of yoga and Pilates, and a lot of calisthenics and stretches.

Freshley, who lives in La Jolla, Calif., is an apostle of swimming. "Before 50, swimming is optional," he says. "After 50, it's mandatory. Guys' egos force them to play basketball at 55 as they did at 20, and they damage their knees." A 70-year-old swimmer looks 50, he maintains, but a 70-year-old runner looks 90. Swimming lowers cholesterol and reduces arthritis pain, he says, and it has strengthened his immune system to the point that he gets barely one cold a year. He recognizes, however, that not everyone will share his devotion. "Nobody has to do what I do—pant, feel your lungs will burst—to get results," he says. "Show up three times a week and swim at 60% effort, and you'll get as much health out of the program as I do."

With reporting by

Emily Mitchell and Adrienne Navon/New York



MIKE FRESHLEY

The prosacher in the pool insists swimming lowers cholesterol, reduces arthritis and boosts the immune system

GIVING THE YOUNGSTERS AN OCCASIONAL RUN FOR THEIR GOLD

It is still both true and noble that whether you win is not as important as how you play the game. But it's heartening to see that some records set by athletes in the Senior Games approach or beat records once held by Olympians half their age or younger. A sampling:

Men's 100-M Freestyle

SENIOR	Keefe Ludwig, age 53, 1997, 57.93
OLYMPICS	P. ("Johnny") Weissmuller, age 24, 1928, 58.6

Women's 100-M Freestyle

SENIOR	Gail Roper, age 67, 1997, 1:18.57
OLYMPICS	Sarah ("Fanny") Durack, age 19, 1912, 1:22.2

Men's 400-M Freestyle

SENIOR	Graham M. Johnston, age 62, 1993, 5:06.01
OLYMPICS	George Hodgson, age 18, 1912, 5:24.4

Women's High Jump

SENIOR	Phil Raschker, age 50, 1997, 5 ft. 1.02 in.
OLYMPICS	Ethel Catherwood, age 18, 1928, 5 ft. 2.5 in.

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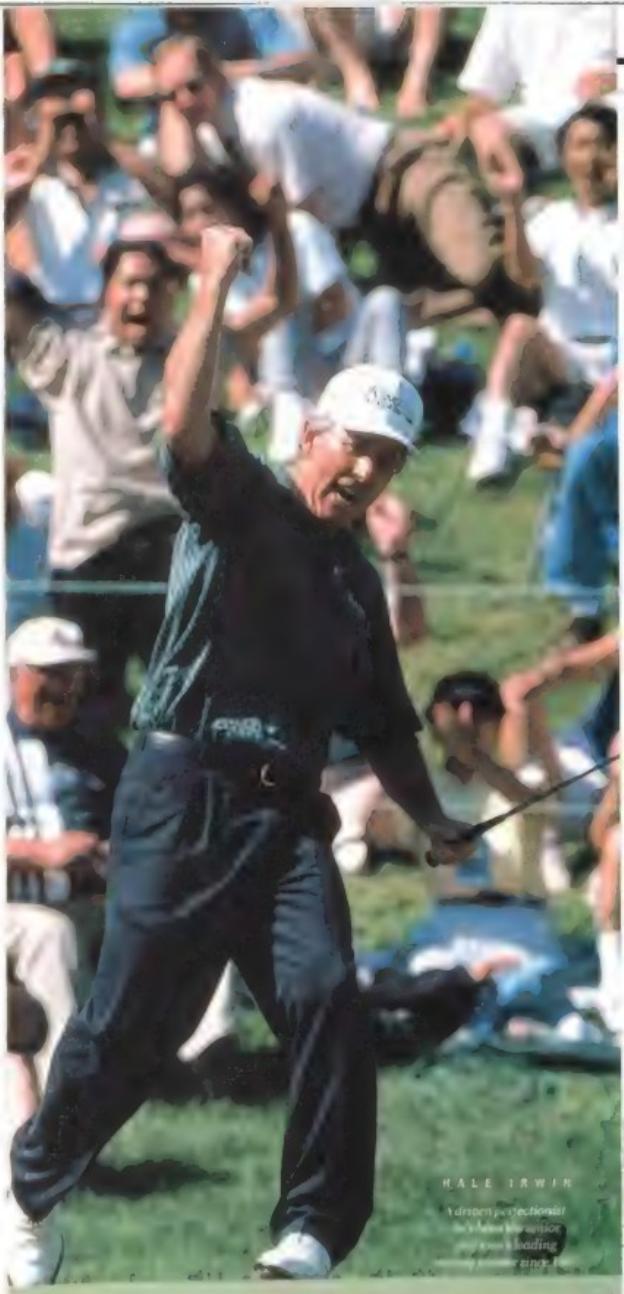
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THOSE RICH OLD PROS

On the golf and tennis senior tours, the Boys of Autumn are winning acclaim and big bucks

By LEON JAROFF

THE DES MOINES COUNTRY CLUB HAD never seen anything like it. For a week in July, more than 250,000 Iowans, including Governor Tom Vilsack, came in droves to applaud, cheer and gawk at the stars. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED called the event, the 20th Senior U.S. Open golf tournament, "the biggest thing to hit the state since Pope John Paul II's visit," which happened 20 years earlier. The mere arrival in town of Arnold Palmer, about to turn 70, made headlines in the statewide newspaper, the Des Moines Register.

This hubbub in the heartland, yet another sign that the sports phenomenon known as the senior tour has become a fixture on the American scene, reflects a larger social trend: the greater acceptance of older people performing well—indeed, excellently—in a variety of pursuits. In golf, and more recently in tennis, players who quickened the pulse of sports fans a few decades ago—Palmer, Nicklaus and Trevino, for example, and Connors, McEnroe and Borg—are back on the courses and courts, and back in the news, striving in spirited competition with their peers.

These are more than just flights of nostalgia. On the Senior PGA Tour this year, prize money totaling more than \$53 million—a record sum—will be awarded in 45 separate events. A senior golf-tournament win can bring as much as \$347,000; two top performers, Hale Irwin, 54, and Gil

■ [The problem in tennis] is t

HALE IRWIN

Virtuous perfectionist
Irwin's return to senior
golf is leading the way

TIME SELECT PROFESSIONAL SPORTS

Morgan, 53, have each earned more than \$2 million a year in the past two years.

Though launched in the U.S. only six years ago by Jimmy Connors and sports entrepreneur Ray Benton, the senior-tennis circuit now conducts tournaments around the world. This year 20 events are scheduled at which \$3.6 million in prizes will be handed out to players 35 and older. Now called the Worldwide Senior Tennis Circuit, it includes in its impressive galaxy such former stars as Connors, 47; John McEnroe, 40; Bjorn Borg, 43; Guillermo Vilas, 47; John Lloyd, 45; Yannick Noah, 39; Andres Gomez, 39; Henri Leconte, 36; and Mats Wilander, 35.

It is the golfers, the youngest of whom must be at least 50, who give emphasis to the word *senior* in the Senior PGA Tour. Seven players over 60 have won a total of eight tournaments, among them Mike Fitchick, who on his 63rd birthday won the Hilton Head Seniors International, making him the oldest winner ever on the pro circuit.

A close second is Gary Player, who at 62 won last year's Northville Long Island Classic. And two other competitors, Miller Barber and Charlie Sifford, last year accomplished equally difficult feats, shooting their ages or below—Barber shot a 67 two times, and Sifford, 76, shot a 74.

In a culture that still worships youth, it is noteworthy that corporate America sees so much bounty in backing these events. "Senior tennis and golf are important building tools for the relationships we have with our clients," says Tim Schwertfeger, head of the John Nuveen Co., a financial-management company based in Chicago that helped get the tennis circuit going and invests heavily in both sports. Companies are not only sponsoring the senior tournaments, they are also using several of the grizzled icons to hawk their products. Palmer has appeared in Pennzoil and Cooper Tire commercials, Lee Trevino, 59, and Connors for Cadillac. With intimate knowledge of the aches and pains of the aging athlete, Connors has been a natural for Nurprin, and Ray Floyd, 57, for Advil.

Two decades ago, Palmer, along with Barber, 68, and Don January, 69, were still competitive in the regular PGA Tour when they got senior golf off to its rousing start. Even today, though these oldsters play less frequently and finish well down in the field, they are still mobbed by the fans.

These days, says Irwin, "the golf tour has evolved from a parade of stars of great magnitude" to what he describes as "a highly competitive experience," one that Irwin himself epitomizes. While he projects less personality or flamboyance than Palmer or Nicklaus and evokes less passion from the gallery, he is an intense perfectionist who still competes in regular PGA Tour events and this season stands a good chance of being the senior tour's leading money winner for the third consecutive year. To critics of his lack of pizzazz, Irwin responds, "Playing great golf ought to be enough."

yards shorter. Golf carts, forbidden on the regular tour, are allowed. The problem in tennis, McEnroe explains, "is that we've still got to run, and they haven't yet come up with a shrunken court." Seniors competition is limited to two sets, however, and if necessary a 10-point tie breaker instead of the regular best out of three.

That tie breaker doesn't sit too well with McEnroe, who jokingly calls the senior-tennis circuit the "dinosaur tour." "I think we should be playing two out of three sets," he says. "This way it's too quick, and most of the fans seem shocked that it's over." Also, he says, it doesn't test the players enough. "There should be at least some kind of fitness test involved."

Otherwise, McEnroe is enjoying the tour, still intent on winning, but more relaxed than ever and more involved with the folks in the stands. "The idea is to get closer to the fan," he explains. Literally closer too, because at each stop the tour erects a small, temporary stadium that enables everyone in the crowd to see the players up close. During the week of a tournament, the participants banter and mingle with the fans and sometimes set up tennis clinics for kids.

"I don't want to go out there and lose," McEnroe insists. Yet he has lost frequently to Connors, who won 12 of the first 14 tour events, and to others in the mid-1990s. But he did manage to put some personal difficulties behind him; he improved his concentration, worked hard at getting back into condition and last year won the No. 1 ranking in senior tennis.

But to McEnroe, winning is no longer everything. "I make more of an effort now to give people their money's worth," something he says (with a note of envy) that Connors does "brilliantly." That money's worth involves entertaining the fans, not only with serious, hotly contested tennis, but with banter and an occasional feigned tantrum, which McEnroe usually throws with a twinkle in his eye, over a line call. "In the old days, they'd fine me if I questioned calls. Now," he quips, "if I don't question line calls, I don't get paid. It's in my contract. I must do it twice a match."

Yet for all the entertainment, nostalgia and excellent play that the senior tours bring to their growing numbers of fans, it's the aging athletes who benefit most, and not just financially. Hale Irwin expressed it best: "The senior tour means that even at our age, we can still pursue the dream." ■



JOHN MCENROE

Though still intent on winning, he's relaxed, bantering with the fans—and enjoying it more

At 54, he has withstood the challenge of the tour's freshman 50- and 51-year-olds who have won more than a third of all senior tournaments, and he scoffs at the notion that age 55 is the limit at which a golfer can compete for senior-tour leadership. "That's hogwash," Irwin says. "The age of 55 is now going to be pushed to 56, 57 and 58, because players are more in shape and more attuned to the keen competition."

In both golf and tennis, however, there have been a few concessions to age. Instead of the 72 holes that are standard on the PGA Tour, senior golfers usually play only 54, and they play on courses that are generally gentler and a couple of hundred

at we've still got to run, and they haven't yet come up with a shrunken court. ■ —JOHN MCENROE

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EDDIE & ESTHER

Two much married former stars cast a look backward



EDDIE FISHER often found swinging more appealing than singing

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT

(St. Martin's) "I had more consecutive hit records than the Beatles or Elvis Presley," crows Eddie Fisher in his new memoir, co-written with David Fisher (no relation). "I had 65,000 fan clubs and the most widely broadcast program on television and radio." Still, Fisher is most remembered as a husband—first to Debbie Reynolds, then to Elizabeth Taylor, then to Connie Stevens. When he left Reynolds for Taylor, it was a national scandal; when Liz left him for Richard Burton, it was an international ruckus. Yet Fisher, now on his fourth marriage, never left the mating game. "Until my marriage to Elizabeth, my singing career was more important than the pursuit of romance. But after that, women became my addiction," he admits. Like any addiction, it ended up

tearing Fisher down. His book is a cautionary tale about life in the fast lane; he goes from the top of the heap, hobnobbing with Presidents, to the bottom, hooked on drugs and broke. Along the way, Fisher, who swings from appealing swagger to appalling hubris, never fails to entertain.

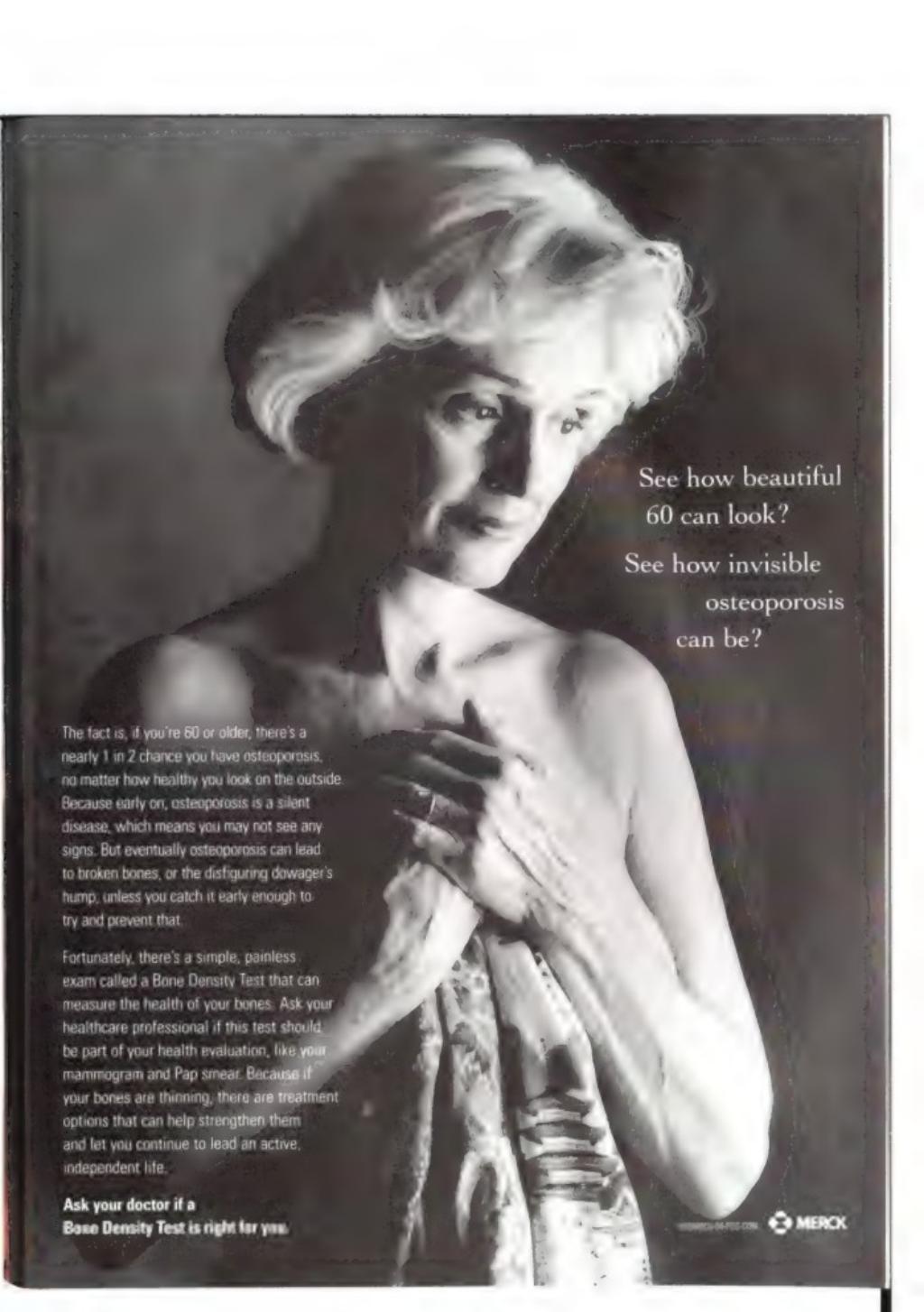
THE MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID

(Simon & Schuster) When Esther Williams was 17, she was taught to "swim pretty," with her head and shoulders above the water so people could see her. She proceeded to do just that, through innumerable hydro-musicals in the '40s and '50s as well as in her personal life, where she seemed to have a knack for choosing the wrong man. Now, in her engaging memoir, co-written with Digby Diehl, she recalls her life as a star at MGM alongside such legends as Clark Gable, Joan Crawford and Lana Turner. Williams, always sassy, proves herself to be a daring memoirist. She tells of being raped repeatedly by a foster brother, being pawed by half the men in Hollywood, taking LSD and almost marrying actor Jeff Chandler; at the last minute she found out that he was a cross-dresser. During her four marriages, the third one to Latin lover Fernando Lamas, it's a wonder that she made any movies at all.

But Williams, the consummate professional, kept swimming pretty. "I knew what the audience expected from me," she says. "I had to be in a swimsuit and in the water." —By Andrea Sacha



ESTHER WILLIAMS swam with the big fish at MGM during her film career



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All-in-One Gizmo?

Handspring's new personal digi-assistant may be the last gadget you'll ever need. If it works.



JOSHUA QUITTNER

I AM SO GLAD THAT HANDSPRING FINALLY UNVEILED its glorious personal digital assistant last week. Now—maybe—I won't have to write about PDAs for a while. I am sick of them, frankly. That type of appliance just doesn't suit me. As a writer, Web browser and unrepentant Quake player, I'm strictly a laptop kind of guy. I demand more screen real estate than you get on a device small enough to fit in your shirt pocket. Also, I don't have enough friends or business associates to necessitate an e-address book.

But I've come to grips with the fact that I'm different from most people—4 million folks use one of 3Com's Palms, after all. I assume many millions more are sitting on the e-fence ("ouch!") deciding whether to get one or a device that runs the rival Windows CE or even the respectable dark horse, the Psion 5mx. If I were buying a PDA, though, I'd probably get Handspring's new 5.4-oz. Visor, which you'll be able to purchase next month online at the company's website, handspring.com. I say probably because, though Handspring finally gave specs for the Visor last week, we need to know more before we can tell if this is really the last gadget you'll ever need.

Things we know: The Visor runs on the same operating system as the Palm, which means thousands of programs are available for it on the Net, many of them free, as well as offline. And just like the original Palm Pilot, it's comparatively cheap. (Clearly, the Palm Pilot inventors, who went on to found Handspring, learned from their success, and are using it as a *springboard*—hold on to that word—for their Visor.) The basic model sells for \$149, but you'll need to shell out another \$30 if you want a cradle for synchronizing it with your PC or Macintosh. The "deluxe" unit is \$249; with 8 MB of RAM, it has four times the memory of the basic and comes in five goofy high-tech colors.

But I'm simply describing a cheaper Palm here, which misses the genius of Handspring: the Visor has a proprietary slot in the back—a data port called Springboard—that allows you to plug in an array

of different devices. Within the year, you'll be able to buy Springboard modules from other manufacturers that convert the thing into a cell phone, pager, global-positioning device, universal remote, MP3 player and more. It's a radically cool idea; in the marketing parlance of the company, it makes the Visor "infinitely expandable," allowing you to choose the devices you need to add functionality. Buy the phone attachment, plug it in (even while your Visor is on—software is built into the add-ons), and you suddenly have a simple way of making "smart" calls, managing three-way calling, call waiting and all the rest. Or, imagine a global-positioning device that automatically interfaces with a database of ATMs so that when you visit an unfamiliar city, you can instantly find a machine that takes your bank card without adding its usurious access fee. Or, if taste buds tingle, it finds the closest dim sum-parlor.

Things we don't know: Will the Springboard add-ons really work? Although I've been trying out the Visor for the past few weeks, cool modules won't be ready for months. The only plug-in I had was a bland Tiger Woods Golf game cartridge, and let me tell you, the proof is definitely not in the putting. No, it looks as if I'll have to wait months more to see if this is the *Uber-gadget*. And write about PDAs yet again. ■



HANDSPRING'S VISOR: A hand-held computer that morphs into almost anything

IN BRIEF

PLAYING COOFATHER Being an upstanding citizen is honorable but dull. And it won't get you very far in *Mob Rule*, a new world-building game from Simon & Schuster Interactive (\$40). Players create corrupt 1930s towns full of gamblers, dinks, slaughterhouses and peep shows. When you're not bribing the police or hazing gangsters, you must keep your tenants happy with new restaurants and more subway stops. Who knew a thug's life was so complicated?



EASY CELL You're dying to become a cell-phone hipster but are stymied by all the different handsets and calling plans. Now perplexed would-be purchasers of cell phones can weigh their choices on two websites: decide.com, launched this week, organizes options by city and type of use (for example, local vs. business travel); point.com lets you enter a price limit and offers feature-by-feature comparisons. We found decide.com to be simpler and easier to navigate.

TAILOR-MADE The trouble with clothes shopping online or by catalog is that you never know if that dynamite blouse will look as good on you as it does on the skinny model. Now Broderbund's *Cosmopolitan Fashion Makeover* Deluxe CD-ROM (\$50) lets you enter your own measurements, hairstyle and skin color on a virtual model to see how clothes from Macy's might look on your body. If you like what you see, simply click on links to macy's.com and buy. —By Anita Hamilton



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IAN SMITH, M.D.

Do the Shoes Fit?

In sports, wearing the right footwear is almost as important as how well you play the game

A FEW MONTHS AGO I TEAMED UP WITH SEVERAL Harvard friends to compete in New York City's first Ivy League Alumni Basketball Tournament. Except for an occasional jammed thumb or sprained ankle,

I've never been prone to sports injuries, and when both my large toes began aching midway, I did what many athletes are trained to do: I gritted my teeth and played through the pain. By the end of the day, it hurt just walking to the car. When I took my shoes off, I noticed blood under my toenails,

a troubling sight even for a physician. Just touching them caused excruciating pain.

I was suffering from a common sports injury. Variously called black toe, jogger's toe or tennis toe, it's characterized by bleeding under the toenail as a result of repeated trauma. I'd worn thinner socks than usual, which left room for my feet to slide forward, banging my nails many times against the front of the sneaker, or so-called toe box. Shoes that are too big or slippery can create the same problem.

The experience showed me just how easy it is to injure your feet. According to the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons, 43 million Americans have foot problems, costing \$3.5 billion a year in treatment and lost workdays. Yet like my injury, many are avoidable if you choose the right footwear for a particular activity.

Start by examining one of your sneakers on a flat surface. If the heel is worn more on the inside than the outside, you're a pronator. That means you roll your feet inward each time your heel strikes the ground. You need a control shoe specially built to counteract this tendency. If your heel is worn more on the outside, you're an underpronator, which means you ought to wear a shoe with more cushioning.

As a rule of thumb, if you do something three or more times a week, you need a sport-specific shoe. The exceptions: basketball, running and aerobics. These always require special shoes, regardless of how often you participate in them. Basketball and aerobics, in particular, involve frequent lateral

movement, demanding shoes that give you good stability. Look for a sneaker with a high back (or profile) that will keep your foot from rolling over. Otherwise you'll risk painful ankle sprains and torn ligaments and tendons.

Many people assume it's all right to walk in almost any shoe because it's not as demanding as running. Not true, says Dr. Carol Frye of the orthopedic academy: "Walking shoes should be at least 2½ in. thick in the heel area, giving you comfortable cushioning, and have a rocker-sole design that encourages the foot's natural roll as you move."

Runners need even more cushioning because they're constantly pounding their feet. The front of their shoes should be flexible, because runners tend to push out with each stride. It also helps if the outer soles have deep, wide treads, preferably lightweight.

When you're trying on sneakers, do it 30 min. to 1 hr. after you've exercised so that the foot is still fully expanded. Always wear the sort of socks you'll be wearing during the sport, and check that you have a thumb's width—about ¾ in.—of space between the tip of your toes and the front of the sneaker, giving enough room to wiggle them.

These pointers might have helped me avoid my bloody nails. And winning the tournament might have eased the pain. But we didn't win. Brown did, which made the pain even worse. ■

Visit the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons at www.aaos.org. You can e-mail Dr. Ian at ianmedical@aol.com

GOOD NEWS

SPARE THE SCALPEL

Parents aren't alone in having trouble figuring out if their kid's bellyache is really appendicitis. In up to 20% of cases, doctors operate only to find a perfectly healthy appendix. Now a study shows that examining the abdomen with ultrasound or a CAT scan is 94% accurate in diagnosing whether a sick child does or does not require surgery. One drawback: a nonradioactive dye



must be administered through the child's rectum before a CAT scan can be performed.

KEY EXCHANGE A small but persuasive study suggests that a novel technique may help multiple sclerosis patients when standard therapies fail. It involves replacing a subject's own blood plasma with an artificial substitute. Symptoms eased or vanished in 42% of those studied. Caveat: It was tried only on patients having an acute flare-up, not those with chronic, progressive MS.

BAD NEWS

NIT PICKING

Getting rid of lice from your kids' hair may be more difficult than ever. A report that looked at two cities,

Boston and Boise, Idaho, shows that the pesky six-legged parasites are increasingly resistant to permethrin, the active ingredient in Nix, a popular over-the-counter remedy. What to do? Doctors suggest that you try commercial preparations; if these fail, ask your physician for a prescription pesticide. Or

forget pesticides altogether, and try products with "delousing agents," which are found in health-food stores.



HEAR YE Removing a youngster's tonsils and adenoids for recurring ear infections is frustrating enough—and it may not do much good either. In most cases, the surgery results in just a slight reduction in the number of new infections—and only for the first year after the procedure. ■ By Janice M. Horowitz

Sources—Good Health (JULY/AUGUST 1999), *Annals of Allergy, Asthma & Immunology* (JULY/AUGUST 1999); *Archives of Otolaryngology—Head and Neck Surgery* (JULY/AUGUST 1999); *JAMA* (9/15/99)



AMY DICKINSON

Positive Illusions

From "I do" to the Seven-Year Itch, a new study shows that marriage (surprise) is hard work

NEXT TO FIG NEWTONS, THERE'S NOTHING I LIKE better than a good longitudinal study. I especially enjoy ones with fancy titles that use lots of charts and graphs to tell us what we suspected all along. The latest, entitled "The Nature and Predictors of the Trajectory of Change in Marital Quality for Husbands and Wives over the First 10 Years of Marriage," was published this month in the *Journal of Developmental Psychology*. Cutely subtitled "Predicting the Seven-Year Itch," this extensive

research charts the decline in the quality of marriages of more than 500 Midwestern couples, surveyed over 10 years.

According to the research, married couples' assessment of the quality of their marriage starts to sink rapidly just after the "I do" and continues downward through the first four years. The quality of marriage plateaus after that first dip and then declines again during years eight, nine and 10—the "seven-year itch" part. Couples re-

says the couples she sees are trying to nurture their relationships along with raising perfect kids and maintaining careers, but in this compartmentalized era, they are without the benefit of support systems of extended families and communities. Couples also expect to be happy. But "the facts of life are very grinding, so the reality of marriage is grinding," says Low, who has been married for 51 years. Marriage is now, as it has always been, hard work. Marriage is not a static event that can be measured, but a series of developments—those triumphs and setbacks—that make up life. "There is no obvious course to follow, so couples just have to keep working. A person sees dramatic changes during a marriage," Low says, "so a couple has to be committed to a way of life."

Lawrence Kurdek, Ph.D., the Wright State researcher who wrote the seven-year-itch study, said that its grim statistics actually made him hopeful. "Knowing the pattern of marriage relationships might help couples stay together, if they can come up with positive ways to cope with it," he says. "We have to build into marriage the idea that there will be lots of change."

When married couples hit the inevitable doldrums, they may want to revisit their Hollywood-fueled expectations about what marriage is and what it will do for them. Then maybe they can chuck their positive illusions and rent a good movie—one where the hero and heroine don't necessarily live happily-ever-after all the time, but stay together anyway. ■

For more information about marriage, see our website at time.com/personal. You can e-mail Amy at timefamily@aol.com



ported that the presence of children is, not surprisingly, a considerable stress on a marriage; the research states that having children at home prevented married couples from maintaining "positive illusions about their relationships."

My local bookstore has a shelf of relationship books that is longer than most relationships, detailing how to find the love you want, how to get married and how to create, and try to maintain, those "positive illusions." In our popular culture, marriage seems to flow naturally from romance—Julia Roberts keeps running off with Richard Gere. Americans love to get married, but half our marriages don't take. Then we switch partners and remarry, with roughly the same odds of success.

Natalie Low, Ph.D., a clinical psychologist and instructor at Harvard, counsels families as they navigate their way through the illusions and into the reality of marriage. She

IN BRIEF

YOU CAN'T HAVE THE KEYS To combat the high rate of teenage driving accidents, eight states last year instituted "graduated licensing" for those under 18. Restrictions such as not allowing kids to drive at night until they have proved their experience behind the wheel seem to be working. According to the California Highway Patrol, there has been a 7% drop in accidents involving youthful drivers, as well as a dip in fatalities.



PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

MORE TEEN TRIALS A new study by the American Association of University Women Educational Foundation reveals that besides the obvious issues of school and grades, girls ages 11 to 17 struggle most often with

Most important issues confronting teenage girls:

- 1 Sex
- 2 Peers
- 3 Drugs/Alcohol
- 4 Image/Appearance
- 5 School

such social concerns as knowing how to say yes to a relationship without having to say yes to sex, as well as dealing with peer pressure, drugs and alcohol. Such conflicting pressures come from not only boyfriends and girlfriends but also movies, television and advertising. According to the AAUW, educators and parents need to address this problem seriously.

MAKE NICE School violence is a concern of all parents, yet a major study released last week by the National Center for Children in Poverty confirms that there might be a possible solution to at least part of the problem. Students in Grades 2 through 6 who took part in a violence-resolution program—and learned to solve disagreements with words instead of fists—ended up being less hostile. This channelling of anger had one additional benefit. Those who took the classes often did better academically than those who did not.

—By Daniel S. Levy
ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY TERRY COLDEN



PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

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DANIEL KADLEC

Don't Get Caught

Stock-fund holders could be on the hook for big tax bites in a year of big redemptions

ONE OF THE THINGS I LEARNED THE HARD WAY IN college is never to accept the third turn with a pilfered fire extinguisher. You think you're going to get to blast an unsuspecting roommate, but you end up a two-time loser—inheriting an empty canister just as the campus cops show up. A similar fate awaits many mutual-fund investors this year. Redemptions from stock funds are running at the highest level in a decade, and those who stay put could wind up holding a big tax liability—essentially

having been handed that spent fire extinguisher. Here's how it works. Mutual funds pay no income or capital-gains taxes so long as they pass on the gains and resulting tax liabilities to shareholders once a year, usually in November or December. Most investors never take a fund's distribution as cash; they reinvest it and pay the tax out of pocket. That's why the worst time to buy a stock fund is just before the annual payout. You get hit for a year's worth of taxes even if you owned the fund briefly.

For money held in tax-deferred accounts like a 401(k), this isn't a big deal. But more than half of all stock-fund assets are in taxable accounts, where the annual distribution is a long-standing sore point. Fund managers can minimize the hit by cutting down on trades, but with this year's heavy redemptions, even tax-conscious managers can't avoid a deadly double whammy.

Part 1 of the whammy: heavy redemptions often force a fund manager to sell stocks and book gains that would otherwise be avoided, just so they can pay departing investors. Part 2: fewer remain to share the tax liability.

On balance, investors continue to pump a lot of money into stock funds—\$103 billion more than they took out through July. But last year that figure was \$144 billion. And on the redemption side (ignoring new money coming in) the bloodletting has rarely been so extreme. At the current pace, investors will cash out \$732 billion from stock funds this year, equal to 22% of the industry's \$3.4 trillion in stock-fund assets. That percentage has run in the middle teens since 1990, accord-

ing to the Investment Company Institute, a trade group. Why all the selling? Possibly online stock trading and Internet speculation—not to mention frustration with middling returns—are redirecting money away from stock funds.

What does it mean to you? Be especially careful what funds you buy for the rest of the year. High-flying (and often fast-trading) Internet funds are ripe for large taxable distributions. Take Amerindo Technology Fund, up 389% the past 12 months. It just sold most of its huge stake in Yahoo, and says that this year it will have its first distribution since inception. Wait before buying. But if you already own, don't sell to avoid the distribution. You'd realize a huge taxable gain on your fund shares.

Another flag is the aforementioned heavy redemptions. Take Oakmark Fund (which I own). After a brilliant run early this decade it has lagged badly the past two years. This year shareholders have withdrawn \$2 billion more than they've put in, a drop equal to a third of the fund's assets, reports AMG Data. Manager Bob Sanborn has been forced to sell long-held stocks and realize the gain. "I'd be shocked if our distribution is not abnormally high," he says. So don't buy now; it might even make sense to sell (I'm not) if your shares haven't gone up much. Other guideposts to a potential big hit: a new fund manager and excessive trading (a turnover rate above 100%). If you can help it, no point getting stuck with the evidence. ■

See time.com for more on funds. Dan is a guest on CNNfn Tuesdays at 12:45 p.m. E.T. and BNN radio Mondays at 5:40 p.m. E.T.

IN BRIEF

ROLL IT OVER! Last year 57% of job-hoppers chose to cash out their 401(k)s rather than roll the balance over to a new account, according to a Hewitt Associates study. That's a mistake, even if the balance seems too insignificant to roll. Federal and state taxes, plus a 10% penalty for withdrawing funds before age 59½, can eat up nearly half of a \$10,000 distribution. But if a 30-year-old rolls that money over and cashes out at age 60, the account would total some \$97,000 before taxes, and the worker would take home a good \$60,000. Now that's worth a little paperwork.



FALSE SECURITY The Federal Trade Commission and six states are nailing companies for bilking consumers out of more than \$25 million through worthless credit-card "loss-protection" programs. Federal law already limits consumer loss due to unauthorized charges to \$50, but telemarketers are talking up computer hackers and Y2K glitches. Some claim consumer-protection laws have changed, and others pose as credit-card employees who need to "activate" new protection features on your card.

Don't give out personal information unless you initiated the contact.
To file a complaint, call 877-FTC-HELP.



CORRECTIONS The boys were given too much credit last week when this column incorrectly stated that all-male investment clubs had beaten the S&P 500 by 0.56% in a recent study; Brown University researchers found that male groups actually trailed the index by that figure. As reported, though, mixed-gender groups beat the S&P handily. Also, because of a computer error, hyphens were incorrectly inserted into two web addresses last week: MetalMarkets.com and StockJungle.com.

—By Julie Rawn

A photograph of a family of four at a dinner table. In the foreground, a man in a white shirt and dark vest looks directly at the camera. Behind him, a woman in a black top smiles. To the left, a young girl sits at the table, and behind her, a young boy stands. The setting appears to be a home dining room.

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look after
your own
future?

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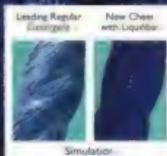


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Long Live Your Clothes.

By MICHELE ORECKLIN

AP/WIDEWORLD



WHO'S YOUR DADDY?

Not every man can wear white fur and diamonds and still get the babes. But not every man is PUFF DADDY. When the rap mogul visited Paris to promote his latest album, he shipped 18 trunks of clothing, 45 pairs of shoes and two stylists, and booked a hotel room exclusively for his wardrobe. Between outfit changes, Puff found time to attend the couture shows and preen for October's *Vogue* (accessorized by model KATE MOSS). "I'm just a regular superstar," he demurs. As if there were such a thing.

The Suits Do Not Make the Man

Marcelo Rodriguez may be the only person in Los Angeles complaining of too much exposure. The Beverly Hills police had the dubious honor of arresting **GEORGE MICHAEL** in a public bathroom last year after the singer performed a "lewd act" upon himself. As if that image weren't scarring enough, Rodriguez says he then had to watch himself mocked in Michael's video *Outside*, in which men dressed as cops danced and kissed each other. Now the officer of the peace has declared war, filing a \$10 million lawsuit against the singer for slander, mental anguish and emotional and physical distress. At a news conference held in London last week to promote NetAid, a concert to benefit Kosovo refugees, Michael called the suit a "minor irritation" and promised tabloid reporters he'd speak with each of them personally on any topic if they gave the conference adequate coverage. One hopes he has learned to do that for himself as well.

ANDREW KELLY—REUTERS



Suddenly Steffi

He's flashy, she's focused. He just nabbed the No. 1 ranking in tennis, she just retired from the sport. He shaves his head and chest, she doesn't. But hey, they're both newly single and in peak physical condition. There are worse reasons for two people to get together. Last week **ANDRE AGASSI** was spotted around New York City and Los Angeles with **STEFFI GRAF**. Judging by the third-tier seats she was relegated to at the U.S. Open, the relationship seems to be in its nascent stages, but given the unending opportunities for puns, headline writers, at least, are rooting for the couple to flourish.

WHEN A GOLDEN GLOBE JUST ISN'T ENOUGH

Both Warren Beatty and Cybill Shepherd are considering running for President. How do the Hollywood duo compare as potential candidates?

	BEATTY	SHEPHERD
MAIN ISSUE:	Campaign-finance reform	Pro-choice
SHOWED POLITICAL CHOPS IN:	Bulworth, as a Senator who raps	Taxi Driver, as a Senate campaign worker
CURRENTLY:	Expecting fourth child	Menopause spokeswoman
APPEALING TO:	The family-values crowd	Women with hot flashes
SANG BADLY IN:	Ishrat (1987)	At Long Last Love (1975)
LIKE RONALD REAGAN IN THAT:	He's an actor moving into politics	She's an actor who dyes her hair



TRACHTENBERG—CORBIS OUTLINE



TRACHTENBERG—CORBIS OUTLINE

Charles Krauthammer

The Limits of Humanitarianism

Realpolitik dictates that the U.S. take a backseat in East Timor

WHY DID THE U.S. GO TO WAR OVER KOSOVO BUT NOT East Timor? Yes, Australian and other troops are going into Timor, ferried and supported by the U.S. military. But the difference with Kosovo is striking:

- The peacekeepers did not bomb their way into Timor as they did in Kosovo. They waited for permission from Jakarta.
- Before intervening in Kosovo, the West had championed the case of the Kosovars. The Rambouillet peace conference tried to force Belgrade to turn Kosovo over to NATO. East Timor, on the other hand, has been championed by one man: Bill Clinton is the fifth consecutive American President to ignore its struggle for independence. It was the Indonesians themselves who set the current train of events into motion by unexpectedly allowing a referendum on independence.
- There will be no American infantry in Timor. The U.S. will help others go in. But we will not be baby-sitting the Timorese as we are the Kosovars.

Why the extraordinary American exertions for Kosovo and not East Timor?

The cynical answer is race. The Kosovars had the foresight to be born white and European.

But on this issue, the Clinton Administration, which at home is irreproachably antiracist and which abroad intervened forcefully in Haiti and Somalia, deserves the benefit of the doubt.

A second explanation is proximity. Kosovo, it is said, is a lot closer to the U.S. than is Timor. As National Security Adviser Sandy Berger put it, Kosovo is "in the middle of Europe," while East Timor is "in Asia."

Well, Kosovo is not in the middle of Europe. It is at the periphery of Europe. And both Kosovo and East Timor are more than 4,000 miles away from the U.S. (East Timor being about 1,500 miles farther away).

Let's try a third rationale: strategic. East Timor, said Berger, is nothing more than "a humanitarian problem," while Kosovo involved "strong security and strategic consequences."

But this too is nonsense. Yes, East Timor is purely a humanitarian problem. But so is Kosovo. It matters not a whit to the U.S. whether Kosovo is ruled by Serbs or Albanians or Tartars. It has no economy to speak of, no industry, no military. It doesn't even have a seacoast. It is a destitute, landlocked geopolitical wasteland. East Timor is much the same, except for the beaches.

So why one and not the other? The answer has nothing to

do with the strategic importance of the victim and everything to do with the strategic importance of the victimizer: *Serbia does not count for us. Indonesia does.*

We blithely bombed our way into Yugoslavia because the country we needed to bludgeon is of no strategic significance. We did not bomb our way into Indonesia because that country is of immense strategic significance.

Serbia could disappear tomorrow without the U.S. even noticing. But the U.S. would notice greatly if Indonesia were to disappear. The real reason we stayed our hand and stifled our righteousness there was to make sure that it doesn't.

Indonesia controls the Strait of Malacca. It is the great southern bulwark against the rising Chinese challenge. It has the largest population in the Muslim world and practices a tolerant Islam that we hope will influence its more militant co-religionists.

Moreover, Indonesia faces dismemberment by separatist revolts in several of its 17,000 islands. If we bludgeoned our way into East Timor the way we did Kosovo, we would encourage separatist rebels on Aceh, in West Irian and throughout Indonesia.

"Whether you live in Africa or Central Europe or any other place," declared President Clinton, "if somebody comes after innocent civilians and tries to kill them because of their race, their ethnic background or their religion, and it's within our power to stop it, we will stop it." This Clinton Doctrine, proclaimed with such proud moral flourish just three months ago, is already dead. The real Clinton Doctrine is this: We will protect innocent civilians from bullies—but only bullies that don't count geopolitically.

When China oppresses Tibet, Russia ravages Chechnya or Indonesia reduces East Timor to rubble, we do not intervene. China, Russia and Indonesia matter. But Serbia doesn't. So when

Kosovo is overrun, we strike.

The Clinton Administration will never admit that this is its policy. But it is. Which is one of the reasons the debate about intervention is so muddled and confused. Everyone is throwing around moralistic clichés, including an Administration that wants to portray itself as pure as snow.

It isn't. It can't be. It shouldn't be.

No Great Power can be. Strategic calculation must affect where and how America intervenes in the world. Clinton's Timor policy—pressuring Indonesia into granting entry for non-American peacekeepers for a "permissive" occupation—is wise and restrained. It is a pity, however, that the President cannot say plainly what he has done and why.





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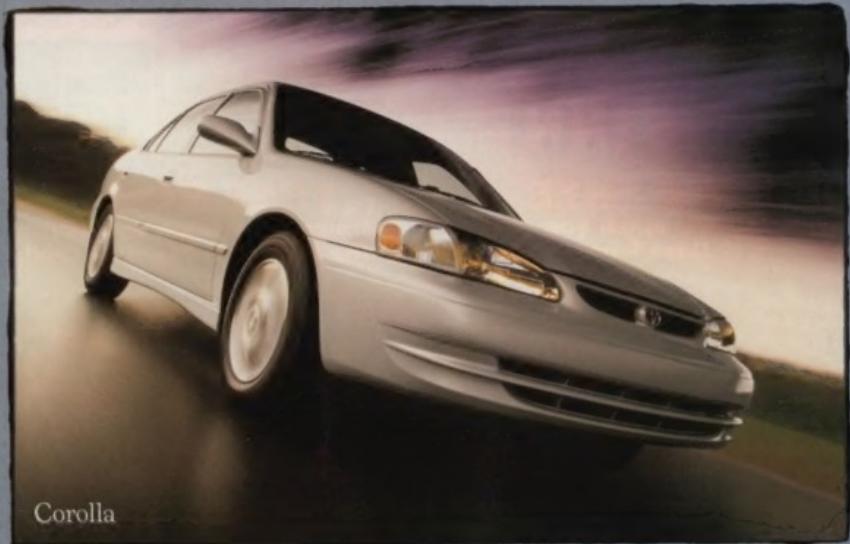
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